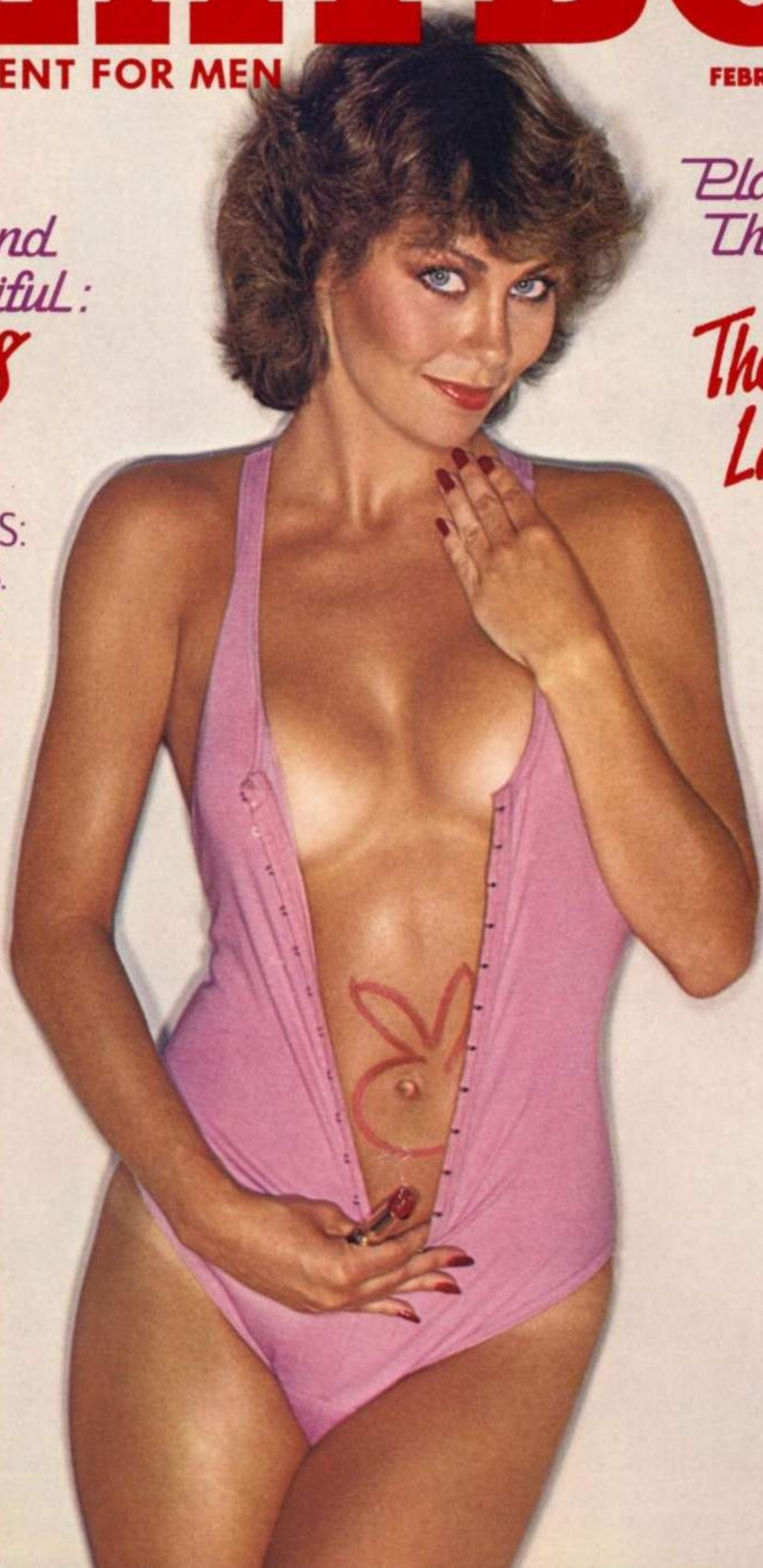
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1979 • $2.00



The Good The Bad and The Beautiful: Sex 1978

STRIKE TEAMS: CAN THE U.S. HANDLE THE TERRORIST THREAT?

IS THERE A DIESEL IN YOUR FUTURE?

ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S SUPER SCI-FI THRILLER

Playboy Hits The Jackpot The Girls of Las Vegas

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE KING OF COMEDY, NEIL SIMON

Café 7 classy coffee

Café 7 will impress the most sophisticated tastes. Just add 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 to a cup of your favorite coffee. Add sugar to taste and top with whipped cream. Now that's classy coffee. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

IT'S NOT A COMPACT IT'S NOT COMPONENTS IT'S A WHOLE NEW THING

And it's from Sony. It's called our "Go-Together" stereo.

What we've done is organize a complete stereo system for you like a compact and offer it to you as a whole or in pieces like components.

Let's go over this piece by piece. First, the receiver. It's got Sony's unique "Program Sensor" tuning system, which means you can pre-set the AM/FM radio for up to ten of your favorite stations and mute out stations you don't want. How nice!

Now what makes this unit more than a receiver? Well, it has a built-in, front-loading cassette recorder/player with component-like quality. And, if you prefer 8-track, you can get that instead. Your choice of built-in cassette recorder/player or 8-track is something you usually don't get with components.

OK, next the turntable. It's semi-automatic, direct drive and has the same specially engineered motor as in our best component turntables. Plus here's yet another Sony feature: our Scratchguard cueing which makes it practically impossible to scratch your records. And what touches your prized records is the best: a diamond stylus magnetic cartridge.

When it comes to selecting your speakers, we give you a choice of three sets. That's because we know everyone's idea of great music is different. But regardless of which set you pick, you can be assured of getting that famous Sony sound.

And the piece that pulls the "Go-Togethers" together, is our handsome wood grain finish cabinet which was designed specially for our new system.

You see, we told our engineers to come up with a system that would be as easy to buy as a compact, but that sounds like components. And they did.

We weren't kidding when we said it was a whole new thing.

"IT'S A SONY."

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HST-49 with PS-212 turntable and SS-440 speakers on SS-42 rack.

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Golden Lights™ 100's

Golden Lights Deluxe 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent
Golden Lights
Deluxe 100s
10 Mg. Tar, 0.9 Mg. Nicotine
Golden Lights Menthol 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent
Golden Lights
Menthol 100s
10 Mg. Tar, 0.9 Mg. Nicotine

Only 10 mg. tar
0.9 MG. NIC.

Taste 'em. You won't believe they're lower in tar than all these 100's:

Winston
Benson & Hedges
Pall Mall
Merit
Marlboro Lights 100s
Salem 100s
Kool Super Longs
Benson & Hedges Lights
19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.
17 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.
19 MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.
11 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.
12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.
19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.
18 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.
11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.
16 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.

'Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg.'tar', 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.
Golden Lights: 100's–10 mg.'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PLAYBILL

MANY OF YOU SUFFERING through the teeth-numbing cold weather are turning your thoughts to warmer climes. So, as a public service, we present *The Girls of Las Vegas*. One usually thinks of Las Vegas as someplace where people spend a lot of money, but, as you will see, it is also a place where some awesomely attractive women spend a lot of time. We sent noted author **John Sack** to get the girls' story. He was duly appreciative of the assignment, saying, "I'm happy to report that there isn't a girl in the layout whose beauty is only skin-deep. They have beautiful souls, every one." Master lensman **R. Scott Hooper** and his inspiring assistant **Theresa Holmes** were able to coax the girls out of their clothes and onto film, for which we are all in their debt.

Also, to take your mind off winter, we offer the concluding part of **Arthur C. Clarke**'s space epic, *The Fountains of Paradise*, which will be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

If you have wanted to fly off somewhere, but you worry about hijacking, **David B. Tinnin**'s *Strike Teams*, written with **David Halevy**, may set your mind at ease. In it, he describes the crack commandos who know more ways of foiling terrorists than D. B. Cooper has pocket change. These guys are *good*. And, we suspect, Tinnin's analysis of their skills will do more for international air travel than Sir Freddie Laker.

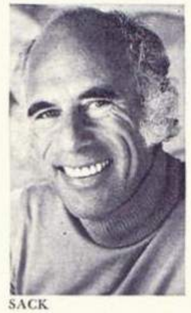
It has been, of course, one of our abiding passions to dispel the plethora of sexual misunderstandings that keep us from having a truly giddy love life. However, it occurred to us that our modern sexual misconceptions are a good deal more benign than what our forefathers and mothers had to endure. **Morton M. Hunt**, who really *does* think about these things, compiled history's all-time carnal howlers in his *Ten Historical Sex Hang-ups*, hilariously illustrated by **Derek Pell**.

There were times in the past when men could live civilized lives, amass sizable sums of money and find happiness tilling the soil. Executive Editor **G. Barry Golson**, in *The Grapes of Rothschild*, found someone who still lives like that. Baron Philippe de Rothschild is the perfect 19th Century gentleman whose soil produces what many consider the best wine on the planet. Golson spent several days as the good Baron's guest and has been impossible to deal with ever since. **Herb Davidson**'s portrait of Rothschild accompanies the piece.

You know those funny engines that used to go pocketa-pocketa when you kicked them over? Well, diesels have come a long way, baby—they've found homes in luxe Cadillacs and zippy VW Rabbits. **Brock Yates** details the phenomenon in *Rudolf Diesel, What You're Missing!* and offers an authoritative guide to what's up with diesel wheels.

If you're a winter sportsman, check out our feature on *Cross-Country Skiing*. We show you the gear and **Craig Vetter** gives you the how-to. For some sportsmen, however, snow is just a damned nuisance. **Richard Liebmann-Smith**'s *Diary of a Mad Jogger* details one man's attempt to crash through "the wall." **Jo-Ellen Trilling**, an award-winning artist, provided the accompanying soft sculpture.

America needs every chance it can get to laugh, and the Carter Administration has not been providing its fair share. Lucky for us, **Neil Simon** is on the case. **Lawrence Linderman** conducted the *Playboy Interview* with one of our funniest natural resources and discovered that Simon takes his craft very seriously. As does photographer **Ron Vogel**. Matter of fact, he sometimes takes his work home with him. Vogel did a lush shooting of his daughter Alexis for a feature titled, appropriately enough, *Father Knows Best*. And, finally, Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Assistant Editor **Tom Passavant** and Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** have whipped up *The Year in Sex*—a bare stew of last year's news on everyone's favorite subject. Dig in.


SACK

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CLARKE

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GOLSON

DAVIDSON

YATES

VETTER

LINDERMAN

BEAUDET, SUSKI, MC NEESE, PASSAVANT

LIEBMANN-SMITH

TRILLING

PLAYBOY

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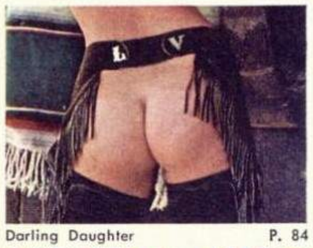

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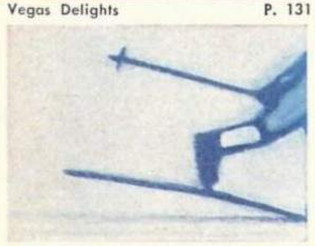

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COVER STORY

Candy Collins, a former Chicago Bunny of the Year, stars in an update of a July 1964 cover designed by former Associate Art Director Reid Austin. In 1964, Austin drew the lipstick Rabbit on cover girl Cynthia Maddox' tummy (a historic moment pictured in last month's 25th Anniversary Issue), and this year Executive Art Director Tom Staebler did the honors to Collins' anatomy—obviously a return navel engagement.

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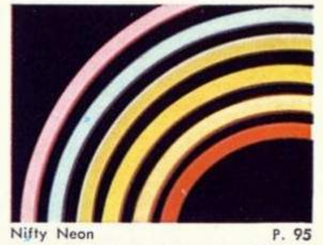

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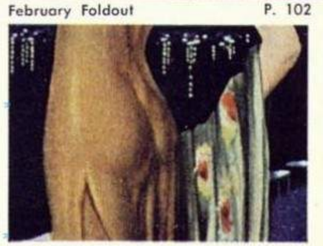

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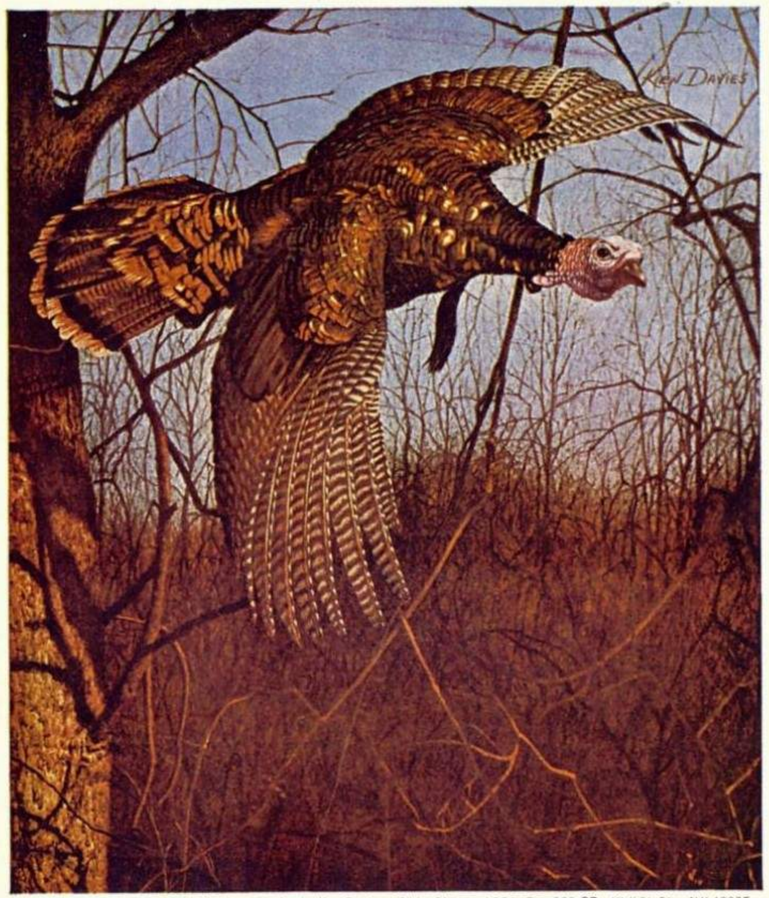

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IT CAN RUN A MILE CHEAPER THAN YOU CAN.

The Rabbit Diesel runs a mile, and burns about 1.3 cents' worth of fuel.

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If you weigh 150 pounds, you'd burn around 90 calories per mile. Figure that as a mere fourth of a fast-food cheeseburger, and it comes to about 18 cents.

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Obviously, all cars run on some kind of fuel. So do you. But what you save with a Rabbit Diesel, can fuel you with steak.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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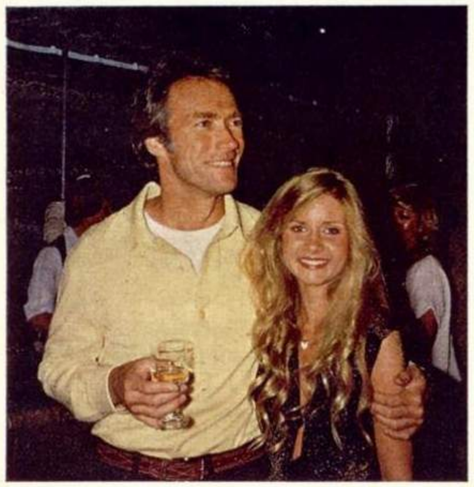
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



STARS COME OUT FOR SECOND ALI-SPINKS MATCH

Large-screen telecasts of heavyweight championship fights are a tradition at Playboy Mansion West, and the second Ali-Spinks go was no exception. Left, actor Clint Eastwood has a warm greeting for July 1978 Playmate Karen Morton. Armchair judges included (below, from left) actor David Janssen, quarterback turned actor Joe Namath, comedian-director Dick Martin and Ronnie Caan.

Left, singer–sports fan Vic Damone arrives for the fight festivities. Below, Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren hugs host Hugh M. Hefner; Shel Silverstein (right) meets Mark (*Star Wars*) Hamill and Marilou York.

HEF HUDDLES WITH GERMAN PUBLISHER

PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner met recently with PLAYBOY's German Publishing Director, Dr. Manfred Hintze, at Mansion West. The German edition is one of eight foreign editions of PLAYBOY.

MUSIC IN A GOOD CAUSE

Playboy execs Dan Stone and Christie Hefner show Dick (*American Bandstand*) Clark some of the instruments and records given by Playboy employees to the Les Turner A.L.S. Foundation to assist victims of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.

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PHILIPPINE FIRST LADY AT CLUB OPENING

Manila, capital of the Philippines, is the site of the newest Playboy Club. Among those on hand for the opening were Playboy executive Dan Stone and Imelda R. Marcos, wife of President Ferdinand Marcos.

VISIONS '78 DANCES AT L.A. CLUB

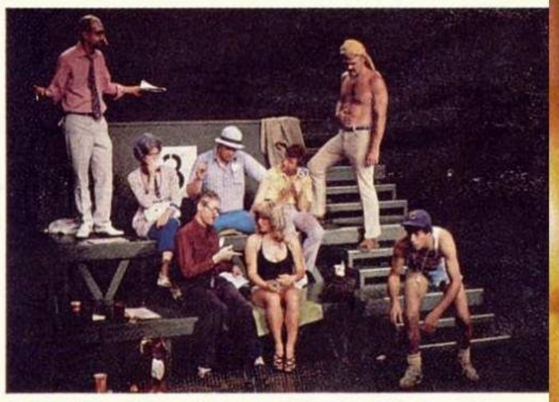
Visions '78, a disco dance revue, does its stuff above at the theater party for the premiere of *Bully*, starring James Whitmore, at the L.A. Club.

WEST COAST JAZZ

At the Monterey Jazz Festival, to which Playboy contributed, Playboy Executive Vice-President Richard S. Rosenzweig (center, above) chats with festival organizer Jimmy Lyons and jazzman Dizzy Gillespie. At the L.A. Club, Jazz at Five jam sessions are in swing each first and third Tuesday; here's your chance to join Bunny Shannin on drums.

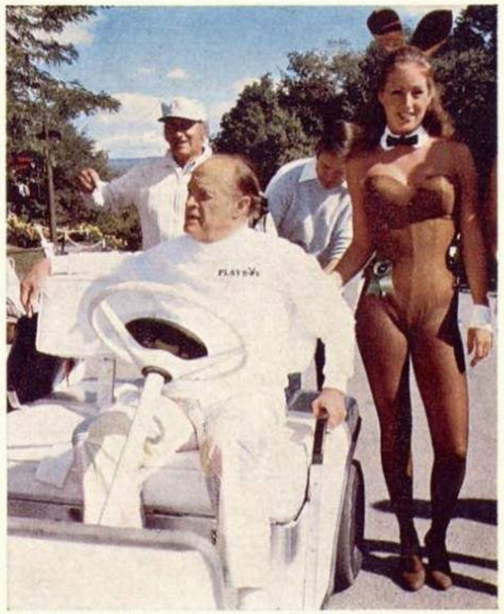
DATELINE: PLAYBOY, U.S.A.

The 1978 edition of the Overseas Press Club magazine, *Dateline*, had a very familiar look. It was published by PLAYBOY using the format of the magazine right down to a *Playboy Advisor* column and a center spread featuring a clothed Barbara Walters.



BLEACHER BUM USES PLAYBOY DODGE

Chicago's Organic Theater's hit production of *Bleacher Bums* features a scene in which one of the "Bums" pretends to be a scout for PLAYBOY—to get the girl, of course.



HOPE PLAYS AT GREAT GORGE

Comedian Bob Hope's one-nighter at Playboy's Great Gorge Resort pulled an S.R.O. audience; above, Hope takes a turn on the golf course along with Bunny Shelly.

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The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

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MANSION WEST WELCOMES 600 TO BENEFIT

Six hundred guests showed up at Playboy Mansion West for the Rainbow Women's Group's Hooray for Hollywood dinner dance, which raised $122,000 for the Amie Karen Center for the Treatment of Children with Cancer at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. Below, Norm Crosby with Hef, Sondra Theodore.

The Hooray for Hollywood guest list was studded with the stars of hit television shows, including ABC-TV's popular *Soap* cast members (above, from left) Billy Crystal, Robert Guillaume and Cathryn Damon.

Connie Stevens (left) sang for the Rainbow audience, which also included Linda (*Alice*) Lavin and Bonnie (*One Day at a Time*) Franklin (above); actor James Farentino and his actress wife, Michele Lee (right). The Rainbow Women's Group operates a Beverly Hills boutique to aid the center.

HEFNER HAS A PINBALL

In the Mansion West Game House, pinball wizard Hefner applies a deft touch and body English to Bally's new Playboy machine.

CBS CHECKS IN ON CHEERLEADERS

David Dow interviews Hef for *The CBS Evening News* with Walter Cronkite on December's pro-cheerleaders story.

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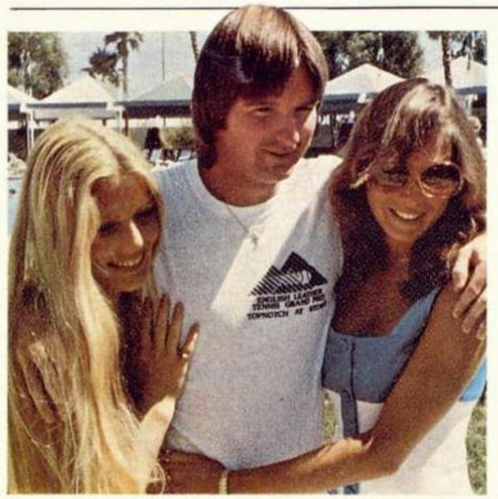


PLAYMATE UPDATE: PATTI'S ON THE GO

Our 1977 Playmate of the Year, Patti McGuire (right), has been busy lately: dating tennis great Jimmy Connors (in the photo at left, 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren makes it a trio), posing for a Southern Comfort holiday ad (below).

NICKI MAKES SINGING BOW

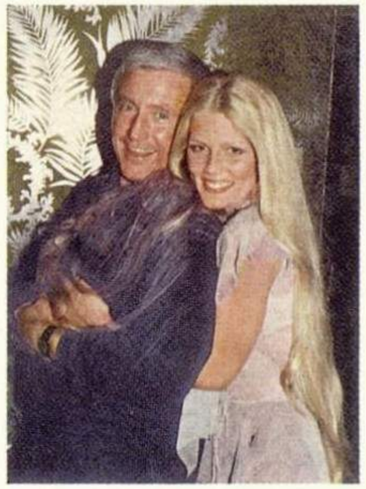
March 1977 gatefold girl Nicki Thomas made her singing debut in a surprise appearance on Wheeling, West Virginia, radio station WWVA's *Jamboree USA*; that's Nicki with *Jamboree* guest star Tom T. Hall, the country singer, below.

SUSAN GOES TO THE RACES

World-champion auto racer Mario Andretti relaxes with January 1977 Playmate Susan Lynn Kiger before the Toyota Grand Prix race at Watkins Glen, N. Y.

DEBRA JO CHARMS MERV

Here's Debra Jo again (below), this time hugging lucky talk-show host Merv Griffin prior to making a special guest appearance on a segment of his syndicated TV show at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas.



MARCY, ROSANNE MEET NEW MEN

Miss October 1978, Marcy Hanson, has been on the tube a good bit lately; at left, on *The Dating Game*. Meanwhile, in New York, the folks at Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy agency thought it might be fun to introduce *Cosmopolitan*'s September Bachelor of the Month, Subaru of America's vice-president/director of advertising and public relations Alan B. Ross, to Miss September, Rosanne Katon. So they did (right).

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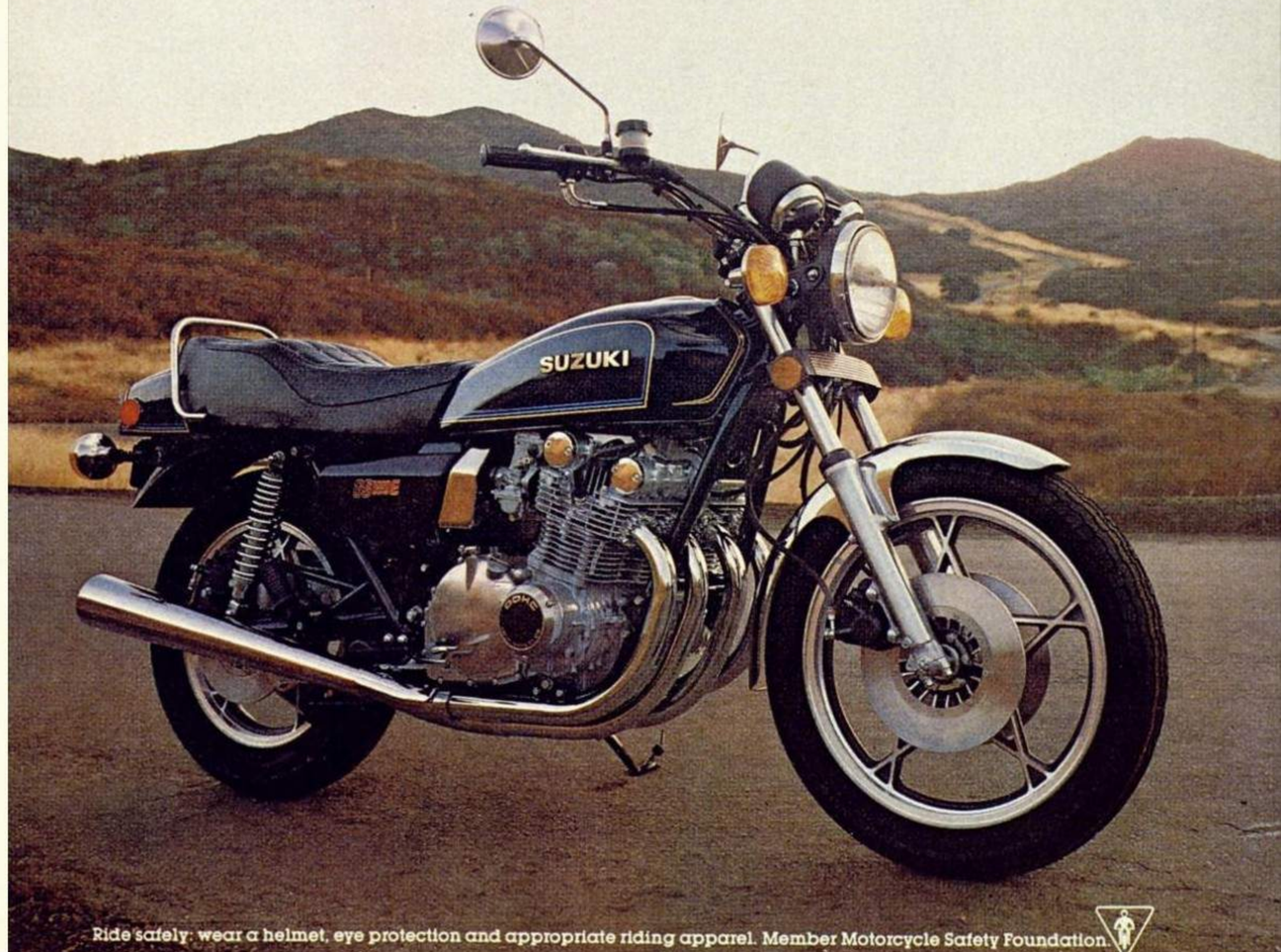

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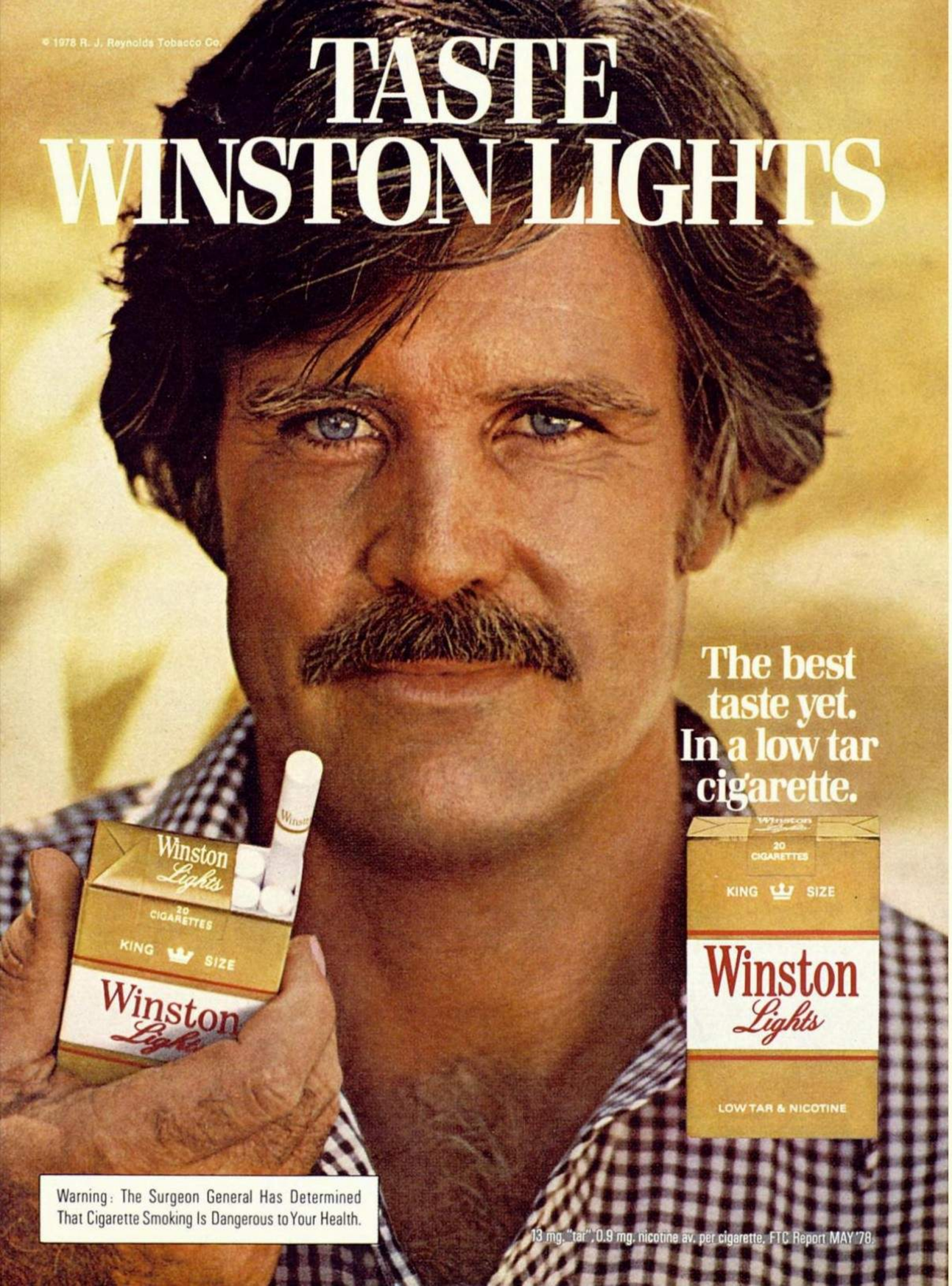
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GERALDO RIVERA

In the middle of Geraldo Rivera's interview (PLAYBOY, November), I find myself shocked at his comment "I really think of the power of the media as almost a fourth branch of Government. I definitely think of it as the executive, the legislative, the judicial and then the media." Yes, the media are powerful, but they should use their power independently. It is frightening to consider any utterance of the media as that of a fourth branch of Government. It is more frightening to hear Rivera say so. The danger of the press becoming a branch of Government can clearly be seen. If the executive branch can veto the legislative branch, surely the executive branch can veto the "media branch." For the sake of the incisive reporting he is so good at, Rivera should put away any thought of the media as a fourth branch of Government, and then do his best as a reporter and commentator to make sure it never happens.

Kirby Neumann-Rea
Albany, Oregon

Apparently, the new journalism as defined by Geraldo Rivera and approved by his peers at *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* is to suppress or play down the violent oppression instituted by left-wing dictators in order to advance the media cause of the moment. If that is the case, then I suggest that Rivera be sent to Cambodia to report on the agricultural reforms undertaken by Khmer Rouge. When he comes back with his "friendly" camera and commentary wizardry "proving" that over 2,000,000 Cambodians died of the bubonic plague instead of at the hands of the Khmer Rouge, he can then go to Cuba and "interview" its "happy" workers. The late Huey Long once commented that if America ever went fascist, it would be called antifascism. *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times* and Geraldo Rivera lend considerable weight to the Huey Long observation. I am a Geraldo Rivera fan when he deals with drugs, poverty and the cruel behavior of too many custodial institutions; but any support of any dictator, for any reason, is to me morally repugnant. I am for damn sure a minority in the media, but I felt that way before I ever wrote a newspaper column. No number of wine-and-cheese parties will make me change my mind.

Mike Lavelle, Columnist
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois

Rivera confirmed what I suspected after reading the November interview when, in an on-the-scene report on the San Diego PSA crash, he said, "A piece of debris came within 15 inches of missing" his head. He does have a big head.

Larry D. Sorrell
Kinnear, Wyoming

Geraldo Rivera, I think you're absolutely sensational! And, PLAYBOY, you're sensational, too, for continuing to present dynamic, intelligent interviews month after month.

May Bright
Los Angeles, California

SIS, BOOM, AHH!

After reading your *Playboy After Hours* article titled "Athletes and Sex" in the November issue, I felt that I had to respond. While we all must have respect for Freud's contributions to the field of clinical psychology, I cannot help but feel that this is another example of his theories, appropriate to a bygone era of sexual repression, being misdirected by oracles of a dying philosophy to impress the lay folk with the all-pervasiveness of subconscious sexual explanations for human behavior. Somehow, I believe that Reggie Jackson, Jean Claude Killy, Jimmy Connors, Jack Nicklaus and Lee Roy Selmon are aware, even at a

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subliminal, subconscious level, of the difference between what they do on their respective athletic fields and in their respective bedrooms. As for the spectators, there is, indeed, vicarious participation. No one really questions this. Nonetheless, I am an avid spectator of professional sports, but if I were unaware of the differences between a good football game and a good fuck, I would be a very lonely and frustrated person.

Mitchell A. Sabshon
Forest Hills, New York

I find it hard to believe that a group of psychologists and psychiatrists could honestly come up with the bullshit presented in the "Athletes and Sex" article. My question is, Who financed those studies? Geez, I can make up perverted garbage, too. Did you know sipping soda pop through a straw was a hidden meaning for penis envy? What a crock!

Michael Piirto
Neenah, Wisconsin

MARVELOUS MONIQUE

I've heard the old wives' tales that state that masturbation will cause warts and/or blindness, but I never knew that there was one that said, "Reading PLAYBOY will cause cardiac dysfunction"—until now, that is. My heart is still skipping beats after viewing Miss November. Monique St. Pierre gets my vote for Playmate of the Century. May I please see more of her?

Rich Goodman
Allston, Massachusetts

Bravo on another fantastic issue! The November issue is a classic that will be remembered here at Austin House for a long time to come. Your selection of written material is great, as usual, and that, coupled with your foxy Bunnies, reassures us that PLAYBOY is in a class all its own. By the way, we wouldn't mind another peek at Monique St. Pierre! Wow! It's her type that keeps us coming back!

Austin House
Southern Connecticut State College
New Haven, Connecticut

As a subscriber of yours for many erections, I truly believe that Miss Monique St. Pierre is the classiest to grace your centerfold thus far.

Mitch Evans
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Your luscious November Playmate, Monique St. Pierre, has convinced me to give skiing a try this winter. If I can find some "slopes" as tempting as she has, I'll have no problem at all.

David Woodward
Fairfield, California

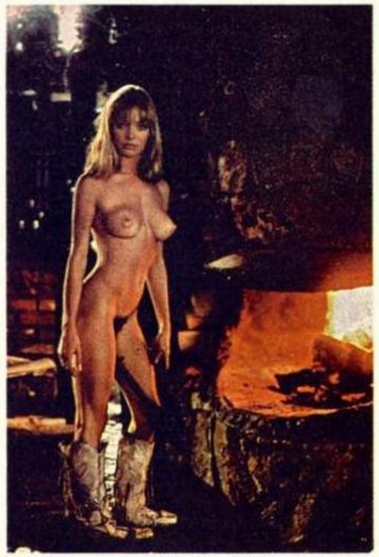
I am an avid photographer and I would like to convey my congratulations to Tom Staebler, who photographed the cover of your November issue. Monique St. Pierre's eyes seized my attention immediately and completely.

Bob Pappas
Clemson, South Carolina

As I was paging through the pictorial of Monique St. Pierre, I happened to notice that there are no shots in which you can see flesh below her knees. Is that coincidental or is there something wrong with her legs? I hope not; she is too beautiful.

Tim Worrell
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

We can guarantee there is nothing wrong with Monique either above or



below her knees. She simply likes to keep her feet warm. You can understand that, can't you?

WE BLEW IT!

Congratulations to Dan Carlinsky for his excellent *The Great Sixties Quiz* (PLAYBOY, November). However, the last line in *Easy Rider* was not "We blew it." The shotgun-toting redneck spoke the last line after blowing away Dennis Hopper: "We'd better go back."

Boyd K. Herndon
Dallas, Texas

You didn't ask: What was the last line spoken by Peter Fonda? But even if you had, you would have been wrong. His last line was: "I'm gonna get some help."

J. A. Henning
Ashtabula, Ohio

Dan Carlinsky didn't have one Beatles question, not even *one*! For shame.

Douglas Sindel
Gahanna, Ohio

NO TRUCE YET

Dan E. Moldea's article in your November issue (*The Hoffa Wars*) is so full of speculation, innuendo, conjecture and hearsay ("There is evidence that *could lead* to the *possible conclusion* . . .") I am surprised you decided to publish it. To call this investigative journalism is an affront to any hard-working, competent and responsible investigative reporter in the profession.

Brian K. Buggé
Staten Island, New York

Without dwelling on the notorious McClellan Committee or the personal vendetta of Robert Kennedy against Jimmy Hoffa, there shouldn't be a person in America who doesn't realize those McClellan-Kennedy allegations were the most shoddy attempt to vilify people since Joe McCarthy. Dusting off those untrue allegations as a new exposé reeks of McCarthyism and McClellanism born again. You have to ask why these sensationalist fiction writers can't take their allegations to a law-enforcement body or to a court of law. The obvious answer is that the allegations can't hold water, and they know it. But America's 2,000,000 Teamsters certainly aren't going to buy this round of the big lie, just as they didn't before. And it certainly doesn't add to the credibility of PLAYBOY to be a participant in it.

Bernard Henderson, Press Secretary
International Brotherhood of Teamsters
Washington, D.C.

I want to report one glaring error that has little to do with Hoffa other than through Moldea's constant springboarding of events—real or imagined—off the reputation of that late Teamster president. On page 268, in the last paragraph of the third column, he says that the massive demonstration "also became a protest against Fitzsimmons." In fact, I have thousands of newspaper stories, all arranged in chronological order, and nowhere does any of them show that the protest was a protest against Fitzsimmons. However, some truckers in some meetings did rise up and speak out against Fitzsimmons, who most members

In its March 1978 issue, PLAYBOY magazine used the name Tom Swift, and on the cover of its July 1978 issue and in the July issue of PLAYBOY used the name Nancy Drew without seeking or obtaining any approval. PLAYBOY magazine has now been informed of our position that Nancy Drew and Tom Swift are our exclusive properties, associated with children's stories, and PLAYBOY has extended, and we accept, its apologies for any disparagement of the good will and integrity of these characters that might have been caused by such use of the names by PLAYBOY.

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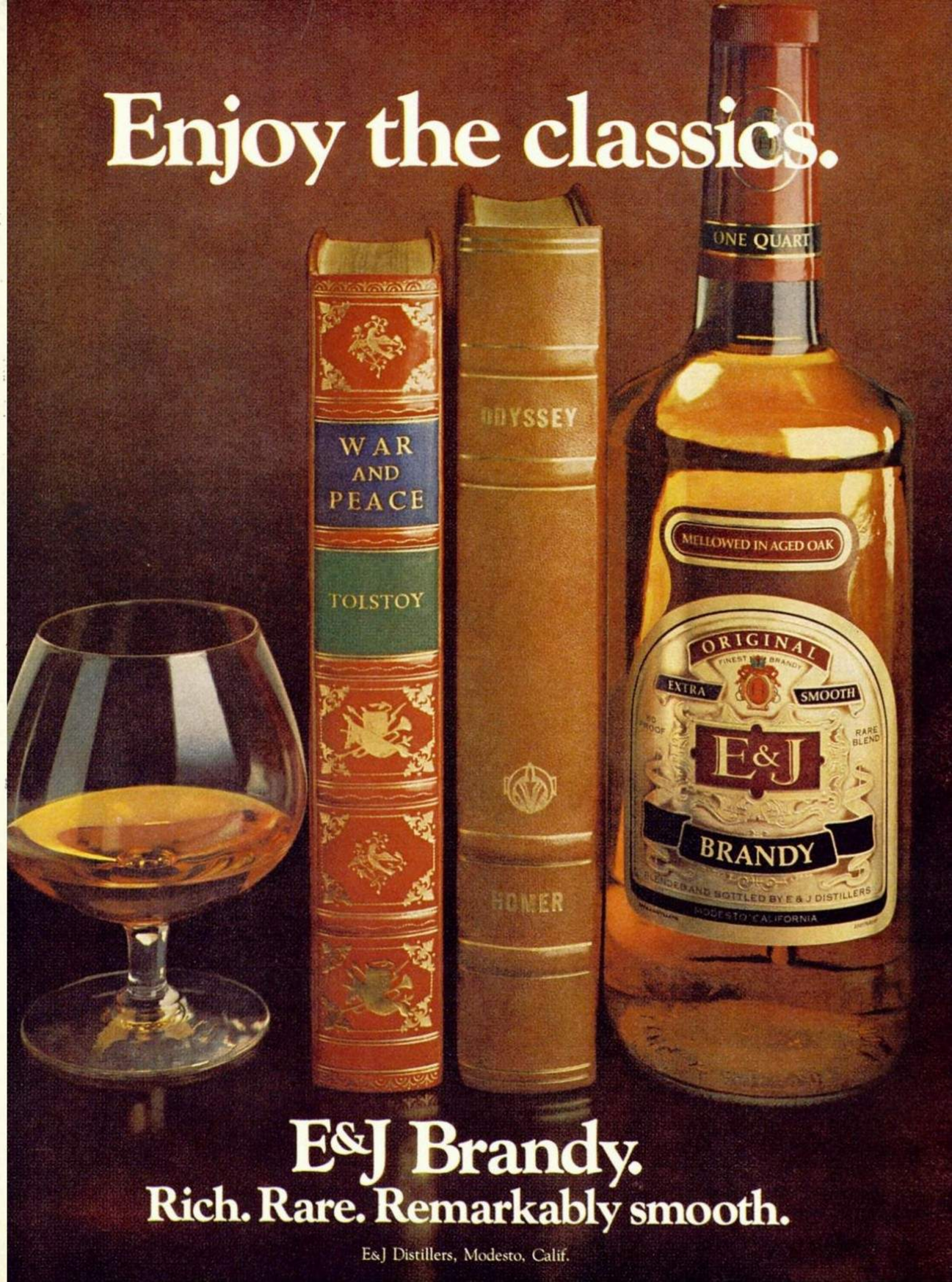

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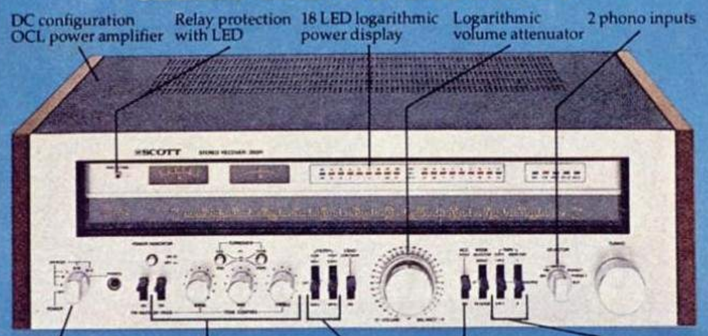
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feel is inept and stupid. Since I was the prime organizer of the entire truckers' shutdowns, I ought to know what happened. So for Moldea to say that "the leaders of the shutdown had aligned themselves with Hoffa" is as accurate as a lot of Moldea's rhetoric. Moldea seems to want to hang his article and his book on some magical, ghostlike aura of Hoffa that dominated, according to him, virtually every activity of every trucker, even including the independents who staged the shutdowns and who, virtually to a man, had little respect for Hoffa and even less for Fitzsimmons. Moldea is a likable guy, he seems to have charisma, and I wish him well in his new-found career as a fiction writer. His *Hoffa Wars* is a movie on paper, good enough to excite the masses, bad enough to excite me.

Mike Parkhurst, Editor-Publisher
Overdrive magazine
Los Angeles, California

Moldea documents his article thus:

"Parkhurst is wrong. An article in The Detroit Free Press *on February 6, 1974, details how the shutdown evolved into a protest for Hoffa and against Fitzsimmons. This story was confirmed to me by the leaders of the shutdown in Detroit, William Anderson and Mitchell Miller (for footnotes and quotes, see pages 336–338 of my book 'The Hoffa Wars'). Regarding Hoffa's involvement in the shutdown, I cite an article written by Parkhurst in the March 1974 issue of* Overdrive *in which Hoffa is quoted as supporting the cause of the owner-operators' protest. Finally, Parkhurst was not the leader or the main organizer of the 1974 shutdown. The chairman of the six-member steering committee—of which Parkhurst was a member—that guided the protest was William J. Hill. Hill, as the chairman of both the Fraternal Association of Steelhaulers and the National Independent Truckers Unity Committee, has been Parkhurst's archrival since the 1974 shutdown. About the two other letters: I am prepared to document my work in open court."*

GRADING THE GRADS

As a college senior who soon must face the prospect of finding gainful employment, I agree completely with Ben Stein's excellent analysis, *Growing Poor by Degrees* (PLAYBOY, November). When I think of all the irreplaceable hours of youth I have lost to Aquinas, Milton, Rabelais and such, all I can do is slowly shake my head. As to the value of more vocationally oriented subjects, having the right father or uncle is worth more than the finest Harvard business degree.

Tom Rombouts
East Lansing, Michigan

Perhaps Stein's self-esteem is so low that he still believes that money makes the man, when, in reality, those who went out and fought for every cent they

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ever owned know it's quite the opposite. Those three glowing examples of those who made it big overnight give the reader absolutely no indication of the amount of work, energy, failures and frustrations that preceded the "overnight" fortunes that seemed to have come so easily!

Douglas Laurence
New York, New York

Stein's article implies that education cheats those who seek it and fails to reveal that *he* actually cheated himself. If he and his friends failed to recognize opportunities available to them and almost everyone, or if they didn't have the guts and the initiative to try the uncertain and the risky, it's their fault, not the college system's.

Deborah Schaffer
Mansfield, Pennsylvania

When Stein talks about the inability to capitalize on Rousseau and Balzac, he merely displays a profound, if I may use that word, misunderstanding of education. The basis of learning and education is the ability to transfer the *skills* involved to any field of human endeavor. In that respect, education differs from training, which teaches people how to repeat the same activity. I confess myself a loser by Stein's standards, though not a deceived one. I value my college education; it is a gift that has given and will keep on giving through the bad times as well as the good and can never be taken away. Would that it had done a fraction as much good for Stein.

Paul Carolan
Newmarket, Ontario

FRUIT OF THE VINE

Just wanted to let you know I think the *Grapevine* section of PLAYBOY has been excellent each month.

Bob Jones
San Jose, California

Glad you like it, Bob.

BUNNIES OF '78

Your pictorial on the *Bunnies of '78* (PLAYBOY, November) is fantastic. Especially Kelly Murphey. We would surely like to see more of Kelly in upcoming issues.

Upper South Wing
Men's Dorm
College of the Siskiyous
Weed, California

Man, oh, man, I've seen a lot of beautiful Bunnies in your magazine before, but I believe that Monica Barry is the best yet.

Jim Morgan
St. Louis, Missouri

In my years of reading PLAYBOY, I've never seen any sexy navels. Your London Bunny's (Pamela Bunn, page 135) is the first one I've really seen, and only half of it. Why no Bunnies or other women with outies instead of innies all the time?

Robert Thomas
New Milford, Connecticut

Come on, Bob. There are three outies in that pictorial. We may be guilty of tokenism, but hardly of discrimination.

Living in Florida, I get a chance to see an abundance of beautiful girls. But after seeing Cheryl Furuya in your November issue, all of the others just don't seem to stack up.

Dave Ruston
Key West, Florida

Cheryl Furuya is by far the most beautiful girl featured. She should next be featured as a Playmate.

Patrick Varty
Fullerton, California

I think Susan Crane from Miami is one of the sexiest girls ever to hit your pages. Unfortunately, her only picture left too much to the imagination.

Bradley Lokken
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Don't tax your imagination, Brad; our guess is she's an innie.

CONTEST WINNER

I was a winner in the local Dolly Parton look-alike contest, and so I was very interested in your October *Playboy Interview* with her. Miss Parton stated, and I quote, "They were the biggest bunch of pigs I ever saw, most of them."

Being a winner myself, I disagree. Enclosed is my photograph taken shortly after I won the Dolly Parton look-alike contest here in Mobile. Do you think I look like a pig?

Helen Iannazzo
Mobile, Alabama

A HEAVENLY STORY

My husband and I couldn't wait to get the November issue so we could finish *Falling Angel*, by William Hjortsberg. We thoroughly enjoyed this clever murder mystery. It was one hell of a good ending!

Cindy Haynes
Rowayton, Connecticut

I just finished reading the second installment of William Hjortsberg's *Falling Angel* and found it to be one of the best stories I've read in your magazine for quite a while. It had me completely confused until the end, which tied everything together quite nicely. Oh, by the way, it caught me completely by surprise!

Richard Finn
White Plains, New York

Congratulations to William Hjortsberg—he has made me a believer in PLAYBOY once again!

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

HEAD COUNT

After reading your recent article *High on The Hill* (PLAYBOY, November), I find it rather disturbing that our representatives are being so uncommunicative. Out of all of our Senators and Congressmen, a measly 22 percent had balls enough to reply to your survey. Personally, I would like to know how many heads we have in our heads of state. I would also like to congratulate Congressman Pattison for at least taking a stand on the issue. Our other representatives might find it advantageous to do as well once in a while.

Bruce Herdt
Bloomington, Indiana

WHAT'S DOWN, DOC?

Here is a carrot that was grown in

our family garden.

Ted T. Galaske
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Better rate that garden PG at least, Ted. Your carrot shriveled a bit en route, but then it does get a little cold in those mailbags.

"Records and tapes just seem to sound more crisp with the Koss Pro/4 Triple A."

Rob Hernandez
Audio Salesman, Kansas City, Missouri

"The cleaner high end and the richness of the bass . . . it seems like it's always been a Koss characteristic. The Triple A is just a great stereophone."

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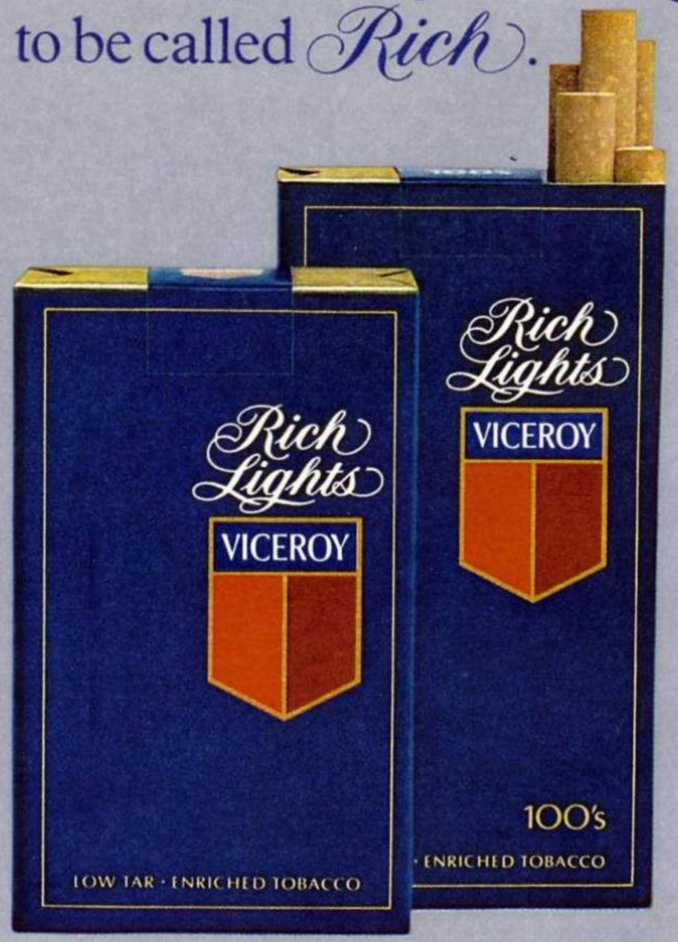


Kings and 100's.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

GARDEN POOP

Those of you who want the very best for your garden should be advised to take note when the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus is in town. Last August, for example, the circus staged an "exotic manure giveaway" in San Francisco after its run there. The by-products of the circus' 22 elephants, dozens of horses, camels, llamas, donkeys and other animals are described by the circus' promoters as "premium-quality fertilizer, since the animals have a rich and varied diet" that includes hay and grains, as well as "apples, carrots and other vegetables." What this means to you, as a gardener, is that not only is this material high in nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium and other valuable minerals but also, unlike farm manure, the promoters claim, it is unadulterated by insecticides.

There is one warning, though. The stuff has to age for several months before you can spread it on your unsuspecting plants. But if you have good storage space, the circus people suggest that a plant treated with camel manure can go for days without water.

•

As we all know, feral burros in the arid sections of Western America are propagating at a breakneck speed. Their rate of reproduction is so great that they double their population every four to six years. As one U. S. park official eloquently put it in *Arizona Highways*, "If we don't do something, we'll be up to our ears in asses."

•

In Columbus, Georgia, a car-radiator repair shop proudly displays a sign that reads, A GOOD PLACE TO TAKE A LEAK.

•

Mangling a metaphor almost beyond recognition, the Waukegan, Illinois, *News-Sun* reported that "Too many cooks may be a rule of thumb in the kitchen, but when it comes to preparing for a wedding, you need all the help you can get. Cynthia H. Brown was lucky. She had plenty of fingers in the pie and all of them were talented. The result was a family affair that turned into a memorable event for the bride and her bridegroom." Presumably, though, only when it got to be his turn.

THE SKIN TRADE

As you enter Dr. Norman Orentreich's Fifth Avenue office, don't be surprised to find Mick or Bianca Jagger in the waiting room. Or Helen Gurley Brown, Art Garfunkel and Jack Nicholson thumbing through magazines. And don't be surprised to hear a major-domo of the New York Stock Exchange literally crying, "Soap. I need soap!" before a gallery of nurses.

Dr. Orentreich, along with his staff of 80, runs the largest private dermatological practice in the free world, an island for acne, herpes, hair transplants and estrogenic vaginal creams. Two decades ago, he invented the hair transplant and pioneered early cosmetic treatments. Now the grand old man of the skin trade, he has a suspiciously full head of distinguished gray hair and a clear, tanned complexion. As one former nurse summarized the good doctor: "He is an utter perfectionist. He's obsessed with keeping the Beautiful People beautiful. A pimple *bothers* him."

Evidently, a pimple bothers the king of Morocco, too—among the fleet of skin-troubled folk whose egos will deign to pay the estimated $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 Orentreich will bill in this year's skin game.

"Pimples. The Pilgrims didn't worry about pimples," Orentreich insists as a skin-cancer patient is readied on a table in a farther room. "I don't care if it's the U. S. or the Israelites returning from Egypt—when a society has leisure time, it can afford to think beauty. That's America.

"Take Russia, by comparison . . . a culture where everything's common denominator," he continues. "Only five years ago, 56 years after the revolution, Russia planned its first cosmetic surgical hospital. Americans? They spend a billion dollars a year on hair products alone. Friends of mine, like Truman Capote—who has two of the most beautiful feet in the world, by the way—says he gives cosmetic sponges to people as birthday presents. Cher even hands them out to kids on the street. Where else does that happen? India?"

The skin game is omnipresent and lucrative. But it has its drawbacks. Two years ago, singer Kitty Kallen won a judgment from Orentreich and a pharmaceutical manufacturer after she developed lung clots as a direct result of an estrogen drug Orentreich's clinic prescribed to free her of certain small wrinkles. The court awarded her $300,000.

"There is no drug that doesn't have a side effect," Orentreich states. "People developed clots before estrogens were administered. With estrogens, you won't

have a dry vagina, for instance; your bones and uterus will stay younger. So they're essential for certain menopausal problems. But there's good evidence that they thin the skin. So you have to weigh risks and benefits for each patient.

"Look, you're never going to get out of this world alive," he laughs. "What would you rather do: be happy and beautiful for 50 years or be miserable for 51? We know the sun produces cancer. But patients say, 'Let it be cancer 20 years from now. I need to look good today.' Go figure. Luckily, we now have great treatments for skin cancer."

The newest trends in his practice seem to be in the areas of hair transplants, herpes and special skin-related psychological problems. "Everybody's having transplants," he stresses. "The demand grows yearly. The don't-trust-anyone-over-30 crowd is now over 30. They're financially fluid and they want to stay young!

"Alongside that annual increase," Orentreich notes, "we see a decrease in herpes complaints. As with any epidemic, a large portion of the population is now immune. And there are new local antiviral agents that fight herpes well. But forget transplants and herpes. The constant questions I get are about the psychological edge to skin disease.

"A day doesn't go by when I don't play psychiatrist. Like today. I saw a neurotic excoriator who literally picks at her face until it looks like decayed plaster. Well, it took me a while to realize that her sexual relationship with her husband is utterly barren. A young woman. So there's a *reason* she picks at her face. Hell, I've had people so disturbed about their freckles, I've taken them off. You may be dealing with someone who's out to lunch, but you can't turn your back on him."

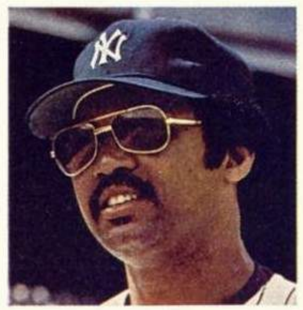
Orentreich's business has also been affected by new sexual freedoms. "I've spent time on Fire Island," he admits. "And it seems that there's no part of the body hidden from the public eye any longer. Couples want their entire bodies to be attractive. They come into my office and I teach them how to treat each other for ingrown hairs, acne problems—as long as they don't use it as an opportunity to take out aggression.

"What about this transsexual craze, too? Think about their skin troubles. Silastic breast implants for males, dermabrasions for beard electrolysis scars. I've seen women transsexuals thrilled when they get their first beard growth."

We asked the good doctor to confirm or deny one of the most prevalent of sexual myths. Orentreich smiles. "That crazy notion that sperm is good for a woman's skin. It isn't even an old wives' tale—it's a young men's tale. Women tell me they smear sperm all over the face. It's ejaculate, it's often prostatic secretion. I tell them to use egg whites if they want that tightening effect. Plus, egg whites are more readily accessible."

GUEST LECTURE

WHY I LOVE THE O'JAYS **By Reggie Jackson**



I use music as a crutch all the time. My Rolls-Royce isn't a Rolls-Royce unless I have good music playing, and if I could only have one tape going across the country, give me 30 O'Jays songs and I'll be groovin'. Everywhere I've gone, I've always had the O'Jays. I think I know every word to every song the O'Jays have ever done. When it comes to music, they're *my* idols.

The O'Jays have been around for a long time in Philadelphia. Being born in Philadelphia, I had a chance to watch them grow. *For the Love of Money* was their biggest hit and in 1972 and 1973, it was the theme song of the Oakland A's, because people used to call us the money team. One time, Charlie Finley brought in a sign, DON'T MESS WITH MY MONEY, and put it up in the clubhouse. [Charlie O. pleads not guilty.] My teammate Dick Green kept reiterating, "Don't piss around with my money," and I used to bring the O'Jays tape into the clubhouse and play it again and again. It got to the point where we'd put that song on and say, "We're gettin' ready to play for the money."

The O'Jays sing a lot of songs that have coincided with things that were going on in my life. When I was dating a girl in Oakland, *Back Stabbers* came out. She left me for another guy and that song reminds me of her.

She's Only a Woman is another one. I know that when I work, I'm a son of a bitch to be around. During the baseball season, 99 percent of the time I want my way. With all the shit that I go through and all the shit that people lay on me, in order to maintain sanity or any kind of wholeness as a person, I have to be selfish with my time and not share a lot of things with my woman. So when I hear that song, I think a girl who's running around with me during the season has to be a hell of a woman to put up with me.

I'll tell you what one of my all-time all-time favorites is—*Paradise*. I know every word, every note of that song. I used to play that song *so much*. It reminds me of the girl I'm dating in California right now. She wore out *three cassettes* playing *Paradise*. And I wore out three cassettes. Wore them out! If you ask anybody who knows me pretty well what my favorite *fast* song is, he'll tell you *Paradise*. The number-one all-time *slow* song is *Let Me Make Love to You*. Eddie Levert, man, how that nigger can blow! That motherfucker can *do it*! "Let mee make luuv to you, baybeee." A lot of times I've said to myself, If I could just sing like Eddie Levert—'cause I got everything else going for myself—I'd have every woman in the world! I'd have 'em cryin' in the aisles! If I could just sing like he can, I'd be *dangerous*!

Given the choice, if I could sing like he can or play ball like I do, I think I might *sing*, because *he* doesn't ever go into a slump! Right? *Shit*. But, you know, I have never seen the O'Jays live. I don't like to go where crowds are. I'd love to see them, but it's gotten to the point where I can't go anywhere anymore. Seems like every time I go out, I get sued.

CHECKING IN

Last year, Midge Costanza was the top-ranking woman on the Carter White House staff. Things weren't going so well, and she resigned. We sent Nancy Collins to ask Midge about her experience.

PLAYBOY: What were the advantages of being a woman in the White House?

COSTANZA: There wasn't such a crowd in the ladies' room.

PLAYBOY: Were there any times when you didn't wear a bra in the White House?

COSTANZA: If I were going to be in the Oval Office, or in public, I always did. However, during casual evenings or on weekends, I never did.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone at the White House ever make a comment about your not wearing one?

COSTANZA: No. I don't know if that was out of kindness or because no one noticed the difference.

PLAYBOY: Were there any hot office romances in the White House that you would care to comment on?

COSTANZA: Well, I understand that the Press Office had been getting very chummy with the Waiting Room. But, seriously, there weren't any that I know of. The conditions in the White House were such

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that I don't know of anyone who had the strength for that—even if he had the will power and the desire.

PLAYBOY: How did you get your way with the President? Did you, for instance, ever use your feminine wiles?

COSTANZA: Oh, no. With Carter, it's facts that make the difference.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever advise the President on his wardrobe?

COSTANZA: Absolutely not. That was his own personal responsibility—or Rosalynn's—but certainly not mine. However, I did, on occasion, say, "Hey, you really look super."

PLAYBOY: Did Amy ever come to you with girl problems?

COSTANZA: No.

PLAYBOY: Were there any dress codes in the White House?

COSTANZA: None. I wore pants suits when I felt like it. I would not, however, dress the way I felt if I thought it would be insulting to a group or to the occasion I was involved with. However, I did wear jeans in the White House. I didn't feel wearing jeans was being disrespectful to the place where I worked. It was simply more comfortable.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, would you do anything different?

COSTANZA: No, of course not. I would like to repeat everything I did over and over again until I get it down right. See, it's like celibacy; I still haven't got *that* down pat, either.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Southern gentlemen?

COSTANZA: They're different, but nice. If there's one thing Jimmy Carter has accomplished since coming to the White House, it's having made the country into a total entity. So there's no longer such a thing as Southern gentleman versus Northeastern gentleman.

PLAYBOY: Are the Southern accents prevalent in the White House actually caused by muscle relaxants?

COSTANZA: There's much more tenseness than relaxation at the White House.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to accomplish now that you are out of the White House?

COSTANZA: I want to study the cloning business. And then have myself cloned 150 times and spread around the country.

PLAYBOY: Does one develop an ivory-tower attitude when one works in the White House?

COSTANZA: People force that on you—the idea that you're different because you're working there. People on the outside were always trying to tell us that now that we were at the top, there was a special way we must act, talk and an attitude we must have. I never evaluated it that way. My sense of humor, my informal irreverence is just me. Just like it was for the rest of the senior staff. Those who preceded us protected the title at any cost; but to me, respectability is more important than the title. Our predecessors are all making millions of dollars writing books about how wonderful it was to go to the White House and how they changed after they got there. I doubt that any of us will do that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any advice for women who want to go into politics?

COSTANZA: Oh, yes. We have to just flood the market. When we start appointing and electing mediocre women, then—and only then—will we have achieved equality with men.

•

Running-dog capitalist pigs have long regarded the People's Republic of China not so much as a large collection of godless Commies as a huge market for Western goods. But the Chinese language

does not seem to assimilate ad slogans as well as it produces political ones. For example, if Pepsi-Cola were to use its former slogan "Come alive with Pepsi," it would translate, according to *The Miami News*, into Mandarin Chinese as "Pepsi brings your ancestors back from the grave." Well, at least it doesn't say anything about the Gang of Four.

SUMMER AND SMOKE

The summer of 1979 looks to be the highest yet, if you're traveling to Jamaica. For the past three years, Jamaica's tourist moguls have been seeking new ways of luring foreign dollars to the island's foundering economy. And last summer, a group of hip young music promoters and government officials discovered that marijuana and music, combined with hot sun, cool blue water and a cheap airline ticket, is a very profitable idea.

The 1978 experiment was Reggae Sunsplash, a neatly packaged week of sun, surf, music and marijuana aimed directly at the college student in search of cheap rum, moonlight sex, *reggae* and smoking as much of Jamaica's famous marijuana as humanly possible without fear of being thrown into an island dungeon.

The four promoters described Sunsplash as a "great experiment," a test to see if marijuana and music could be combined without hassle as a viable tourist attraction. And guess what? It worked.

The week-long extravaganza, held in an old cricket ground converted into an outdoor music hall and dope den, transformed tiny Montego Bay into a 24-hour-a-day grass smokers' paradise. Local children roamed the crowd, hawking peanuts and three-dollar Baggies of freshly cured ganja. Perpetually stoned Ras Tafarians in Haile Selassie T-shirts came out of the hills to set up wooden shacks selling bush-weed pot packaged in old newspapers, foot-long joints and bizarre tea concoctions guaranteed to keep one stoned long enough to believe Haile Selassie was, indeed, the reincarnation of Christ.

"I couldn't smoke it all," gasped one weary Philadelphia long-hair, saddened by the fact that he had to give away a half pound of potent Lamb's Breath superpot before boarding his flight home. And the flotilla of dealers just smiled and counted their American dollars, which are worth five times as much on the Jamaican money black market. One ganja stand moved some 1200 bags of pot by the festival's closing night.

Local police were given specific instructions not to arrest anyone for selling or smoking marijuana. "Absolutely no one will be arrested for ganja," said a high-level tourist-board official, obviously thrilled at the festival's success. "Understand that we don't want to overadvertise the sensitive fact that ganja is openly available, but we are telling Americans that all they have to do is be cool and nothing will happen."

"It worked," grinned promoter Don Green. "It really worked. In 1979, we intend to advertise and expand the festival. Maybe hold it on a beach, turn it into an annual Third World music and cultural fair. And marijuana is certainly part of the Third World culture."

•

J. T. "Tiny" Smith, a free-lance law researcher, claims that there is a Texas law still on the books stating that "when two railroad trains meet at a crossing, each shall stop and neither shall proceed until the other has gone."

•

The new Somerset Place condominium in Halifax, Nova Scotia, advertises that through its doors "pass some of Halifax' more interesting business people. Professionals, adult couples young and old who spend as much time on each other as they can." And, at the same time, they're getting one hell of a tax advantage.

1,247 times a second this motor checks itself for perfect speed...

How it works:
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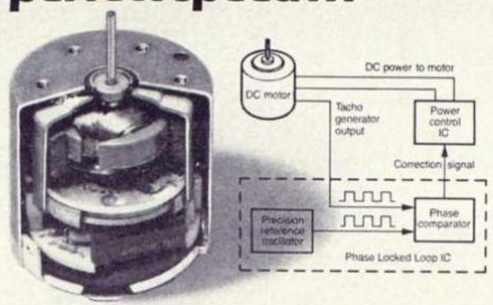

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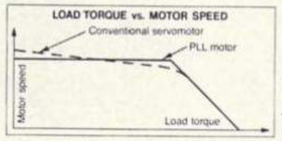

and 64dB S/N ratio with Dolby. *Which is more Hz and less noise than you'll find on the discs and broadcasts you tape.*

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BOOKS

Secrets (Stein & Day), by F. Lee Bailey, isn't a *bad* novel. It's a rather uncomplicated crime mystery about a hotshot trial lawyer who gets framed for murder and uses every strategy to defend himself. The plot holds together pretty well, though the characterization is cliché prone; there is even an occasional bit of good writing, but it rarely lasts. *Secrets*, on balance, is essentially a device to ask some subtle legal questions. As a novelist, Bailey makes a great lawyer.

•

The purpose of Donald Barthelme's short-story collection ***Great Days*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is to scare the shit out of us. Barthelme writes strange stories. Do not read him if you are about to go to the dentist.

Of the 16 stories here, seven are dialogs, conversations between casually identified people. "Say you're frightened. Admit it," begins a story called *Morning*. What follows is a list, really, of fearful things. Not melodrama, not train wrecks and plane hijackings, but the small, vital fears of daily life: "I'm frightened. By flutes and flower girls and sirens. . . . By coffee, dead hanging plants, people who think too fast, vestments and bells." An analysis of fear, with the understanding that there is no logic to it, which makes it all the more frightening.

If you have the courage to read him, Barthelme is also a funny man. In one of his stories, *The Zombies*, he constructs a travelog set in a primitive country. There are all the trimmings: a bishop, a village, a zombie named Gris Grue, natives and drums. But Barthelme has fun with it. One zombie creeps around sticking a rectal thermometer into the cattle in the corral. Another describes the zombie diet, which includes Wheatena, fried perch and eggs Benedict. Perhaps most frightening is the line that ends the story: "If a bad zombie gets you, he will make you walk past a beautiful breast without even noticing." See why Barthelme makes us shudder?

•

Few first novels have had as successful a prepublication history as Lucian K. Truscott IV's ***Dress Gray*** (Doubleday). Months before its release, its paperback, movie and foreign rights were sold for a whopping $1,300,000. Truscott immediately became a literary figure to be reckoned with—and the envy of every writer who has dreams of making a killing on a first novel. Much of this ballyhoo distracts from a real evaluation of the book, which follows West Point cadet Ry Slaight's investigation into the death of another cadet, David Hand. After he learns that Hand's supposed "accidental death" by drowning was actually a murder committed by the victim's homosexual lover, Slaight comes up against a series of labyrinthine evasions and coverups that shroud the murder in a fabric of military-political maneuvering. The real subject of the book, though, is West Point itself during the late Sixties. Truscott, a graduate of the academy, is on his firmest ground when describing the profound sense in which West Point is not a place but a way of life. Those unfamiliar with the sort of discipline and humiliation cadets undergo might well wonder why anyone would put up with all that crap. But, at its best, the novel explains how seductive military logic can be, how its exercise becomes for some soldiers an almost mystical fascination.

Bailey's novel cops a plea.

As a novelist, Bailey's a good lawyer; as a writer, McMurtry needs a good editor.

McMurtry goes Hollywood.

•

Larry McMurtry's new book, ***Somebody's Darling*** (Simon & Schuster), does something hard to envision. It treats the movie-Hollywood-glitz set *gently*. Gently, that's the word. The way you would treat an old, sad, crazy dog you've had around for ages, which can't learn anything, maybe never knew anything, acts foolish, causes trouble—but, hell, it's your dog. It is a tender book, and that, in short, is what keeps it going. McMurtry is quite prolific (this is his eighth book), but he still has not solved a central problem. He has brilliant ways of putting things ("He had passed through the Sorbonne on his way to becoming a punk"), and yet his over-all narrative stutters, trips, disconnects and generally falls over backward when it comes to pace, rhythm and the sense one likes to have, when reading, that the writer is in *control* of the language. The sound of McMurtry's words brings out the editor in the least meddling reader. And yet he has been doing it quite successfully for years; maybe it's intentional. *Somebody's Darling* is no exception. It's a book that makes you want to take the author in and give him chicken soup. But is it art?

•

"The need to shoot pool can be a fearsome itch," writes John Grissim in ***Billiards*** (St. Martin's Press), and so, it's obvious, was his need to capture in print the lore and lure, legends and lies, hustlers and heroes of the world of the green felt. Grissim really loves the game of pocket billiards; he delights in describing the ornate pool parlors of the past, then reminisces about a night in Pontianak, west Borneo, when he defeated the house champion, Mr. Ho, under naked light bulbs and a slowly turning ceiling fan. There are tales of big-money games, descriptions of current players (including the real skinny on Minnesota Fats) and more historical anecdotes than you can shake a cue stick at.

When finished with *Billiards*, we'll lay odds that you'll be out the door for a little nineball or rotation faster than we can say Willie Mosconi. On the way, however, you might pick up a copy of ***Byrne's Standard Book of Pool and Billiards*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by Robert Byrne. It's a straight-shooting guide to all cue games from basic to advanced, with more than 350 illustrations.

MUSIC

Flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal is always looking for new fields to conquer and when he finds them, conquer them he does. This time, he teams up with harpist Lily Laskine on ***Sakura: Japanese Melodies for Flute and Harp*** (Columbia), and the result is an unqualified success. Rampal and Laskine make the transition from East to West seem as effortless as a flight on the Concorde and as sumptuous as a crossing on the QE2. The works span about a century's time, beginning in the 1860s, and have that timeless quality about them that can probably be ascribed to the unsophistication of the Occidental ear. Whatever the reason, they make for delightful listening.

•

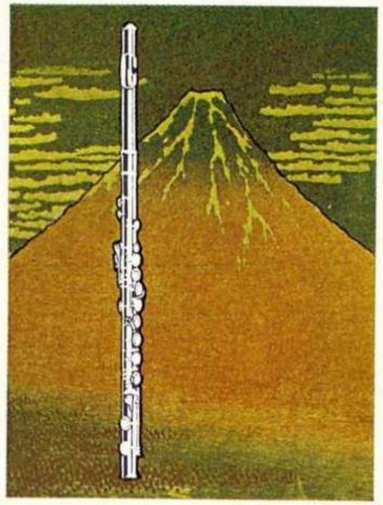
"So all of a sudden, I'm in the record-production business—and it's great, you know, because it wasn't intended, it was just one of those things that happened.

"But I've always had a very keen business curiosity, and I've always tried to make sure that's taken care of first. Until I ran into the right people to work with, I had to be bandleader and business manager, too, but it wasn't something I wanted to do, just something that was necessary."

Attired in his jogging suit, **Maurice White** sits on a cushion before the fireplace at one end of his elongated living room and speaks softly. The bookshelf behind him, bearing volumes by assorted chroniclers of the mind from Jung to Crowley, would not immediately tell you that he is the leader of Earth, Wind & Fire, the R&B supergroup whose stage show defies belief, whose audience and music both defy categorization and whose records routinely sell over 2,000,000 copies, making it Columbia Records' top attraction.

Nor would it suggest that he is head of a nascent musical empire that includes Kalimba Productions—named after the electrified thumb piano, an instrument of African origin, which Maurice plays and which contributes to Earth, Wind & Fire's distinctive sound; Kalimba's banner has already flown over hits by The Emotions, D. J. Rogers, Deniece Williams and Ramsey Lewis—and a new label called ARC, distributed by Columbia and featuring several artists formerly on that label, including the jazz group Weather Report and, of course, Earth, Wind & Fire itself.

White has spent the past three weeks in the studio, recording music for the next Earth, Wind & Fire album—lyrics will be added later, when the chord structures have suggested images and phrases—and he has come for a day of "revitalization" to his Carmel hilltop home, an "old country house," circa 1930, which he has painstakingly rebuilt and furnished with a kind of austere splendor. The wood-ribbed arch vaults in his living room and the parquet floors garnished with Oriental rugs create a sense of opulence with a minimum of material. A Yamaha grand piano and a Chinese wooden horse listen mutely as White explains that this dwelling and the two new ones that adjoin it—homes for his younger brothers Verdine and Fred, the bassist and the drummer, respectively, of Earth, Wind & Fire (Verdine has also followed in Maurice's footsteps by becoming a record producer)—are still under construction.



Rampal, Laskine wax Japanese.

East meets West via flute and harp; a visit with Earth, Wind & Fire's Maurice White.

White lights our Fire.

"We're putting down rock and building walls, and it goes on and on and on."

Finished or not, it's a long way from Memphis, where Maurice, a doctor's son and the oldest of nine children, was born 32 years ago, where he started singing in church at the age of six and where he took up instrumental music after being inspired by the shiny uniforms of a local drum-and-bugle corps.

It's also a long way from Chicago, where, as a teenaged staff drummer with Chess Records in the early Sixties, he got to record with such stars as Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Etta James and Ramsey Lewis ("Chess Records was my university," he chuckles).

After following the Chess job with three years on the road as Ramsey Lewis' drummer, White moved to Los Angeles, where he endured some hard times before assembling the first version of Earth, Wind & Fire, which, in turn, made two jazz-influenced albums for Warner Bros. before undergoing a radical change of membership, shifting to a more pop-oriented style and switching to Columbia. Since then, under Maurice's canny leadership—"Just common sense," he demurs—the group has done nothing but grow in stature and popularity, while other talented R&B groups of the same generation have either slid into obscurity or gotten mired in clichés.

Earth, Wind & Fire's appearance in the film version of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, singing its own version of *Got to Get You into My Life*, coupled with the success of the record, exemplifies the way Earth, Wind & Fire, while retaining its original black audience, has also infiltrated the white-dominated hierarchy of rock.

"In starting out, groups have a tendency to be very raw, and I think this rawness has a tendency to attract a lot of ears," explains Maurice. "But you see the flaws in yourself and you try to straighten them out. When you do, you tend to lose some fans. But then you gain some others.

"I don't really know what's going to be a hit and, to be frank about it, it doesn't matter a hell of a lot to me. What's important is doing my best each time I go in the studio, and taking my shot."

One thing that hasn't changed about Earth, Wind & Fire is the content of the group's lyrics—the message has always been spiritual uplift and positive energy, that anyone in tune with himself and the universe can be happy, can be a star.

"When we started out, our audience was a black audience," White explains, "and we've always had a total responsibility to our people; to try to instill some

type of confidence, to instill some type of initiative, to push and motivate them. Now our responsibility is to everybody."

If his mission is frankly evangelical, White—a nonsmoking, nondrinking vegetarian who gets a kick out of studying ancient cultures—does not admit to being religious. "I don't belong to any denomination and I don't preach religion to anyone. My whole thing is basically evolved around self-confidence and self-belief."

It's a self-confidence that was boosted the night Maurice, then a student struggling to get gigs around Chicago, sat in with John Coltrane—"You can be as great as you want to be," Coltrane told him afterward—and that has always been nourished by his close relations with his siblings: "We have always pushed one another; even now, as adults, we let each other know we care."

Advised how coincidental it seems that the oldest of nine kids would become the guiding spirit of a nine-man musical group, White chips in with the information that nine is also his shoe size.

Evidently, it's his lucky number.

—CARL PHILIP SNYDER

•

Rock 'n' roll still survives—though it is breathing fitfully—in England. Rock bands keep on playing in old Blighty and there are even a few singers who aren't trying to sound like the Chipmunks. Racing Cars is a traditional five-man rock group: drums, bass, two guitars and a singer who doesn't just fade into the production. On ***Bring On the Night*** (Chrysalis), its music ranges from the sweet title ballad to the straight-ahead rock of *Traveling Mood* to the *reggae*-influenced *Takin' On the World*. Given the fact that it is almost impossible to get on the airwaves unless you have a string section backing you, the d.j.s will probably pick up the title song or *Goodbye Yesterday* from this album. That means that most people will miss the drive of Racing Cars' rockers—and some fine guitarwork by Ray Ennis. It's a shame. The times call for a whole lot less of Jesus and a lot more rock 'n' roll.

•

Deborah Harry, lead singer for Blondie, sounds a lot livelier to us these days. She is definitely no Bumstead. Blonde and . . . arranged, to be sure, but with a voice that can ring like a sweet bell, direct descendant of those in early Sixties Motown girl groups such as The Crystals and The Ronettes. Also, she writes much of the band's material (often in collaboration with lead guitarist/boyfriend Chris Stein)—which eludes easy labels. Because Blondie came out of the CBGB's "puke-and-safety-pin chic" scene in New York, it's been called New Wave/Punk. But ***Parallel Lines*** (Chrysalis) is more intelligent—and more fun—than most such, in addition, the band plays too well to be considered true N.W./P. On *I Know but I Don't Know*, it makes a stab at yer punk ethos—"I lose but I don't bet / I'm your dog but not your pet"—but shows other roots by including *I'm Gonna Love You Too* from the lesser arcana of Buddy Holly. Its best original tunes are engaging reweavings of classic strands from the late Fifties and early Sixties, most less than three minutes long, as God intended rock songs to be, and all are about love or its absence, also as God intended. But the point of view is strictly modern, which is to say usually ironic, and the style tends toward minimalist. "I will give you my finest hour / The one I spent watching you shower. . . . Get a pocket computer / Try to do what ya used to do. . . . I know a girl from a lonely street / Cold as ice cream but just as sweet / Dry your eyes sundae girl." The mix of basic good-time rock forms and good *nouveau* lyrics is a fresh combination, and refreshing to hear.

Blondie's Deborah: no Bumstead.

Praise for Blondie's Harry; a mixed bag from a trio of folkies.

•

Tom Paxton is one of the Bob Dylan–Phil Ochs generation of Greenwich Village folkers. A lot of people from those times have faded, but Paxton is still going strong, singing in his light, pleasant baritone, writing songs that express the concerns that animated him when his style was being formed. ***Heroes*** (Vanguard) is a typical Tom Paxton record. It has humor (*Anita O.J., Hand Me Down My Jogging Shoes*), political protest (*The Death of Stephen Biko*) and unaffected expressions of the joy and beauty of life (*Winter Song*). What makes it so marvelous is the quality of the writing. His melodies are fresh, appealing and so simple that all but the tone-deaf could memorize them the first time through. The words are even better. *The Death of Stephen Biko* simply recounts the events of the last days in the life of the black leader who died of the savage treatment he received in a South African prison. Most of the so-called protest songs of the great folk-music scare of the Sixties were bad enough to make listeners want to sign up with the other side. Paxton writes political songs that illuminate precisely the nature of the evil and fill us with indignation at its existence. The suicide of his old cohort Ochs affected Paxton profoundly. *Phil* is a moving expression of horror and disbelief that offers no resolution, no philosophical coming to terms with the shocking loss of an old friend who seemed to be doing well.

•

The folk scene that produced Paxton and Dylan has been moribund most of this decade, but lately it shows signs of reviving. The new performers are singer-songwriters producing their own work in a folkish idiom. One of these, Steve Forbert, a 23-year-old from Meridian, Mississippi, has recorded his first album, ***Alive on Arrival*** (Nemperor). Some are calling him the new Dylan. Could be. His harmonica playing, which will not make anybody forget Borrah Minevitch's, is obviously descended from Dylan's own weird, minimalist style. But then, how could a kid who wanted to go to New York to be a folk singer avoid being influenced by Dylan? The important point is that Dylan is only one of his influences. Forbert has listened to a lot of music and he is now engaged in pulling his own style out of all he has heard; his album shows that he is doing rather a good job of it. All ten songs are his own, and a few—such as *It Isn't Gonna Be That Way*—are really superior work. The imagery is striking, the lyrics are generally more disciplined than Dylan's and the melodies are more inventive. It's obviously too early to tell whether or not Forbert will be the new Dylan, but his debut is at least as interesting as Bob's own first album.

•

In Stephen Bishop's cameo appearance as a guitar-toting folk singer in the film *National Lampoon's Animal House*, his instrument gets smashed to smithereens by a crazed John Belushi. Maybe that's not such a bad idea. Two years after his successful solo debut LP, *Careless*, Bishop brings us ***Bish*** (ABC), another well-meaning, well-crafted creation by this prolific songwriter-performer. The title suggests part of the problem: Bish is just too cute for his—or the listener's—own good. His opening interpretation of *If I Only Had a Brain* from *The Wizard of Oz* is probably the most fun you'll have with this album; the rest, including a number dedicated to *Oz* lyricist E. Y. Harburg, *What Love Can Do*, can best be described as love's labors lost.

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TELEVISION

In early February (check your local listings for specific dates and hours), Alex Haley's ***Roots: The Next Generations*** will begin as another marathon series on ABC Television, with 14 hours of black history compressed into two-hour segments on successive nights. ABC's bold experiment in programing drew an audience estimated at well over 100,000,000 viewers the first time around, with approximately 80,000,000 clocked for repeat showings of the original *Roots* last summer. The new series, judged from the first two-hour episode and a sampling of things to come, is less exotic but equally dramatic, intelligent and absorbing as an American hope opera about what happened to Haley's forebears when—having thrown off the shackles of slavery—they began to struggle with the far trickier responsibilities of freedom in the white man's world.

Intermarriage, education, upward mobility and virulent racism on both sides are the issues met when *Next Generations* resumes in 1882, with Kunta Kinte's great-grandson Tom Harvey (Georg Stanford Brown) raising his freeborn children in Henning, Tennessee. Tom refuses to let his own daughter Elizabeth (Debbi Morgan) marry a Negro suitor who has too much white blood in him, yet he stoutly defends a young black schoolmarm (Fay Hauser) who crosses the color barrier—first by borrowing books from the library of Colonel Warner (Henry Fonda), the town's leading citizen, then by captivating and finally marrying the colonel's younger son Jim (played by Richard Thomas, John-Boy of *The Waltons* TV family). Young Jim is disowned as "a nigger" by his outraged kin, and what happened to the Warners after that tends to dominate the first episodes of *Next Generations*. Although they are not Haley's ancestors, they provide star power—with such names as Fonda, Thomas and Olivia de Havilland—as well as a strong narrative hook to hold viewers in thrall until Haley's bright, ambitious grandparents and parents arrive on the landscape. For the opener, John Erman's direction and Ernest Kinoy's adaptation suggest that ABC has rolled out the red carpet to conclude this instant, authentic American classic.

•

Anglophiles and avid students of English history should rejoice and reserve 13 hours of prime time when *Mobil Showcase*'s syndicated series ***Edward the King*** begins in mid-January (dates, times and channels may vary widely, so check local listings). Showered with well-deserved accolades since the 1975 premiere in Britain, this monumental biography of Edward VII (1841–1910) has been sold to 56 countries and ought to be a raging success everywhere. The roots of England's present ruler, Elizabeth II, are exhaustively documented, yet *Edward* is an elegant and even suspenseful saga wrought from the known facts about Her Majesty's great-grandfather. The so-called playboy king, eldest son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, waited more than half a century to ascend the throne, then gave his name to an age known for style and opulence.

It would be impossible to summarize the sprawling plot, which begins with his birth as Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in a stormy royal household where the spoiled, hysterical young Queen Victoria hates her first-born son on sight. Never overfond of children, Victoria prefers imperial power and her private passion for her husband, Albert, to the vexing responsibilities of mothering their brood. With Annette Crosbie and Robert Hardy performing very flashily as Victoria and Albert, *Edward*'s early episodes amount to an engrossing, intimate family portrait complicated by affairs of state (Sir John Gielgud as Disraeli is just one of many distinguished figures who play the palace). Meanwhile, the young prince—who is not much of a scholar—suffers through a rigorous education to prepare for kingship. In Edward's rebellious adulthood, Timothy West takes over the role, along with the rest of the drama, sharing the spotlight with a series of ladies he fancied, among them Helen Ryan as his wife, Alexandra, Francesca Annis as Lily Langtry, Moira Redmond as Edward's longtime mistress, Alice Keppel. The heir apparent, indulging himself in scandalous exploits because his stubborn old mum doesn't trust him to do anything else, is named in a divorce action and called to court at one critical point in his roistering, hedonistic career. How Edward matures into a well-loved and earnest monarch, taken seriously by everyone save the stuffier elder statesmen in his court, is the gist of this gossipy, frank but absolutely thoroughbred spectacular. Director John Gorrie, co-adapter (with David Butler) of the script from a biography by Philip Magnus, obviously had a mammoth budget and imagination to match.

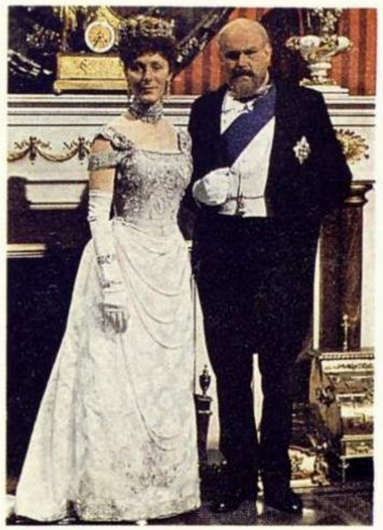
•

Public Broadcasting's *Masterpiece Theatre* (with repeat telecasts on many PBS outlets) will again take up ***Country Matters*** (the first batch was aired in 1975) early in February in a five-week series based on adaptations of short stories by A. E. Coppard and H. E. Bates. This collection of hourlong tales set hither and yon in the English countryside leaves a distinctly bitter aftertaste. The initial entry, Coppard's *Crippled Bloom* (two spiky, spinsterish sisters squabble over a middle-aged former soldier who is not worth the trouble he causes them), is followed by Bates's *Breeze Anstey* (two earnest young women back in the Thirties, trying to establish an herb farm while tactfully avoiding the lesbian aspects of their relationship). Lonely alcoholics, disillusioned virgins and frustrated lovers abound in subsequent weeks. As usual on *Masterpiece Theatre*, every subject is handled with reticence and impeccable taste by fine English actors. Too bad the subject matter isn't more exciting.

—B.W.

Thomas, Fonda, Hauser: more *Roots*.

Get ready for *Roots* revisited and a bio of Edward VII.



Ryan, West as Edwardian royalty.

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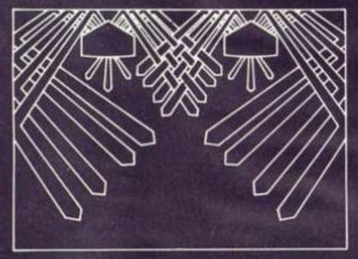

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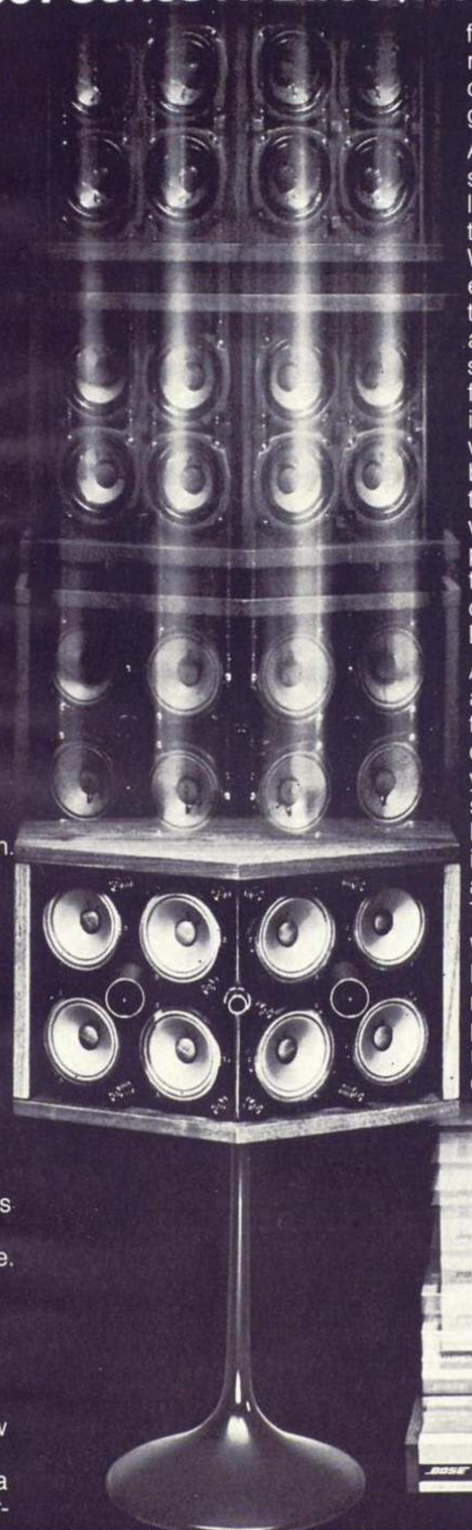

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MOVIES

Making big Broadway hits into major-league movies is a touchy business, and a couple of recent stage-to-screen adaptations reinforce my conviction that an easy-does-it approach usually works better than the superhype knock-'em-dead method of trying to outdazzle Broadway on every count. Compare director Robert Mulligan's amiable, witty and delightful movie version of ***Same Time Next Year*** with Sidney Lumet's awesome ***The Wiz***. Five'll get you ten that *The Wiz* is going to draw bigger audiences, but I'll still put my money on *Same Time Next Year*, the kind of winningly human comedy you can sit through twice, the better to savor its topical asides and subtleties. Ellen Burstyn, repeating the role she created onstage, is brilliantly teamed with Alan Alda in Bernard Slade's comic valentine to a pair of married people (each married to someone else) who meet by chance at a country inn, spend the night together and become constant lovers, though their affair consists entirely of annual weekend orgies, updated for us every five years or so from 1951 through 1977.

While *Same Time Next Year* is essentially a cheeky love story in praise of selective infidelity, it is also a concise social history, rather glibly but drolly depicting how two wham-bam occasional adulterers change as the seasons pass—change their lifestyles and politics, the way they dress, the way they drink and think and make it together, or *don't* make it together. The time she shows up flamboyantly pregnant, for example, he is having an impotence problem. Burstyn and Alda turn out to be a perfect match, and Mulligan puts them through their paces without strain, making no effort to hide the fact that this totally contrived comedy is a series of vaudeville sketches on the evergreen subject of sex. It's highly verbal rather than graphic, and strewn with crackling gags from end to end, beginning in 1951, when she shyly introduces herself—the morning after—as a nice Catholic girl who was "sort of" a virgin on her wedding day. "Well, I was *pregnant*, but I don't count that." He's a perennial schmuck with a guilt complex, simplified by the fact that he is apt to get another hard-on while she's trying to slip off to confession. Most of the choice lines fall to Burstyn, an actress who plumbs the depths of character on multilevels yet never loses a laugh. Neither does Alda. *Same Time Next Year* makes fooling around look like a healthy, spirited all-American sport. Tennis, anyone?

The Wiz, a musical extravaganza brought forth with a budget in the very expensive neighborhood of $30,000,000, is black and beautiful but ultimately boring. Gobs of money must have gone into the production designed by Tony Walton, who dreamed up an Oz (forget Frank Baum's classic and especially forget Judy Garland, all ye who enter here) where the Yellow Brick Road leads from the Bronx straight to Manhattan via fancifully stylized slums, bridges, subways and empty amusement parks. The Munchkins are human graffiti frozen in place by an evil witch's curse, and the sun rises over New York in the shape of a Big Apple. With so many clever ideas afoot, director Lumet uses nearly all of them to overwhelm an audience that is begging to be enchanted. Handicapped by mediocre words and music (with one or two tuneful exceptions), Diana Ross is a powerhouse talent who deserves better than to be boldly but hopelessly miscast as Dorothy, a shy stay-at-home teacher, spirited away in a snowstorm with her dog, Toto, for a never-never-land adventure with the brainless Scarecrow (Michael Jackson), the heartless Tinman (Nipsey Russell) and the cowardly Lion (Ted Ross). Ozschmoz. An adult working girl fantasizing at this level would undoubtedly be advised to watch *Captain Kangaroo* or seek intensive psychotherapy. Only Russell manages to assert a note of individuality amid sets the size of soccer fields, where throngs of dancers gyrate in gorgeous costumes by Halston, Oscar de la Renta, Bill Blass and other name labels. *The Wiz*'s performers look grandish but remain largely anonymous. Even Richard Pryor, as The Wiz himself, and Lena Horne, as the good witch Glinda, are lost in the fruit salad of scenic effects for a fairy tale that has very little charm or innocence and virtually no Soul. This ain't *The Wiz* that was, on Broadway or anywhere else, though it may satisfy raving discomaniacs who think *Over the Rainbow* means a bad trip.

Alda, Burstyn in *Next Year*.

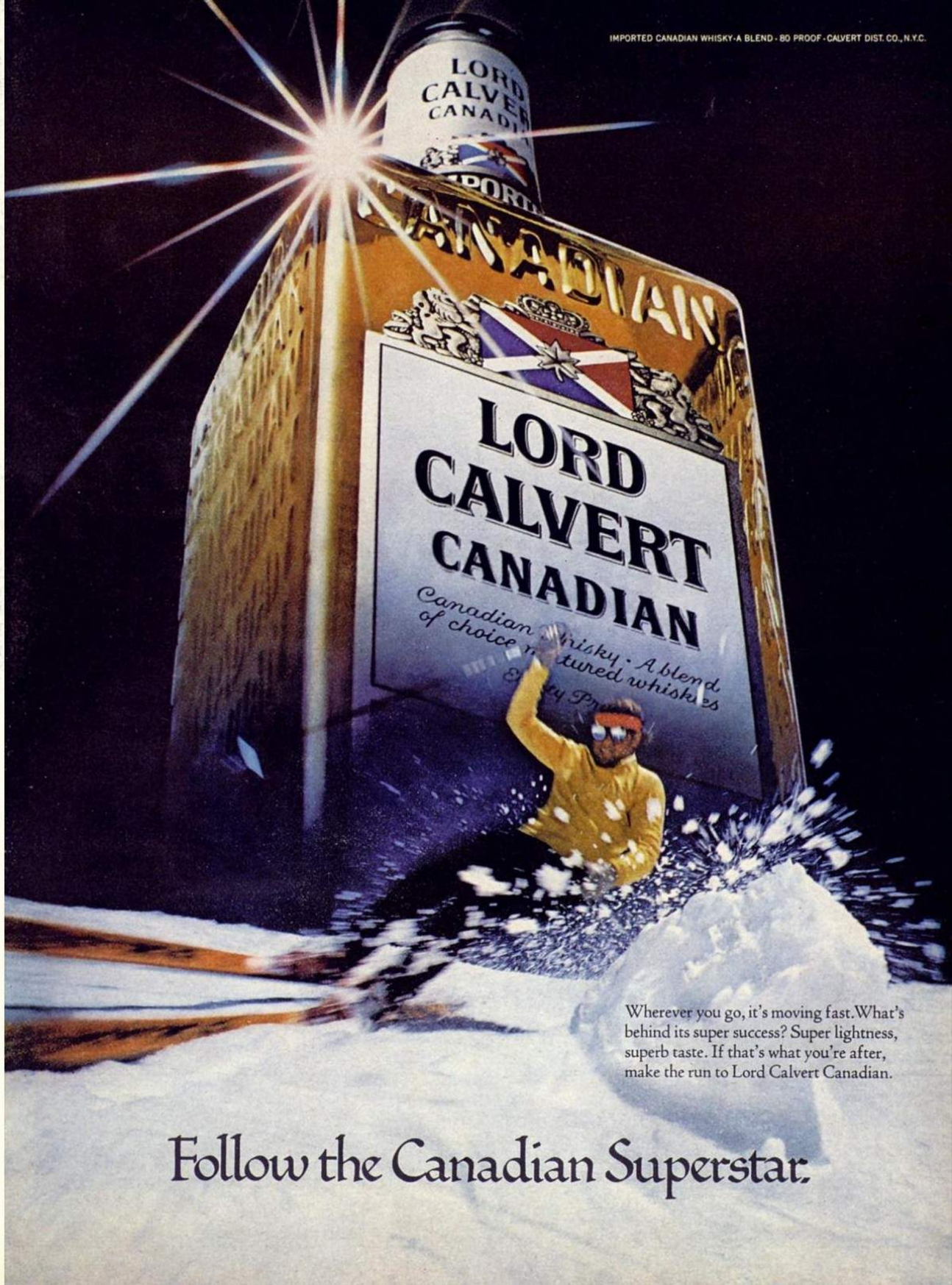
In the transition from stage to screen, *Same Time Next Year* fares better than *The Wiz*.

Off to see *The Wiz*.

Lloyd, Moore in *Wild Geese*.

•

The basic dishonesty of ***The Wild Geese*** is also the chief selling point of director Andrew V. McLaglen's virile and rousing adventure drama. Since he has cast Richard Burton, Richard Harris and Roger Moore as a trio of modern mercenaries on a do-or-die mission to darkest Africa, we automatically accept them as good guys, though history tells us that real-life mercenaries are more apt to be trigger-happy opportunists who will go anywhere and fight for any cause if the price is right. While the script points up Harris as the trio's resident idealist, don't let it worry you. Reginald Rose's screenplay, adapted from a novel by Daniel Carney, offers the standard heroics in a manner so obvious that you will guess in the first couple of reels who's going to survive and who's going to die with his boots on. The action sequences, however, are dynamite—diplomatic treachery afoot back in London while the brave strike force parachutes down to rescue the deposed leader (Winston Ntshona) of an emerging African nation, clapped into prison and marked for death by the military tyrant who has temporarily taken over the country, along with its invaluable copper mines. *Wild Geese* (a code word for the rescue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operation) gives meaty roles to its three principals, all in top form, with Hardy Kruger, John Kani, Stewart Granger and other stouthearted men generating the kind of *macho* chemistry that used to get pulses pounding in dozens of World War Two epics. I kept quietly questioning the ethics of this movie while shamelessly enjoying every minute of it. You know what I mean.

•

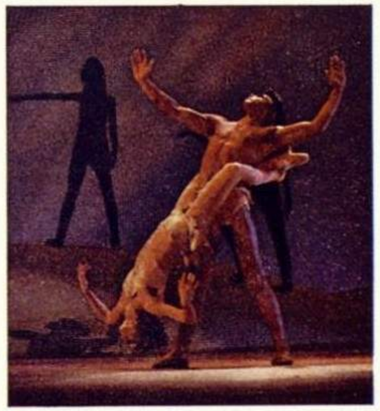
Movies concocted as sweet or sour or street-wise love letters to the hurly-burly human comedy of life in New York, New York, are becoming a drug on the market. The drug is addictive only to writers and directors, who seem to get woozy on whatever it is that emanates from the great Manhattan melting pot. ***Paradise Alley*** stars Sylvester Stallone, who also wrote and directed it as if he were determined to remake *Rocky* without blowing his chances for a planned sequel. The underdog hero of *Alley* is a dumb, goodhearted wrestler (played Brando style by ex-boxer Lee Canalito), one of three Italian brothers (Stallone and Armand Assante are the smarter siblings) who see no way out of the slums but to fight, fight, fight. From start to finish, *Paradise Alley* looks remarkably like the brand of Thirties corn that is mocked by masters in *Movie Movie*. References to Pearl Harbor and World War Two confirm the fact that the period of the piece is a decade later, though everything in the movie smacks of Depression blues—men without jobs, without hope, wearing floppy caps and dark glasses while panhandling on street corners. Atmospheric cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs gives the film stunning surface but fortifies the odd impression that Stallone's screenplay has somehow slipped into the wrong time zone. As an actor, he's not far out of his *Rocky* rut. As a director, he's passable to promising and makes his company look good—from Canalito and Assante to Joyce Ingalls and Anne Archer, who go pretty far with skimpily written roles as the guys' favorite dolls. As a writer, Stallone supplies some ammunition for skeptics who thought he was just damned lucky the first time. He may, however, get lucky again—with audiences primed to stomp and cheer through a choreographed fight scene in slow motion, followed by a climax that's a *Rocky* retread right up to the final frame.

•

Slow Dancing in the Big City, worse luck, shows nary a sign of a repeat performance by director John Avildsen, who won an Oscar for *Rocky* back in 1977. If he had a mind to, Jimmy Breslin could probably sue over this flick's ludicrous portrayal (by Paul Sorvino) of a tough-talking, Breslinish columnist on New York's *Daily News*. Although the character, who is called Lou Friedlander, seems to be a household name evoking instant recognition everywhere, he lives in a dingy tenement walk-up, across the hall from a ballet dancer (movie newcomer Ann Ditchburn of Canada's National Ballet). *She* is about to attain stardom in a debut at Lincoln Center, but the big opening night will probably be her last, since X rays show that she has ruptured tendons requiring immediate surgery. It's a grit-and-gossamer love story, see, and we know they are made for each other, because she senses the soul of a poet under his rough exterior when he tells her that any poor Fun City sap can "walk on the stars, kiss the moon, turn the garbage into roses." Sorvino is an amiable, down-to-earth actor, as easy to like as a Teddy bear, and he loses no points for the fact that *Slow Dancing* is a drag. Avildsen's folly can be easily traced to an original screenplay by actress-writer Barra Grant (who happens to be the daughter of former Miss America Bess Myerson, better known nowadays as the close friend and political supporter of New York's Mayor Koch). Quoted in publicity blurbs as a confirmed city mouse who calls New York "a people place," Miss Grant cannot tell a character from a caricature. She has the Big Apple so candied up that journalists, dancers, choreographers, pushers, kids and cops—no matter how tough they pretend to be—all behave as if they had just flown in with Mary Poppins.

Up Stallone's *Alley*.

Paradise Alley, *Slow Dancing* don't quite make it; *Big Fix* is fun.



Ditchburn, Hector Jaime Mercado *Dancing*.

Medina, Dreyfuss in *Big Fix*.

•

A key scene in ***The Big Fix*** has Richard Dreyfuss watching, with tears in his eyes, some film footage of antiwar demonstrations and other activist confrontations of the Sixties. He is Moses Wine, a onetime campus radical whose innocence and idealism have been blown away now that he's past 30. His estranged wife calls him "a would-be Marxist gumshoe," though all that's left of his brave new world are child-support payments, chronic attacks of cynicism and sleazy gigs as a private investigator. Moses gets caught up again in a California political race and more or less stumbles into the untidy but suspenseful plot of *Big Fix*, a knockout contemporary comedy-drama that is actually a rueful ode to the faded flower children of the Sixties and how they grew. Playing a student militant whom Moses used to ball between peace marches, Susan Anspach sets the ironic tone of the piece, which moves from topical satire into high-tension melodrama—involving hired assassins, a kidnaped *chicano* labor leader, a fugitive activist who has been on the FBI's Most Wanted list for ten years and is now supposed to be masterminding a diabolical terrorist plot to blow up a Los Angeles freeway interchange. You can see there's a lot going on in this timely sleeper, adapted by Roger L. Simon from his own novel and directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. Although the movie maintains a steady, headlong pace, the social comment occasionally gets heavy-handed. You may not notice the

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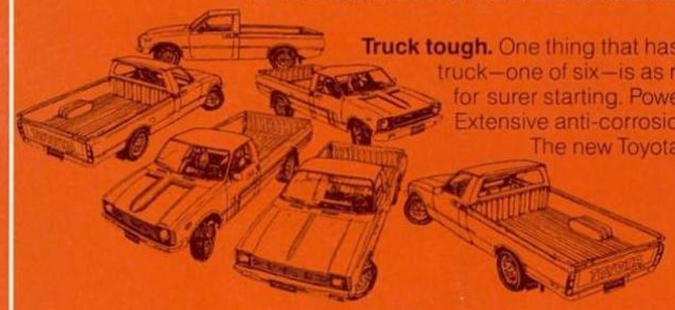

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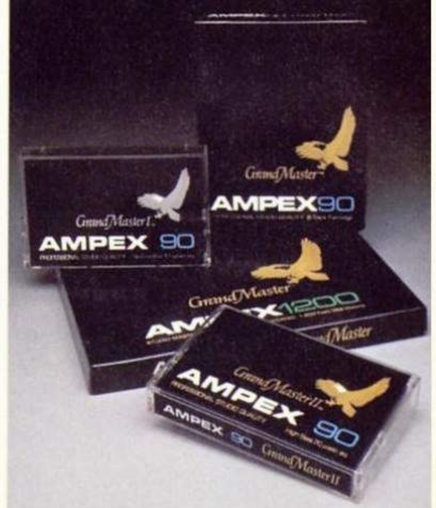

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lapses, because Dreyfuss, as coproducer and star, appears to have tapped some unlimited sources of energy that keep *Big Fix* fired with conviction. Here, he surpasses even his Oscar-winning stint in *The Goodbye Girl* and shrewdly elbows his way to the head of the line for another nomination. Good show.

•

Back in stride as the man who made *Singin' in the Rain*, *Funny Face* and other classic screen entertainments, producer-director Stanley Donen obviously had a wonderful time with ***Movie Movie.*** Any film nut worthy of the name is sure to have an equally fine time watching it. George Burns establishes the labor-of-love tone in a cameo bit introducing Donen's jolly ode to cinema's golden oldies as "a brand-new double feature," divided into two parts and related by the presence—in dual roles—of George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Red Buttons, Barry Bostwick, Eli Wallach and Art Carney. Scott, with a limited reputation for clowning (at least until a couple of seasons ago, when he scored a hit onstage in *Sly Fox*), is deservedly starred above the title and flamboyantly funny in both halves of the bill. "Dynamite Hands," the first movie within *Movie Movie*, is a perfect rehash of all those up-from-the-gutter big-city melodramas about a poor, tough kid, this one named Joey Popchik (beautifully spoofed by Harry Hamlin), who wants to go to law school and Be Somebody but has to become a boxer because his kid sister (Kathleen Beller) is going blind. Only by fighting can he raise enough money to send her to a Viennese eye specialist who charges $20,000 for an operation (or, as someone cryptically notes, "$10,000 an eye"). Scott plays the boy's loyal old manager, with Trish (looking exactly like Teresa Wright in at least 25 films we all remember) as the neighborhood librarian Joey darned near forgets when a hot-shot promoter (Wallach) introduces him to a night-club chantootsie named Troubles (a neat stint by Broadway's Ann Reinking). Filmed in nostalgic black and white, "Hands" is a virtually flawless parody, that's all I can tell you, with a screenplay by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller that sums up every ringside tearjerker ever conceived—from William Holden in *Golden Boy* and James Cagney in *City for Conquest* to John Garfield's *Body and Soul*.

Movie Movie's second half, in full color, has the same creative team with most of the same actors raising hell and tapping their way through "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," a song-and-dance show from the Dick Powell–Ruby Keeler school of vintage schmaltz. Here, Scott plays a big-time Broadway producer, Spats Baxter, who's got a month to live and figures that allows him 30 days ("This is *February*, Spats," Doc Art Carney reminds him) to create one more socko musical as his

X-RATED

Written, produced and directed by the creator of *Deep Throat* (whose comments about the shrunken horizons of hard-core were quoted in our August "Coming Attractions"), ***Gerard Damiano's People*** breaks a good many of the rules that ordinarily determine success or failure on the sex-film circuit. *Rooms* was the original working title of this episodic six-part movie, four parts of which are little more than explicit sexual encounters preceded by fragmentary dialog as an excuse for a plot. Jamie Gillis and Serena (formerly billed as Serena BlaqueLord) portray a couple turned on by kinky role playing, while a slickly photographed sequence titled "The Exhibition" offers two girls and a guy in a straightforward bondage bit. So much for standard sexploitation. Best of the hard-core scenes is "The Hooker," a broadly comic unconventional collision between a callgirl (June Medows) and a client (Bobby Astor) who wants to be blown and balled by the numbers. Full of loud and profane instructions, Astor, who looks like a mislaid Marx brother, spoofs eroticism by clowning even when he's coming. Far more precedent-shattering is the fact that the most effective and fully developed part of *People* is a story with no explicit sex at all—about a frustrated young widow (Kara Bennett) and a handsome, gay L.A. hustler (Joe Spalding) who like each other, want each other but can't quite synchronize their needs. Actually lifted from a soft-core movie made by Damiano in California several years ago but never released, this small, sad tale of unrequited lust gives *People* a touch of class that may baffle pornophiles who measure a sex film by counting come shots.

Kelly Greon, Michelle in *People*.

Gerard Damiano strives for a touch of class in *People*; boys and girls play doctor in *Candy Stripers*.

•

Gillis and Serena are on again in ***Hot Honey,*** with Jamie as the heroine's invalid brother whose paralysis seems to vanish whenever nurse Serena pushes his wheelchair within lunging distance of a good strong bed. Honey (Heather Young) learns a lot by observing big brother's therapy, which helps convince her that virginity has its drawbacks. How or why, I cannot tell you; I was too busy pinching myself to stay awake.

•

If *Hot Honey* is about as sexy as a cold shower, ***A Woman's Torment*** must be roughly equivalent to skinny-dipping in the Bering Sea. *Torment* introduces Tara Chung as a homicidal nymphomaniac, taking refuge from her troubled family at an isolated beach house, where she stabs, strangles, hacks up or electrocutes various acquaintances and passers-by. Between murders, she masturbates a lot. This sort of thing was done better in an early Roman Polanski shocker called *Repulsion*, with Catherine Deneuve as the murderous coquette, though no one in his right mind thought *Repulsion* was a sex movie. Porno may still survive, but let's hope it's not for an audience turned on by blood and guts and basket cases.

•

Blue Cross would blush over the benefits enjoyed by bedridden patients in ***Candy Stripers,*** which features Amber Hunt, Nancy Hoffman and Montana as a trio of hospital volunteers with uninhibited enthusiasm for keeping everyone healthy, horny and hard. A couple of specialists in fist fucking are brought in as consultants for one graphic sequence—and if you're even a little squeamish, that's a good time to sneak away for a smoke. Sharon Thorpe officiates as head nurse, who begins to take her job quite literally by the time *Stripers* gets around to a climactic orgy in surgery, where all that fearsome hospital hardware becomes, more or less, a hard-core jungle gym. The movie is largely a collection of formula naughty-nurse and let's-play-doctor routines, performed by a wildly exuberant cast. There's practically nothing they won't do to relieve the sick, and they seldom wait to take the bandages off. —B.W.

legacy. Spats never dreams that his long-lost daughter (Rebecca York) is trying out for the chorus, that a wisecracking hoofer (Barbara Harris) has secretly been in love with him for years or that a bespectacled accountant (Barry Bostwick, a wow) is a moonlighting performer-composer capable of churning out such sparkling hit songs as *Just Shows to Go Ya*. The spirit of Busby Berkeley hangs over "Baxter's Beauties," and that's the spirit Donen relishes and reviews with contagious gusto. What does *Movie Movie* amount to, in the final analysis? Nothing but pure joy, kiddo. A treasury of clichés, loose and stylish and as cozy to recall as youth itself or your last pair of corduroy knickers.

•

Who the hell is Stevie Smith and why would anyone make a movie about her? Both questions are answered by ***Stevie,*** starring two-time Oscar winner Glenda Jackson in a unique, miraculous little film that breaks all the rules of cinema but triumphs as a work of art. OK, brace yourself. Very few readers, and even fewer American moviegoers, know anything about Stevie Smith, an English poet and novelist—a spinster lady who lived most of her life in Palmers Green, an unfashionable London suburb, with her beloved old aunt. Before she died in 1971, Smith was famous in a modest way; she became slightly more famous when Hugh Whitemore wrote a play about her. The play's the thing from which *Stevie* was made, and producer-director Robert Enders handed it over to Glenda almost in one piece—though the stagy look of the film disguises the fact that Enders and cinematographer Freddie Young have dared a very risky kind of adaptation. Glenda talks to the audience frequently, quoting Stevie's verse or commenting on her neighbors, her work, her womanhood, her attitudes toward sex and religion. "This is my aunt," she confides in the midst of a conversation with Mona Washbourne, a veteran English character actress whose vibrant performance challenges Jackson's all the way. Trevor Howard, as an unidentified friend and narrator, and Alec McCowen, as one of Stevie's rejected suitors, are the only other characters on the screen. It is not easy to define the universal appeal of *Stevie*; the idea sounds so dull on paper. But by the end, word of honor, you will be hooked, as I was, on Glenda's recital. Stevie weaves in and out of reality, touching upon matters of life and death that are the same for everyone. She tries suicide but gets along by knocking back an occasional sherry and lots of gin as the years go by. She ultimately becomes a fascinating, flesh-and-blood creature whose mere presence is poetry in motion. A rare bird, and an absolute must for movie buffs who yearn to soar once in a while. —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

RADIO

The *Lux Radio Theater* is dead, but broadcast drama is alive and well, thank you. You've probably caught the nightly *CBS Radio Mystery Theater*, but if you've missed National Public Radio's weekly series ***Earplay,*** now being heard over some 200 stations nationally, you may be muffing the opportunity of catching some first-rate, original material as well as established works by such internationally known writers as Robert Anderson, Arthur Kopit and David Mamet.

Fire in the Hole cast at work.

Miss original drama over the airwaves? Tune in to *Earplay*.

Earplay started out seven years ago, with grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, putting together brief dramatic vignettes for rush-hour commuters. In recent seasons, however, it has genuinely come of age with 26 one-hour presentations for NPR-affiliated stations and the three Pacifica Network outlets in New York and California. We got an advance listen to three episodes, including January's season opener, Anderson's *I Never Sang for My Father*, with Melvyn Douglas repeating the role for which, onscreen, he won a 1970 Oscar nomination. Next in the series is Tim O'Brien's *Fire in the Hole*, an original adaptation from his recent novel *Going After Cacciato* (reviewed in PLAYBOY, March 1978). In this segment, Cacciato, played by Peter McNicol, is a kind of innocent who prefers fishing in a rain-filled shell crater to getting involved with the activities of his squad in Vietnam. Since those activities at the moment involve plans being pushed by one of the men, Oscar (Meshach Taylor, who plays his role with a fine sinister power), to frag the squad commander, Lieutenant Sidney Martin (Peter Aylward), Cacciato may be the least crazy of the lot. In the third program, *Custer*, craziness is, of course, the point of the whole thing. It's a fascinating mélange, by former history student turned playwright Robert Ingham, of quotations by and about General George Armstrong Custer, he of the Last Stand—interlarded with gobbets of folk songs from the period, many of them sung in authentically unmelodic voices. Principal characters are Custer himself, played by Charles Kimbrough; his wife, Libbie (Patricia Elliott, as a butter-wouldn't-melt-in-her-mouth Southern belle); and Custer's sometime adversary and surviving subordinate, Lieutenant Colonel William Benteen (Len Cariou).

About half of the new season's *Earplay* offerings are original radio dramas commissioned by the Public Broadcasting project. Among them: *Later*, by Corinne Jacker; *The Antique Bearers*, by Ray Aranha; *Manhattan Transference*, by William Tucker; *The Bathyscaphe*, by Kit Reed. Since *Earplay*'s agreement with member stations allows for rebroadcast over a three-year period, listeners can also expect to hear during the season some of the highlights of the 1977–1978 schedule—doubtless including John Gardner's *The Temptation Game*, commissioned by *Earplay*, which won an Armstrong Award for excellence and originality in FM broadcasting. Gardner, who wrote *The Sunlight Dialogues*, *Grendel* and *October Light*, the last of which won a 1976 National Book Award, is a professor of medieval literature, and he has drawn upon that background for this radio tale about the spiritual travails of a monk in the England of King Richard I.

By arrangement with the British Broadcasting Corporation, *Earplay* also presents a number of BBC radio productions.

If you live in Nevada or Idaho, you probably don't receive Public Radio broadcasts. Otherwise, check your local listings for date and time of *Earplay*, mix yourself a good drink and settle down in a comfortable chair for an hourlong voyage into your imagination.

•

Starting in February, the CBS Radio Network will premiere yet another series, the ***Sears Radio Theater,*** five nights a week. Promised are original one-hour plays—Westerns, romances, Gothic horror stories, adventures and comedies—with celebrity guest hosts.

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Two major studios are working separately on pictures based on the life of dancer Waslaw Nijinsky. **Mikhail Baryshnikov** has formed his own production company to film one version, most likely for Orion, and **Herb** (*Turning Point*) **Ross** will direct the other for Paramount. . . . **Mario Puzo**'s new book in progress is about the Sicilian bandit Juliano, who ravaged the Italian countryside during the Fifties, stealing from the rich, etc., and became known as something of an Italian Robin Hood. Eventually, he was cornered in a cave and killed in a shoot-out with Italian police. . . . **Harrison** (*Star Wars*) **Ford** will co-star with **Gene Wilder** in *No Knife*. **John Wayne** was approached for a role in the comedy-Western but declined. . . . **Martin Sheen** will portray John Dean and

Baryshnikov

Puzo

Rip Torn will play Tricky Dicky in CBS' eight-hour telemovie of the former White House aide's *Blind Ambition*. . . . Author **Ayn Rand** has given NBC the OK to produce an eight-hour telefeature based on her book *Atlas Shrugged*. Scripting is being done by Academy Award winner **Stirling** (*In the Heat of the Night*) **Siliiphant**. . . . **Robert Stone,** author of *Dog Soldiers*, is at work on a novel about a Catholic priest in the throes of losing his faith while caught up in the turmoil of a Central American revolution.

•

FILMING THE GREAT VOID: You've probably been reading about black holes, those eerie pockets of antimatter in outer space that scientists believe are the remains of exploding star bodies. Well, soon you'll be able to see the movie. Walt Disney Productions, in its biggest, most expensive film project ever (a $17,000,000 budget and a 122-day shooting schedule), has begun work on *The Black Hole*, formerly titled *Space Probe*. The film signifies a concerted attempt on the part of the Disney organization to appeal to a greater audience and the rating just might turn out to be not G but PG, a first for the people who brought us *Fantasia*. Starring **Maximilian Schell, Tony Perkins, Joseph Bottoms, Ernest Borgnine** and **Yvette Mimieux** (all in their Disney debuts), the film is being kept under tight security, with two units

Carson

shooting separately, one not knowing what the other is doing. Word has it that the ending will show the film makers' interpretation of what lies beyond a black hole.

•

ORIGINAL CASTS: It's always fascinating to find out which stars producers had in mind when they began to fill big parts in big movies. Apparently, Warner Bros.' first choice for the title role in *Oh, God!* was **Johnny Carson** (J.C.—get it?), with **George Burns** a close second. Carson had several weeks off from *The Tonight Show* and wanted to do a movie, so a studio producer called him and explained that he wanted him for the lead in a warm, loving film called *Oh, God!* Upon hearing the title, Carson's reaction was, "Thought you guys were getting away from typecasting." On a similar note, we've heard it said that the first choice for the **Warren Beatty** role in *Heaven Can Wait* was none other than The Champ himself, **Muhammad Ali.** According to this story, Beatty originally

Shields

Burns

opted to do the **James Mason** part, a less demanding role that would have left him more time for directing. But Ali decided to do *The Greatest* instead and, well, the rest is history.

•

ANCIENT HISTORY: Lovely young **Brooke Shields** is running around with older men again—quite a bit older. In *Just You and Me, Kid* (set for release this summer), not only does she co-star with the venerable **George Burns** but there's one scene in which she appears with a whole pack of geriatric superstars, including Burns, **Ray Bolger, Leon Ames** and **Keye Luke.** The elders were especially assembled for this film to play the poker-loving buddies of Burns, a retired vaudevillian. But their daily game is disrupted by Burns's efforts to hide runaway orphan Brooke from the cops. In one wild scene, the old showbizzers levitate the young girl to the ceiling as the police search underneath. This is octogenarian Burns's toughest picture to date, because he has so much dialog, but he finds that working with Shields keeps him lively. Which is also the reason he dates so many of Hollywood's young beauties. "When it comes to romance, I'm at a very awkward age," he cracks. "If I go out with girls younger than me, I'm criticized. If I go out with girls older than me, I can't get them out of the rest home." At 13, Brooke is too young even for Burns, but he says he'll wait for her if she's still interested later.

Bronson

Sanda

COMBO BLANCO: When we first heard about a film in development called *Cabo Blanco*, it sounded a bit like, well, a continuation of *Casablanca*, though the film's producers were quick to deny that it was conceived as such. However it was conceived, *Cabo Blanco*, now in production, seems like a pretty interesting project in its own right, with all the ingredients of a sure box-office success. The story, which takes place in a Peruvian fishing village in 1949, focuses on a search for a sunken ship that houses a cache of Nazi gold. Involved in the treasure hunt are an American expatriate (**Charles Bronson**), an ex-Nazi, and the wife (**Dominique Sanda**) of the captain of the ship who was killed when the ship was scuttled. When Bronson and Sanda team up, the Nazi gets nasty and creates a false scare among the fishermen that there's some kind of devilfish killing people off. See what we mean by all the ingredients—how can you beat Nazis, devilfish and sunken treasure?

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Help! It seems as though you are my last resort. Would you please tell me why 99 percent of the men I have gone to bed with, all seemingly worldly fellows who want to be able to do anything and everything to me while making love, and expect me to do likewise, look at me as though I am out of my mind when I ask them to make up a sexy story, or talk sexy, or even just talk? The best lovers I have had have been those with some imagination who are not afraid to express their fantasies. If they say they can't and ask me to express mine, does it ever turn them on! Am I wrong in wanting a fellow to talk sexy, to make up the wildest stories? I'm beginning to be afraid to even say anything, even though sexy stories turn me on so much.—Miss D. C., Culver City, California.

You're not wrong to want a sound track to accompany sex: There's nothing like a few cries, whispers and "Oh, God, don't stops" to tell you that you must be doing something right. But you should be aware that you're going up against a deeply ingrained sexual stereotype. Women make noise because men like them to. Men have viewed themselves as the active agent for so long, it is difficult for them to break down their inhibitions and reverse the process. A recent study suggests that there might be other reasons for silence during sex. Scientists observed a colony of baboons and discovered that only the dominant males vocalized loudly and frequently during copulation. The researchers suggest that silence is a safety precaution on the part of the inferior males: It allows them to score without attracting the attention of every dude in the neighborhood. On the other hand, the noisemaking on the part of the dominant males also prevents interference—in effect, the leader proclaims, "If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your ass on the other side of the savanna until I'm through." So tell your lovers that it's natural to go ape—if they are really dominant.

I've always heard that the United States was top dog when it came to salaries. However, a job counselor at school has told me that Uncle Sam has fallen over the years, and that now you can make more money overseas. True or false?—D. S., Boston, Massachusetts.

True. The last time the U. S. was on top was back in 1971. We now rank sixth on a list of 12 industrial nations. If you are an engineer, for example, you can earn more pay in Denmark, West Germany, Switzerland, Norway or Belgium. Of course, you'll have to wait a few weeks longer every month for your copy of PLAYBOY *to arrive.*

I'm a happily married male of 40. My wife and I enjoy a beautiful sex life. My problem, if it is one, is that I'm a compulsive masturbator. By compulsive I mean almost daily for as far back as I can remember. I have fantasy fucked virtually every desirable female I've ever met, regardless of her age. I jerk off at home, at the office, in my car or just about anywhere at any time. I love to feel my throbbing meat explode. I've used about every known lubricant from cooking oil to artificial pussies made from various meats. Some of my most thrilling orgasms have taken place in, of all places, the shoe of a female co-worker. (I squirt hand lotion all over the inside and use the shoe to erupt in.) I then wipe it clean, place it back in her desk and can't wait to see her wearing that shoe again. One of my favorite hobbies is to spend hours creating paste-ups using pictures of females I know. I neatly cut out their heads and paste them onto other pictures of sexy female bodies. I get so aroused doing this that I always end up jerking myself to a violent orgasm. Am I sick, or is my behavior within the limits of normal sexuality?—L. F., Indianapolis, Indiana.

It's not every day that we get a letter from someone who can type one-handed. Sex researchers have discovered an interesting thing about masturbation. Everyone does it. Everyone who does it thinks that his own pattern (two or three times a week or whatever) is normal but that anything more is suspect. It's obvious that you've taken self-abuse and carried it to a hobby that will reward you with hours of pleasure, if not to an art form. The bit with your co-worker's shoe sounds a little whacko. It's not the kind of sex with a consenting Gucci that we recommend. Keep it to yourself and you'll do OK. If not, you'd better see a shrink.

Please settle an argument: My friend says that no damage will occur to my speakers or amplifier if the volume is left turned up on the amplifier when it is turned on and off. I say it does, because of the "thump" noise the speakers make when that happens. Another argument we have concerns leaving the amplifier on over an extended period of time with no programing being run through it. I say it is not good because house-current irregularities caused by the kicking on of bigger appliances also produce a pop or a click through the system. He says that will not damage any of my components. I have invested a good deal of money in this system; can you set us straight?—B. G., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

You are correct on both counts. Volume always should be turned down when switching an amplifier on or off, when switching from one program source to another and when tuning through the FM dial. Any of those actions can cause dangerous (or, at best, annoying) transients, which not only waste power but also can damage speakers (or your ears, too, if you are wearing headphones). Leaving an amplifier turned on for long periods with no program going through it makes no sense at all except for professional applications requiring a constant stand-by condition. Even then, the volume is turned down and some systems have an idling-power option that guards against wasting power and avoids those nasty transients.

For the past few years, I've been reading all sorts of feminist PR for the multiple orgasm. You know, once is not enough, and all that bullshit. The multiple O has become the measuring stick of a successful night—or, for that matter, of a failure. Tell me this: Can a woman be satisfied with only one orgasm per session?—E. D., New York, New York.

Is the Pope Polish? Shere Hite (bless her little survey) found that only a small minority of the women who answered her

questionnaire needed or wanted more than one orgasm per session. Almost half were satisfied with whatever came their way. A more telling statistic involves what women do to themselves. Psychologist Ruth E. Clifford asked 74 college women who masturbated whether they stopped at one orgasm or continued. While 30 of the girls said they often had more than one orgasm in rapid succession, only four responded that they needed more than one orgasm to be satisfied. The rest of the group said that additional orgasms added to their pleasure but were not essential to their satisfaction. So it appears that there are three ways to measure an evening's sexual performance—unsatisfactory, satisfactory and "As long as you're at it, dear, how about another one?"

Having decided that the best way to beat winter cold is with nature's own protection, I recently purchased a fur coat. It is one of the unendangered species and I'd like to keep it that way. So, how do I care for it?—M. D., Cleveland, Ohio.

Usually, a dish of water and an occasional bone will keep it in tiptop condition. Other than that, all you have to worry about is heat, light, moisture and second-story men. Heat will dry both the fur and the leather, so keep the coat cool in the winter and store it in a temperature- and humidity-controlled storage vault during the summer. Try not to leave it in the light for too long, as that will cause the fur to oxidize and may change its color. Cover with a cloth wrap, if necessary, but never plastic, which prevents air from circulating. If it gets wet, shake it out and hang it up on a broad-shouldered hanger. When it's dry, shake it out again to fluff it. Never brush or comb your fur. Finally, leave the cleaning to experts. Find one through the store in which you bought it. With proper care, your fur should last many years, or at least until fashions change.

My mistress and I have been playing a little game that I thought you might be interested in hearing about. It started over a year ago, when, after we had finished making love, she slipped her silver earring onto my tired penis and said jokingly, "Here, this is to lock him up so nobody else can have him but me!" As a lark, I left it on and suffered only some occasional discomfort. Later, after some minor alterations with my soldering iron, I remodeled it to the point where I can wear it nearly all the time without any problems at all. My sweetheart is flattered and happy to know that I wear my "chastity ring" in her honor. I make her take it off before we make love and "lock him back up" when we are finished. We have wondered if anyone else does this. Also, I wonder if it might not prove to be a cute Playboy gift item—properly engraved, etc. Lastly, would you believe that although I wear it most of the time, my wife still doesn't know about it? And, for the life of me, I can't come up with a reasonable answer, in case she discovers it. Any suggestions?—B. W., Dallas, Texas.

You've made yourself what is called a cock ring, a fairly common piece of jewelry in some circles. No, we do not think it would make a cute Playboy gift, even when embossed with a Rabbit emblem. Finally: You and your wife must be very close. If she hasn't noticed something you've worn on your penis for a year, we don't think it would matter what you said about it.

The August 1978 *Playboy Advisor* has an interesting answer regarding the chilling and serving of wine. I just had a cabinet built to be fitted with a cooling system to store my wine. Now I read that white and red wines should be chilled at different temperatures. As I would like to store both white and red in the same cabinet instead of building another one (which I have no room for, anyway), what temperature would you suggest, please?—F. R., Los Angeles, California.

According to "Playboy's Book of Wine," "the ideal temperature for a cellar is somewhere between 50 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit. French wine professionals suggest 50 to 54 degrees. Italians and Spaniards prefer it slightly warmer: 53 to 58 degrees. Actually, tests have shown that wine can be stored safely for long periods at anywhere from about 45 to about 70 degrees. The main thing is that there shouldn't be sharp changes in temperature." The authors go on to say that red wine should be stored at a slightly warmer temperature than white. This is effectively achieved in subterranean cellars by storing whites below reds (with sweet whites above dry whites). Ideally, we suppose that you should have another cabinet built. But, to be perfectly honest, we don't think you'll do any harm to your reds and whites by placing them together.

Having recently been introduced to bottled water, I find that I like the taste and it makes a better mixer than tap water. But I'm a little confused by the wide price spread; some bottled waters sell for three times as much as others. Is the amount of carbonation a factor or am I just paying for the label?—R. G., Hartford, Connecticut.

Since yours is not a desert address, we can rule out profiteering. The discrepancies therefore must be attributed to differences in the product; and there are many. The most expensive bottled waters are the imported mineral waters. They are, for the most part, natural and naturally carbonated (there are some imported bubblies, though, that get their kicks from shots of CO_2). Imports are more expensive than domestic mineral waters largely because of shipping costs. There is only one (Saratoga Vichy from New York) naturally sparkling water domestically bottled. The largest share of the domestic bottled-water market—and the cheapest—is in "still" water, noncarbonated. Despite their names and advertising evoking Edenlike origins, most still waters are simply chemically purified tap water. They are purchased mainly by people who either don't like their tap water or object to the taint of chlorine in their cocktails. Mineral waters, of course, attract health-conscious drinkers, even though health-promoting benefits can be argued, especially when used to wash down the typical American junk-food diet.

Can you tell me how long it takes for a woman to tell if she has become pregnant? It's a long story and I don't want to bore you with details, but I took a girl to a concert a few weeks ago. It was two days before her period. Later that night, we got it on. Now she tells me she is pregnant and that she is planning to get an abortion. Since she can't tell her husband (he is gay and they don't sleep together), she has turned to me for help. I would be willing, except that I can't believe I'm the father. What do you say?—K. L., Chicago, Illinois.

How well do you know this girl? Did you use your real name? Nature is capable of playing tricks on everyone, but it tends to favor people who trust the rhythm method. Such people are called parents for the simple reason that neither the method nor a woman's internal rhythms are reliable. There is a chance that you are the father, if, indeed, the girl is pregnant. We'd opt for a second test. The hormone that indicates pregnancy doesn't begin to show up in measurable quantities until nine days after the missed period. Until then, no test is certain. Telltale signs such as a mad craving for potato chips don't qualify. As for who pays the doctor: That's another problem entirely. If both partners decide on the method of birth control and the method fails, then both should help out. If one partner assumes responsibility, then trusts to blind luck, it is his or her problem. Our advice: You can pay if you want to—it won't make things easier.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report:

14 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Vantage.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

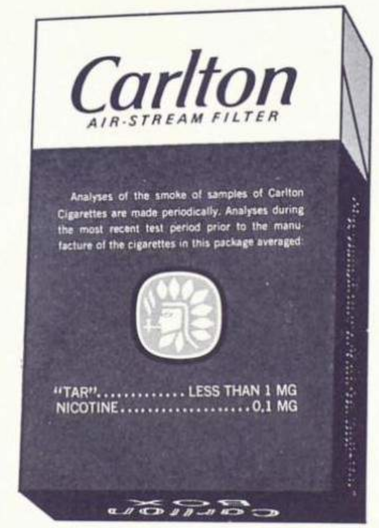
11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

		tar mg.	nicotine mg.
Vantage		11	0.8
Merit		8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights		8	0.7
True		5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack		1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than	1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than	0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.


Carlton
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:
"TAR"..... LESS THAN 1 MG
NICOTINE.....0.1 MG

LOWEST... Less than 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.-FTC Report May '78.

We reinvented the 35mm camera so others couldn't catch up. They haven't.

When Olympus examined the design concepts of traditional 35mm SLR's, they recognized the need for an engineering revolution: achieve quality without bulk, sophistication without complication. The result is called Olympus OM-1. The state-of-the-art SLR embodying the latest technology in electronics, metallurgy and optics. So advanced that others, while attempting to copy its compactness, have failed to duplicate its sophisticated internal design. • OM-1 is lightweight, yet professionally-rugged. Compact, but with a viewfinder 70% brighter and 30% larger than conventional SLR's. And its special air dampers make shooting exceptionally quiet and vibration-free. All this, part of the most complete, compact SLR system, with almost 300 lenses and accessories to meet every photographic challenge. No wonder OM-1 is Number 1.

For the photographer demanding the last word in automatic exposure control, the one choice is the Olympus OM-2. A quantum leap ahead of traditional SLR design, incorporating the features of the OM-1 plus electronic sensor circuitry found in no other camera's light measurement system. It's called OTF ("Off-the-Film") light measurement, because it measures the light reflected off the film plane and the film itself, during actual exposure. The result is a range of capabilities found in no other camera in the world, including automatic electronic flash whose exposure is controlled by the OM-2's internal light sensors. And each frame is exposure-controlled with motor drive (5 fps!) and rapid winder (over 3 fps!). Learn more about the incomparable choice offered by the OM-1 and OM-2, detailed in our free brochure. Write OLYMPUS, Woodbury, New York 11797.

OLYMPUS

OLYMPUS OM-1 OLYMPUS OM-2

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BACKFIRE

I am a certified full-time fire fighter, every inch female, and the idea that all fire fighters are practicing male sex fiends is unbelievably antiquarian (*The Playboy Forum*, June, October 1978).

To disillusion your readers may seem cruel, but nocturnal experiences at the firehouse really do not even approximate the sexual fantasies described by your correspondents. Firemen belch, snore, scratch and do all the mundane things that ordinary men do. Fire fighting is our profession, and when we go on a call, regardless of whether or not we risk our lives, it never occurs to us to think of the occasion as anything more than a job needing to be done in that particular place at that given time.

F. Marilyn Blanton
Atlanta, Georgia

Those firemen and their female fans weren't talking about on-duty behavior, heaven forbid, and, anyway, we think it quite uncharitable of you to throw cold water on their claims. As the saying goes, with all that smoke, oughtn't there to be at least a little fire?

HOOKED

Morgan Bartlow had better luck than I did in his dealings with a poetic hooker (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Mine also left a poem behind while I was asleep:

Roses are red
Violets are blue;
Now you know
What it's like to be screwed!

She ripped me off for $48 on top of the $50 fee.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

INANIMATE OBJECT

I find it a little hard to picture somebody having sex with a 50-horsepower electric motor, as your correspondent describes in the September *Playboy Forum*. Maybe he gets his kicks by living dangerously. I, for one, would not care to jeopardize my modest appendage by sticking it into a hole where 110 or 220 volts are running around. I also would think that an electric motor might not last too long on such a diet. Weird!

E. Ross
New York, New York

Seems a little strange to us, too. Check out the following letter from a woman who gets it on with an electric sander.

LABOR OF LOVE

Permit me to tell you about an interesting system I've discovered for turning work into play. Our new house needed lots of fixing up, including refinishing of the kitchen floor. I started on that one afternoon using my husband's vibrating sander and it turned out to be a very hard and boring job. As I was down on my hands and knees, pushing down on the sander so it would take the old varnish

"Three days and several orgasms later, the job was finished."

off faster, I noted that the vibrations of the machine were going from my hand up my arm to my elbow, which was pushed into my hip for leverage. It tingled, so I started to wonder what would happen if I just moved my elbow over a little to the area of my clit. Through careful maneuvering, I managed to bring myself to a very nice orgasm! Three days and several more orgasms later, the job was finished and I'm now thinking about

doing the hallways, the dining room and the back porch. I haven't told my husband about this, as he is the jealous sort.

(Name withheld by request)
Evanston, Illinois

How the time flies when you're having fun.

THE HUNG JURY

Despite all the articles and letters that have appeared in *The Playboy Forum* about the unimportance of penis size in lovemaking, there are obviously a lot of women to whom it is important. With that in mind, several friends and I started a unique swing club called The Hung Jury. Our purpose is to provide a place where men and women of various sexual persuasions can indulge their preference for well-hung lovers without shame or apology.

Our club policy is a simple one. Male applicants are interviewed and measured by one of our female members with the stipulation that he must be endowed with at least seven inches, measured from underneath, and that he present himself as a kind, courteous and considerate person. Female applicants should have a sincere desire to swing with well-endowed men on a steady basis. We encourage our members to indulge all of their sexual fantasies and desires as long as no one gets hurt.

The Hung Jury usually meets a couple of times a week in a multiroom house in Hollywood, at which time a minimal donation is asked to offset operating expenses. We are currently suspending our meetings, though, so that we can locate a house large enough to accommodate what we hope will be an expanding membership in the months to come (puns are intended).

(Name withheld by request)
Hollywood, California

RISKY BUSINESS

I am a homosexual and would like to have relationships with others, but my business would surely fail if it were known that I was gay. For that reason, I am afraid to have a relationship of any kind with other gays. I know some of the others in town and I even talk to them about homosexuality. I would love to have a relationship with some of them, and I know I could if I would just let them know I was gay.

I value your opinions greatly, and I am about at the rope's end. What should

I do? Should I worry about my business or should I have the guts to admit my sexual orientation and chance the consequences?

(Name withheld by request)
Goldsboro, North Carolina

If your business were in New York or San Francisco and your customers judged you on your service, product or performance, your decision wouldn't be too hard. But since North Carolina isn't noted for its open acceptance of homosexuals, we can't say that any sudden change in your sexual reputation wouldn't involve some serious risks. Bad laws and public intolerance suggest discretion and whatever degree of hypocrisy is necessary for survival. See the following letter.

I do not believe gays should be allowed to mix with decent, civilized people. They should have one city out of the United States populated only with their kind.

(Name withheld by request)
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Want to give them Chattanooga?

TEMPEST IN A TEST TUBE

All the scientific excitement and moralistic flappery over so-called test-tube babies has been boring me to tears. However, I have enjoyed the theological gymnastics of some of the world's crazier religious leaders, and it occurs to me that if the anti-abortionists could just think this thing straight through, they would wholeheartedly support the concept. I've always suspected that the right-to-lifers were really antisex. If so, here at last is a way to procreate and have no pleasure at all in the process!

(Name withheld by request)
Helena, Montana

CONTROVERSIAL CONTRACEPTIVE

I read with interest the letter titled "Hot Tip" in the August *Playboy Forum* and your reader is correct—some men (myself included) develop an acute, painful reaction (probably allergic) to Encare Ovals.

If that were the only problem, I would say fine. Those who like "hot tips" could use them and those who didn't could leave them on the druggist's shelf. However, you may be interested that the effectiveness claimed in the original ads to physicians has been widely questioned and since modified.

This product was the subject of a two-day meeting of the FDA Over-the-Counter Vaginal Contraceptive Panel. It was surprising to many in the audience that the product did not have FDA approval.

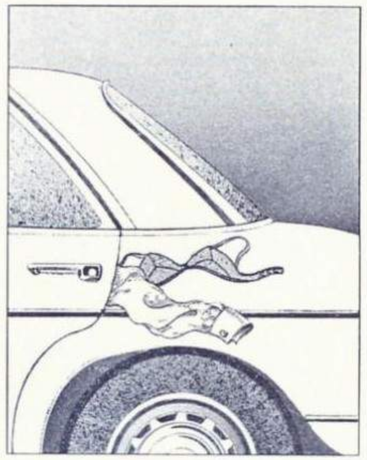
I am delighted that your correspondent is so happy with this contraceptive. It is interesting that he waits 20 minutes for it to dissolve. One cannot help but wonder about the contraceptive effect

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DOUBLE TROUBLE

MILWAUKEE—*Police apprehended a 43-year-old man, sitting in his car, wearing nothing but shoes and socks, after he followed a 29-year-old woman to a police station late one Saturday evening. They released him after hearing his explanation: that he had been frolicking with*



his girlfriend at a park when she became angry and drove off in her own car, which happened to contain his clothes. He said he spotted and followed the wrong car, hoping to get his clothes back so his wife would not become suspicious. After deciding not to charge the man, a law-enforcement official commented, "His story is so weird that there has to be some truth to it."

A MATTER OF IMAGE

NAIROBI, KENYA—*Ugandan president Idi Amin, in his capacity as his country's minister of health, has decreed that venereal disease henceforth be called "good hope" to encourage its otherwise embarrassed victims to seek medical treatment. A Uganda radio broadcast monitored in Nairobi quoted Amin as saying, "From now on, all a person has to tell the doctor is 'good hope' and he will be given treatment accordingly."*

SEX STUDY

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA—*The Kinsey Institute for Sex Research's long-awaited report on homosexuality, funded by a $287,000 grant from the National Institute of Mental Health in 1967, maintains there is no such thing as a single homosexual stereotype. The study, "Homosexualities: A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women," also found that "homosexual adults who have come to terms with their homosexuality, who do not regret their sexual orientation and who can function effectively sexually and socially, are no more distressed psychologically than are heterosexual men and women."*

SEXUAL NONREVOLUTION

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—*Sixty-five percent of Americans still consider premarital sex "always wrong," according to a Gallup Poll. The groups most opposed to such sex were persons 50 or older, regular churchgoers and those who had not gone beyond grade school. Among persons 18 to 29, those with college backgrounds or described in the poll as "unchurched," slightly over half were strongly opposed. Fewer Catholics (64 percent) took this position than Protestants (71 percent).*

SETBACK FOR BROTHELS

RENO—*A Federal district-court jury has decided that prostitutes working in Nevada's legal whorehouses are, in fact, employees and not "independent contractors." The verdict came as a disappointment to brothel operators, two of whom had brought suit against the Internal Revenue Service, arguing that the girls were not salaried employees subject to withholding and Social Security taxes but were self-employed persons from whom the Government must collect taxes directly.*

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE

AUSTIN—*University of Texas officials have expressed their gratitude to the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare for supplying 15 chimpanzees to set up a chimp-breeding center that would supply the animals to research facilities throughout the Southwest. However, the letter from a UT vice-president went on to add that breeding would be something of a problem, since all the chimps were male.*

COHABITATION MENACE

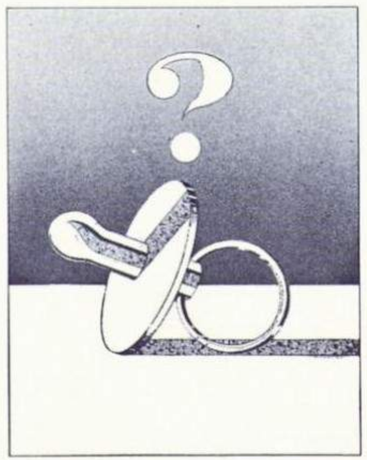
FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—*A superior-court judge has called upon the state to enforce its law against unmarried couples' living together, saying it can lead to more serious crimes. Judge A. Pilston Godwin, Jr., made his remarks after sentencing a man to ten years in prison for killing his girlfriend during a struggle over a gun. The judge said, "All of that fuss arose out of the intimacies arising out of unlawful cohabitation. . . . The state should recognize its responsibility and resume prosecutions." State law in North Carolina dating back to the early 19th Century prohibits adultery and fornication as well as cohabitation. When asked why the law was not enforced, Judge Godwin suggested that the reason "could be the fact that people who enjoy good reputations feel there is no crime in unlawful cohabitation." When asked why his office did not routinely prosecute that crime, the county district attorney declined comment but said, "I have enough things on my mind. . . ."*

COHABITATION RULING

CHICAGO—*The Illinois Appellate Court has ruled two to one that a mother should not lose custody of her children to her former husband simply because she is living with another man. The court said it was evident from testimony that the woman, her boyfriend and the children functioned "as a family unit" and that "there was no noticeable disruption of the children's routine" by the living arrangement.*

A PIECE OF THE ACTION

HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY—*Five German insurance executives who had sexual intercourse with the same secretary at a company conference are each contributing $20 a month to support the woman's baby boy, according to the tabloid* Bild Zeitung. *The paper said that nine months after the conference,*



one of the men received a note inviting him and his four colleagues to meet with the woman, and all agreed to chip in on the child support.

DOCTORS' DILEMMA

ST. LOUIS—*A Federal appeals court has voided part of a Missouri law requiring physicians to warn women that they will lose custody of any child born alive during an attempted abortion. The Eighth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals said the law puts the physician "in a strait jacket" and that it violates the equal-protection and due-process clauses of the Constitution.*

FETUS FRACAS

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY—*A jury of eight men and four women, agreeing with a defense argument of temporary insanity, acquitted a 22-year-old woman charged with committing an illegal abortion on herself. The woman had been turned away by a Louisville abortion clinic because she was beyond the first trimester of pregnancy. Commenting editorially on the case, the* Chicago Tribune *noted that the woman faced ten to 20 years in prison and said the jury's acceptance of the insanity plea "demonstrated more common sense than almost everyone else involved in this unhappy affair." The editorial continued, "Some [anti-abortionists] are tempted to nibble away at abortion rights at every opportunity—even to the extent of prosecuting vulnerable individuals [under] a state law which was clearly intended for use against quack abortionists." The local prosecutor first had charged the woman with manslaughter, but that was dismissed by the judge.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

CHICAGO—*Several local and national anti-abortion groups have called for a boycott of the Chicago Crusade of Mercy and other United Way fund-raising campaigns until the agency stops giving money to Planned Parenthood and other organizations that provide abortion counseling. The Reverend Charles Fiore, president of the Chicago-based Friends for Life, said, "We're not going to swallow abortion as part of the United Way sandwich."*

LOOPHOLES IN THE LAWS

NEW ORLEANS—*At least until the legislature revises existing statutes, Louisiana has no law against masturbating in department-store rest rooms or "flashing" in supermarkets. In two cases, both turning on the definition of public place in the state obscenity law, courts freed defendants charged with those offenses because the wording of the law technically excluded the privately owned and enclosed properties where the acts took place.*

In Ketchum, Idaho, a man accused of masturbating in his car could not be prosecuted for that particular act, police decided, after discovering that it is not prohibited under existing lewdness statutes. So they charged him, instead, under a pornography law, with the display of offensive sexual material.

TARZAN GOES TO COURT

NEW YORK—*The producers and the distributor of an X-rated cartoon titled "Tarzoon, Shame of the Jungle" have*

been sued for $3,000,000 by the family of Tarzan's creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs. The plaintiffs charge that the cartoon, besides being grotesque and vulgar, depicts Tarzan not as the "handsome, strong, intelligent, courageous, honest" jungle hero of Burroughs' depiction but as "weak, stupid, physically unattractive, cowardly, lewd and sexually inadequate." Jane doesn't come off much better in the film—being portrayed as "aggressive, sexually demanding, strident and nude for substantial portions of the time," the suit claims.

CUSTOMER RELATIONS

The Sambo's nationwide chain of restaurants has been coming under pressure from civil rights groups to change its name to something less "racially charged." Noting that Sambo was the main character in a classic children's book now regarded as racist, the head of Connecticut's Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities said the name "adversely affects the self-esteem of blacks in the state and the over-all racial climate for citizens." A spokesperson for the restaurants explained that the name was a combination of the nicknames of the chain's founders, Sam and Bo, but that in some communities, the restaurant's name was being changed to Jolly Tiger.

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Louis Keith, M.D.
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY regularly reports new developments in the area of birth control and pregnancy testing. It should be pointed out to your readers that the sources for such information often are manufacturers' claims that are as yet undocumented in actual practice. The same is true for the wire-service items that frequently appear in newspapers, and some of those early claims raise consumer hopes without fulfilling them. For example:

Early-pregnancy-test kits that can be used by the patients themselves are not a new phenomenon. Several years back, one came out called OVA II. We tested it and found that in consumers' hands, its accuracy in determining pregnancy status was no better than the flip of a coin. The new test—EPT—apparently has not been tested by consumers. In addition, the *Medical Letter*—a not-for-profit, independent publication on drugs and therapeutics—notes that "advertisements distributed in drugstores directly to consumers emphasize the accuracy of the tests; physicians may wish to warn their patients that the EPT has serious limitations, particularly high false-negative rates in early pregnancy."

The prostaglandin agents have been heralded as a "wonder drug" for control of reproduction ever since their initial clinical utilization in the late Sixties. However, in practice, the actual record to date of the prostaglandins has not supported the theoretical claims of its advocates. Although early reports speculated that prostaglandin F2a would be safer than the other available abortifacients, the two largest studies have shown just the opposite. Moreover, because the prostaglandin agents have widespread effects on many organ systems of the body, they are associated with such unpleasant side effects as nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, wheezing, flushing, changes in blood pressure and, on rare occasions, abnormal cardiac rhythms that have led to death. Therefore, we urge caution in accepting the still-unproved claims of the effectiveness and safety of prostaglandin agents for terminating pregnancies.

The Encare Oval is basically contraceptive foam in a tablet form. One tablet of Encare Oval contains fewer active ingredients than does one applicator full of foam. Thus, it seems highly unlikely that the manufacturer's impressive claims will, in fact, hold up under normal use. In addition, the only study of this agent was conducted in Germany by the pharmaceutical company sponsoring the tablets; that study does not meet even minimal standards for good scientific work.

We're pleased that magazines such as yours help inform the public in this important area.

Carl W. Tyler, Jr., M.D., Director
Family Planning Evaluation Division
Center for Disease Control
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Atlanta, Georgia

GOING ALL THE WAY

Peter Wilens proposes that those who consider abortion murder carry their logic further and advocate prosecuting women who miscarry through their own negligence (*The Playboy Forum*, October). But what about the guys who jerk off? Let's also go after all those backroom masturbators who are violating the spirit of anti-abortion laws by destroying potential human life.

A. Bruce
Toronto, Ontario

HIGHWAY HAZARD

Real smart, Mrs. Canoga Park (*The Playboy Forum*, September). What a great idea to give hubby a blow job while traveling on the highway between Los Angeles and Las Vegas. I'll bet the person you smash into, because your husband isn't keeping his attention on his driving, won't think so.

Charlotte Stefanic
Maitland, Florida

YOU'RE WELCOME

On behalf of the Government Accountability Project, I would like to express our appreciation of your mention of our *Whistleblower's Guide* in the October *Playboy Forum*. We are now receiving ten requests a day for the *Guide*. We are continually amazed at the number of Government employees who either are blowing the whistle or are about to do so. In addition, because of your *Forum*, we are making contact with many people who need our support.

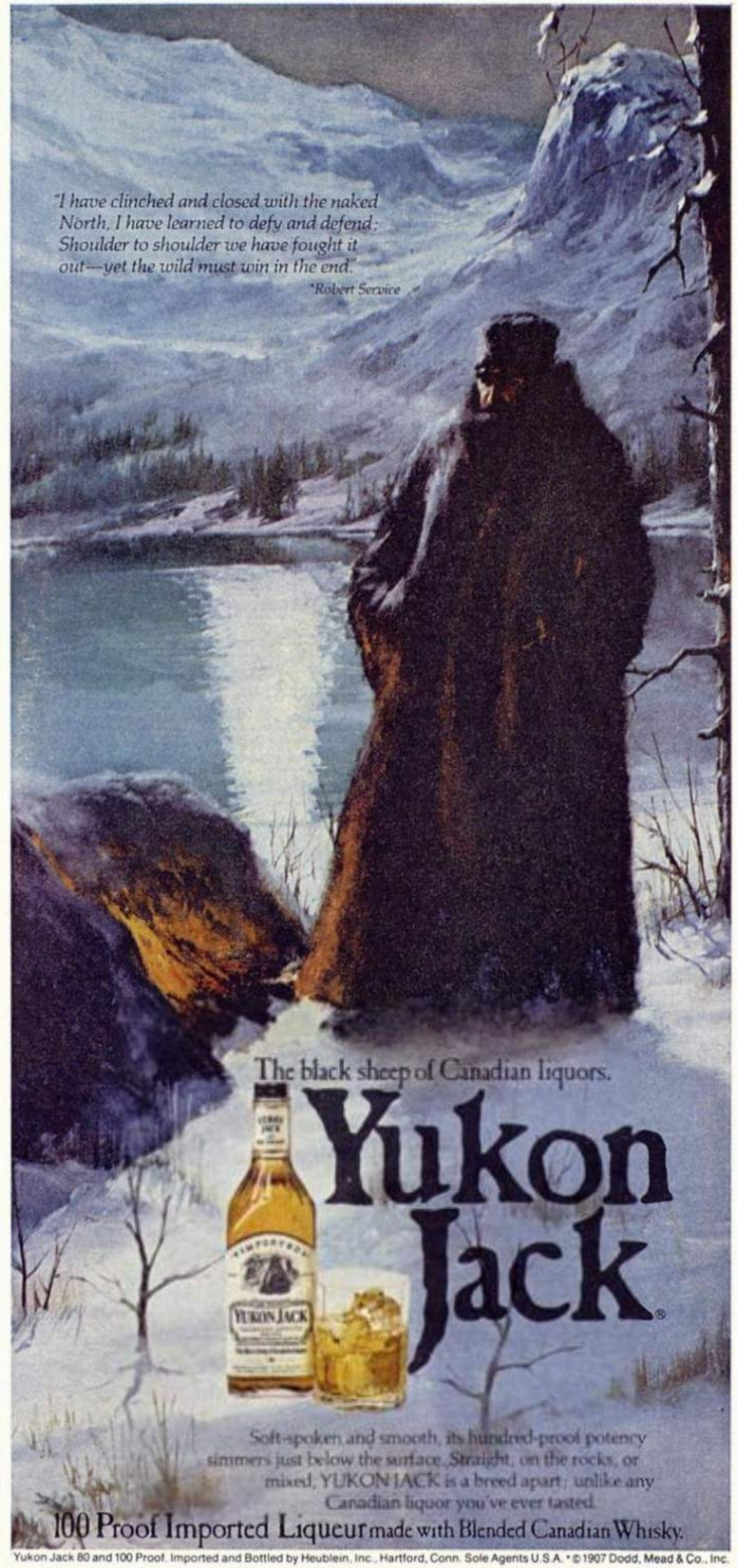
We are glad that you mentioned that the Playboy Foundation subsidized the printing, for without its generous contribution, we could not have gone forward with the booklet.

Louis Alan Clark, Acting Director
Government Accountability Project
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

I would like to thank *The Playboy Forum* and the Playboy Foundation for their contributions and support for the Prison Pen Pal program. Too many prisoners lose contact with family and friends and are totally forgotten.

It amazes me to find out that there are people out there willing to take the time and effort to write to a prisoner. Without your help, I never would have known.

This program furnishes names and background information to anyone wishing to write to a prisoner. If any of your readers are interested, they can get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Playboy Casebook Update

MISSOURI JUSTICE FOR JERRY MITCHELL

"in these parts . . . it may be cruel, but it ain't unusual"

The state of Missouri, from Governor Joseph P. Teasdale to the Missouri Supreme Court, appears still dedicated to the proposition that prison is the solution to the marijuana problem.

In November 1976, we reported the case of 19-year-old Jerry Mitchell of West Plains, Missouri, sentenced to 12 years (later reduced to seven) for the nonprofit sale of five dollars' worth of marijuana to an undercover agent introduced to him by a friend turned informant. Both the Playboy Foundation and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) went to Mitchell's aid, sponsoring an appeal to the Missouri Supreme Court on the grounds that the state law wrongly classifies marijuana in the same drug category as heroin and provides excessive penalties—five years to life for selling any amount of pot. "In these parts," remarked a local reporter, "that kind of punishment may be cruel, but it ain't unusual."

Mitchell's parents, both blind, mortgaged their small house to raise the appeal bond, and during the next two years that the appeal was pending, Jerry, their only child, continued his studies at the Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield. Last April, as he was about to complete his sophomore year, the state supreme court rejected his appeal and upheld the state drug law in a decision the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* called "pious sophistry."

Three days before the decision was released, Springfield police took Mitchell into custody. "They just came to my door without a warrant and they wouldn't even tell me what was up until a day later," he told a reporter. "I figured it had to do with the supreme-court decision, but it was a hell of a deal. I would've thought they'd be a little more considerate, but they didn't let me call anybody or lock up my apartment or get anything to take with me." When the court ruling became official, Mitchell was immediately taken in chains to a state prison at Jefferson City.

With Mitchell behind bars, NORML attorneys Steven G. Gladstone of Columbia and Howard Eisberg of Kansas City tried to get him released on bond while they petitioned the supreme court for a rehearing. When this was summarily rejected, NORML national director Keith Stroup from Washington, D.C., and PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer of our Legal Defense Team flew to Jefferson City to formally petition Governor Teasdale to intervene in Mitchell's behalf. In spite of Mitchell's perfect record since his arrest, his good record in school, pleas from his parents and petitions of some 10,000 signatures from Mitchell's fellow students and hometown residents, Teasdale said no—after the announced four-to-six-week consideration period had stretched to three months and the publicity had subsided. He did not wish to "interfere with the proper function of our judicial system," he explained, and added that he did not consider the state marijuana law too harsh.

NORML attorneys have since taken the case into Federal court on a writ of habeas corpus and are meanwhile attempting to secure Mitchell's transfer to a minimum-security prison close enough to his home town to permit visits from his parents, who find it difficult to travel. So far, even that has met bureaucratic obstacles.

Commenting on the case, NORML's Stroup said, "The whole thing is absolutely incredible. We are dealing with medieval mentalities who hide behind piety, officiousness and the most dangerous kind of ignorance in claiming the public interest is served by locking up a person like Jerry. If their reasoning is to set an example, they certainly have done that. Every young person in Missouri now has reason to fear his lawmakers and law enforcers, but not support them or respect them." The Federal action, filed by NORML and supported by the Playboy Foundation, is now pending.

Ironically, circuit-court judge Winston Buford, who sentenced Mitchell (while melodramatically comparing pot selling to murder), has since been suspended and recommended for removal from office because of numerous alleged violations of judicial ethics, supreme court rules and state law in the handling of other cases.

SHERRY BOCKWINKEL

Reporters and photographers wait outside the Missouri governor's office while attorneys petition in behalf of Jerry Mitchell.

TOM REESE

Betty Mitchell, helped by her son Jerry and attorney Howard Eisberg, leaves the prison following a press conference. Behind Mitchell are his father, Roy, and NORML director Keith Stroup.

more information by writing to Prison Pen Pals, Box 1217, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. Thanks again, PLAYBOY, for not forgetting the forgotten.

L. J. Lapinsky
Leavenworth, Kansas

FETUS FOLLIES

Just the other day, I read Hugo Carl Koch's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, July) about how the 14th Amendment protects, or should protect, the fetus from the moment of conception. Not long thereafter, God came to me in a vision and revealed that the human soul actually enters the ovum when it is formed. Thus, each ovum, even though unfertilized, is fully human and obviously has the potential for becoming a living being outside its mother. More importantly, the ovum is a person because of the presence of the soul. The implications of the 14th Amendment then become obvious. Every woman's purpose is to bear just as many children as she possibly can. Anything less is murder, legally as well as morally.

I explained all this to a friend, who then mumbled something about the First Amendment. He said true separation of church and state requires that laws, especially including critical words such as person in the 14th Amendment, be given a secular interpretation. He also pointed out that the First Amendment preceded the 14th by more than 75 years, and therefore the strictly moral interpretation I wanted to attach to person in the 14th Amendment could only really be legal if the First Amendment were first repealed. He said Mr. Koch's shamefully liberal interpretation and, in fact, most any rights of the fetus amendment, should be similarly barred by the First Amendment because of a lack of touch with social reality. He even suggested that the divergence of my view from Mr. Koch's (he probably even condones contraceptives) underscores the need for separation of church and state.

The First Amendment be damned! I have heard God's voice and know my duty! I blew that sucker away with my trusty .357 magnum and dumped the carcass into the Rio Grande. He was obviously not in possession of a human soul and therefore not entitled to protection under the 14th.

A True Believer
Albuquerque, New Mexico

CAUSE AND EFFECT

I wish to express my gratitude for your consistent and rational stand on abortion. I have heard all manner of hysterical anti-abortion sentiments, mostly on the subhuman order of Tim Wilson's gruesome directives for "glib hucksters" as printed in the September *Playboy Forum*.

Instead of replying with an equally sodden statement, you in effect ask the fervent Wilson if he is prepared to accept the consequences of repressive legislation—those unhappy, unwanted offspring who result when there is no recourse to safe medical termination.

I myself doubt that the anti-abortionists are sufficiently mature or intelligent to grasp the elemental law of cause and effect.

A. D. Montague
St. Paul, Minnesota

The anti-abortionists understand cause and effect, all right, just like the foes of contraception. They figured out that sex can cause pregnancy but won't concede that that need not be either mandatory or inevitable.

STAMPING OUT SIN

Cultural and legal historians generally agree that the United States surpasses most other countries in its continuing efforts to legislate private morality and to solve social problems by means of laws. The following poem comes to us from an anonymous reader in Columbia, Missouri, who noted that this issue comes up regularly in *The Playboy Forum*.

Are your neighbors very bad?
Pass a law!
Do they smoke? Do they chew?
Are they often bothering you?
Don't they do as you would do?
Pass a law!
Are your wages awful low?
Pass a law!
Are the prices much too high?
Do the wife and babies cry?
'Cause the turkeys all roost high?
Pass a law!
Are the lights aburning red?
Pass a law!
Paint 'em green or paint 'em white!
Close up all them places tight!
My! Our town is such a sight!
Pass a law!
No matter what the trouble is,
Pass a law!
Goodness sakes, but ain't it awful!
My! What are we going to do?
Almost anything ain't lawful
And the judge is human, too!
Pass a law!

Our correspondent credits this poem to an anti-Prohibition pamphlet, circa 1918.

THE LAST WORD

As a professor who occasionally teaches courses in human sexuality, I have been following the discussion of bisexuality and trisexuality with some interest. I have noticed that none of your correspondents have taken into account a number of complex implications inherent in attempting such a classification of sexual behavior.

First and most obvious, if one considers only the "big three" categories of sexuality—hetero-, homo- and auto-, then a trisexual would be anyone who engaged in all three, a relatively rare but not uncommon circumstance. Further, every survey from Kinsey to Hite reveals that autosexuality, primarily in terms of masturbation, is America's most commonly practiced sexual behavior, even occurring with significant frequency in marriage. Thus, the term bisexual describes a significant segment, if not the majority of Americans, and is thereby not a relatively rare or exclusive category.

When all variances beyond heterosexual coitus are taken into account, further complications arise. Ranging from the more familiar outlets, such as voyeurism and fetishism, to the lesser known, such as *frottage* and saliromania, one respected source has defined 256 clinically distinct modes of expression. That allows for the possibility of duocentiquinquagintihexa-sexuality, a remote possibility at best.

Finally, if the classification is to include all possible intravariances, absurdity predominates. It has been estimated that there are 14,288,400 possible positions for cunnilingus alone (yes, you read right, 14,000,000; see Legman, G., *Oragenitalism: Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation*). Using the round number of 14,000,000, that gives the potential for quattiordecimegacunnilinguality. Assuming that puberty occurs at the age of 13 and the average life span of Americans is nearly 70 years, that translates to an average 57 years of sexually active life. In 57 years, there are 20,805 days, or 499,320 hours. Thus, to qualify as even a quattiordecimegacunnilinguist, one, assuming a "working" day of 12 hours, would have to accomplish 56 acts per hour each and every day of the week for 57 years (or, to put it another way, a conservative performance of one act per day each and every day would require a life span of 38,369½ years). So, not even considering all the other possibilities beyond cunnilingus, the chances of one's even approaching the status of "compleat sexualist" is, to say the least, remote.

Enough of numbers. Let me conclude by saying that I think your magazine in general and *The Playboy Forum* in particular are to be commended for making significant contributions to much-needed enlightened sex education in America. I hope you will continue such efforts.

Hugh Brown, Associate Professor
Department of Psychology
Florida International University
Miami, Florida

Scholars like you, sir, make those contributions possible!

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NEIL SIMON

a candid conversation about humor and success with the sunshine playwright

For almost two decades now, it's been apparent that there are actually three things in life that are inevitable: death, taxes and a new hit by Neil Simon. Since 1961, when "Come Blow Your Horn" marked the native New Yorker's playwrighting debut, Simon has turned out 17 Broadway shows and 15 movies, the majority of which have been notable successes. After "Come Blow Your Horn," Simon quickly cemented his reputation as the nation's leading comedic playwright with "Barefoot in the Park" and "The Odd Couple," and over the years, his personal hit parade has marched on with such shows as "Plaza Suite," "Last of the Red Hot Lovers," "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," "The Sunshine Boys" and "Chapter Two." Simon adapts his own plays for the screen and has lately upped his output of original screenplays, his three most recent being "The Goodbye Girl," "Murder by Death" and "The Cheap Detective." By now, the former TV comedy writer—and chief financial backer of his own plays—has become a multimillionaire.

Despite his wealth, Simon leads a simple life that revolves around his typewriter—and, as his long list of credits would indicate, he is a prodigiously prolific writer. It isn't at all uncommon for more than one Simon play to be on Broadway at the same time that a Simon film is being shown around the country—and, meanwhile, a new Simon play and/or movie is in production, while still other projects are emerging from his typewriter. As we went to press, Simon was engaged in a more or less typical burst of activity: The film version of "California Suite" was being readied for release; "They're Playing Our Song" (his first original musical) was in rehearsal prior to a February opening on Broadway; and Simon was putting the finishing touches on his sequel to "The Goodbye Girl," which will again star Richard Dreyfuss and Simon's wife, actress Marsha Mason.

For all his popular acclaim, Simon has had a hard time shaking his reputation as a lightweight master of one-liners, a kind of playwright's Henny Youngman. Newsweek once noted that Simon's plays "fairly panted after laughs" and Simon himself agreed that was the case until he wrote "The Odd Couple." "Up to that point, I'd been relentless in my pursuit of laughs," he told a reporter several years ago. "But after 'The Odd Couple,' I was convinced that I could make people laugh, so I no longer felt compelled to. . . . I've learned to protect the serious moments of my plays."

Those moments have popped up increasingly as Simon has matured as a playwright, and he now regards his early works as "primitive." A perfectionist, he has clearly chosen a profession suitable to his nature. "Rewriting is when playwrighting really gets to be fun," he says. "When you do your first draft, you always think a miracle is going to happen and that you'll get it all right the first time. Then, when you read it again a few months later, you see where the flow stops and you're grateful for the opportunity to do it over. And then, when the cast first reads it, it becomes very obvious what's wrong and you get still another chance to correct it."

Marvin Neil Simon has been doing it right ever since he was 15 and helped his big brother Danny write a show put on by the employees of Abraham & Straus, a Brooklyn department store. After Simon graduated from high school and served a hitch in the Army during World War Two, his brother Danny—by then, a publicity rep for Warner Bros.—got him a job in Warner's mail room. At that point, they decided to team up as comedy writers and were soon hired by CBS radio producer Goodman Ace after he read

"When I keep reading that I'm America's most successful playwright, it amazes me. But I don't hold on to that for long, because often I still think of myself as that little boy growing up in the Bronx."

"Boy, this country is into tits and ass. I'm all for beautiful girls on TV, but I think it's terrific when they're also talented. I hate TV because it's so untalented and tries to achieve so little."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

"I have a very profound answer to those who say comedy is less of an artistic accomplishment than drama: Bullshit. If comedy is about something worth while and pertinent, it's as important as drama."

their description of a Joan Crawford movie: "She's in love with a gangster who is caught and sent to Sing Sing and given the electric chair, and she promises to wait for him." Danny and Doc—Neil's nickname ever since, as a child, he imitated the family doctor—went on to write for radio comics such as Robert Q. Lewis, Jan Murray and Phil Foster. In the early Fifties, they broke into TV and worked for Sid Caesar, Phil Silvers, Jerry Lester and others. After nearly a decade of writing radio and TV sketches, Simon sat down and began working on "Come Blow Your Horn"—and the rest, as they say in show-business-history circles, was boffo.

To talk with Simon, PLAYBOY *sent veteran interviewer* **Lawrence Linderman** *to meet with the 51-year-old playwright in Los Angeles. Linderman reports:*

"Neil Simon's chief pleasure in life is to present himself at his typewriter every day, where, for six hours or so, he can create worlds entirely of his own choosing. Simon, slightly under six feet tall and slender, is similarly devoted to tennis, and it's no coincidence that his office—in a modest apartment building—is located a half block away from the Beverly Hills Tennis Club.

"Before we met, I'd been told that Simon is a far more serious man than many of his plays would suggest, and he is. He takes nothing for granted in life, especially his own success. He seems constantly to question his worth as a playwright, which is probably why he works so hard. His own hopelessly unrealistic vision of the perfect Neil Simon play is one in which, 'for 119 minutes the audience is hysterical with laughter, but for the last minutes they are so moved that they leave the theater in a daze.' That is not the kind of goal one expects from a craftsman of comedic fluff, which is precisely how Simon is regarded by many of his sharpest critics and some of his most devoted fans. With that in mind, when we met in his office to begin our interview, I asked Simon a question designed to get the conversation off to a rollicking start."

PLAYBOY: There's no question that you're America's most successful contemporary playwright, yet some drama critics seem to regard you as little more than a playwriting factory that manufactures profitable—but trivial—theatrical evenings. What's your reaction to that?

SIMON: I think people are quick to categorize *all* of my plays based on *some* of my plays. Critics have a hard time with me because I jump around so much in terms of my work. I *don't* write the same play over and over. *The Sunshine Boys*, for example, is a very serious play that deals with old age and its problems. On the other hand, *Barefoot in the Park* is a soufflé, and when one makes his fame based on a play like that, people are apt to say, "Ah, that's what he *always* writes." The fame and the money color a lot of this. There's something about success that makes people suspicious, that makes them think the work can't really be very good if it's that successful. But I don't think the plays *could* have been successful if critics dismissed them in any lump-sum sort of way—and that never happened. The good plays continue to receive good reviews, the bad ones don't. At the same time, I've tried to turn this whole thing around by flirting with danger a lot more. In other words, I've started to go into areas I ordinarily wouldn't have gone into.

PLAYBOY: As a way of countering your critics?

SIMON: No, not just because of that. It's a natural outgrowth of where one has come from. I'd had a lot of success and a lot of recognition, and I thought I'd like to probe a little more deeply in my writings. I began trying things like *The Gingerbread Lady*—about an alcoholic former singer—for which the critics came down hard on me and said, "No, no, give us

"I see humor in even the grimmest of situations. And I think it's possible to write a play so moving it can tear you apart and still have humor in it."

that thing you do best: make us laugh." My next play—I don't recall what it was—had them laughing again, at which point they said, "Why doesn't he dig more deeply?" I then wrote *The Good Doctor*, an adaptation of some Chekhov short stories. When the play was being performed in New Haven, I remember a woman coming up to me during intermission and saying, with a sour look on her face, "It's not Neil Simon." I asked her if that meant the play was good or bad, and she said, "I don't know. It's just not Neil Simon." She had come to expect something else, which is why I think that if someone else's name had been on *The Good Doctor*, it might have fared better. As it turned out, the play did all right. The reviews were OK, we had a fair run and it's being shown on PBS.

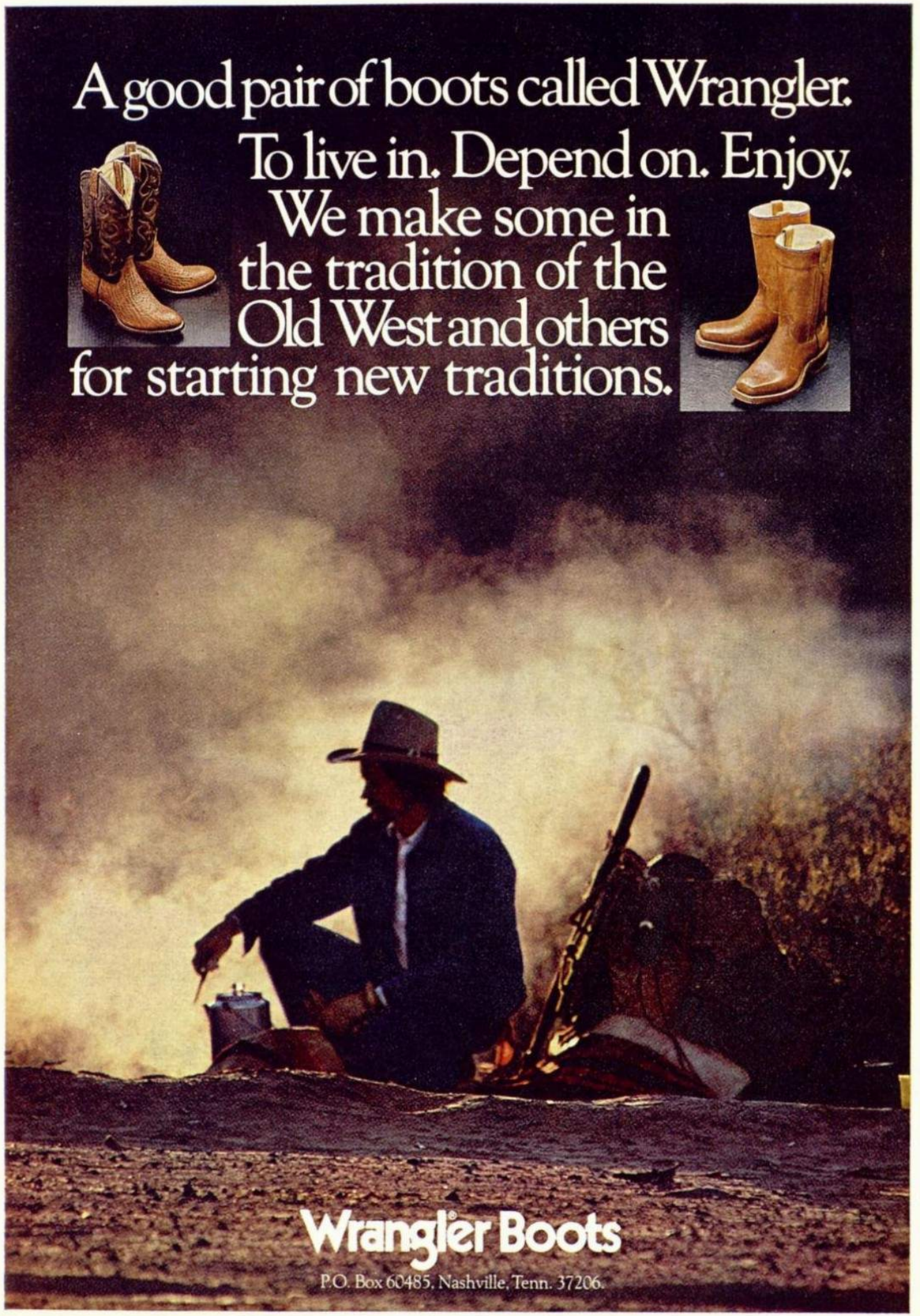
PLAYBOY: We tend to think that woman in New Haven wasn't a theatergoing rarity—and that people attending your plays feel they will, indeed, be treated to an evening of fast-paced comedy. Do you resent that?

SIMON: Well, I'm not crazy about it, but I have to live with it: It's there and it's a matter of fact. But I think some of it has to do with whatever is the current mood of the critics. For example, Woody Allen's first few movies—*Bananas, Take the Money and Run, Sleeper*—were dismissed by many critics as light and trivial. When he made *Annie Hall*, they said, "Oh, this is wonderful. Woody is *growing*." Then comes *Interiors* and some critics say, "This is Woody's first serious work," and others say, "Well, it's not really his first serious work—*all* of his work has been serious." They suddenly go back and re-examine all of Woody's films through their examination of *Interiors*, which they're thrilled by. If *my* next play were to be breath-takingly beautiful and marvelous, I think critics might re-examine my other work more favorably. This doesn't pertain to all critics, of course; there are many who say I'm doing great work. But I'm somewhat affected by that kind of criticism and I can't escape it completely, even though I generally don't really listen. A number of years ago, Walter Kerr wrote that one of the reasons for my success is that I *don't* listen—not only to the critics but to anyone.

PLAYBOY: Do you, like Allen, have an urge to write a serious drama?

SIMON: No, I'll never try to do what Woody attempted in *Interiors*, which is to write something that's totally without humor. For one thing, I couldn't do it, and I have no *desire* to do it. It's not that I want to make people laugh, it's just that I see humor in even the grimmest of situations. And I think it's possible to write a play so moving it can tear you apart and *still* have humor in it. I feel I'm always moving in and out of that type of situation. *California Suite*, for instance, contains four one-act plays—two farces and two very serious pieces. One of these is about this terribly witty English actress and her antique-dealer husband who've come to Hollywood for the Academy Awards, and there are a lot of early jokes about the film industry. You laugh, but suddenly it turns into this very dark play in which you discover that the husband is bisexual, which causes enormous friction in their marriage. You see that they love each other and that through love, they will muddle through, but always desperately unhappy. Despite the fact that it's laced with laughter, it's a serious piece—but the laughs throw people off. They may think, Well, it can't be very serious if I'm *laughing* at it.

Some critics react the same way to my work. The man from *The New York Times*, for one, was happy during the first act of *Chapter Two*, which was very, very light comedy. The second act, however, turned into the stark reality of what had happened to me: I'd survived the death of my first wife, I'd gone into a second marriage with Marsha Mason and, feeling guilt and all of the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personal repercussions of it, I'd lashed out at Marsha—and I wrote about it. Certain critics said, "Don't give us that, don't suddenly change in the middle. Make it all light." Well, my *life* wasn't all light. I mean, the first few months of my marriage to Marsha were flushed with romance and happiness, but then one suddenly had to deal with the past. Many critics want it all one way: They want it all comedy, not something that grows more serious.

PLAYBOY: Theater critics aside, is there any particular reason why—as indicated by your recent plays—you've pulled back from writing straight comedies?

SIMON: I'd say it's because there's no joy anymore in repeating myself. I don't want to write a play or a movie that's anything like another play or movie I've done before. I now have to go into new territories in order to keep myself interested in the work, which is one of the reasons I've just written my first original musical, *They're Playing Our Song*. I'd previously adapted three other works into musicals, and the only one I really loved was *Promises, Promises*, which was based on Billy Wilder's movie *The Apartment*. After that, I got loads of offers to do more adaptations, but there didn't seem to be any point in turning someone else's work into a musical.

PLAYBOY: Have your instincts about your work ever steered you wrong?

SIMON: Oh, yes, I was *all* wrong about *The Goodbye Girl*. When I wrote it, I thought it would just be a nice little picture for Marsha and me to do. In a way, *The Goodbye Girl* was an answer to what I felt was happening in the film industry—that there was too much movie violence for the sake of violence. I wanted to write about two people who care for each other and who can show that there's still some love left in the world. I mean, I see love around me personally, in my relationships with my wife and children, but I don't see it up there on movie screens. In any case, when I first saw *The Goodbye Girl* in a screening room, I really liked it, and I thought that just *maybe* it would make its cost back. There's no way in the world I'd have predicted it would become an enormous hit, because I was sure that very few people would be interested in a picture that told such a very small story.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the film did so well?

SIMON: I feel it had to do with the purity and healthiness of the relationship between the two characters. I also saw *The Goodbye Girl* in a movie theater, and more and more, I see how important it is for an audience to root for your characters, to care very much about what happens to them. When people care, even the slightest joke will get a big laugh, for they'll be so caught up in what's going on. If they *don't* care and are *not* caught up, you need blockbusters every two minutes and even that won't fulfill an audience. But when I was writing *The Goodbye Girl*, I didn't know people would be jumping out of their seats at everything that happened to this couple. I was just writing a nice little movie that was the eventual result of another screenplay I'd written called *Bogart Slept Here*.

PLAYBOY: You wrote a screenplay that wasn't produced?

SIMON: Not exactly. The story behind *The Goodbye Girl* is as complicated as *La Ronde*. *Bogart Slept Here*, which started it all, was a screenplay about success and what it does to you. I was writing from personal experiences, and not only my own; I deal with a lot of successful people and I see how it affects them. I decided to do a story about an actor who becomes an overnight success, and when I wrote it, I had Dustin Hoffman in mind, because Dustin went through that about the same time I did—in his early 30s. Dustin was then a very talented but struggling off-Broadway actor no one had ever heard of. Well, Mike

"I was all wrong about 'The Goodbye Girl.' When I wrote it, I thought it would just be a nice little picture for Marsha and me to do."

Nichols tested him to star in this great movie he was about to direct, *The Graduate*, and there really wasn't a chance Dustin would get the part. The studio was talking about Robert Redford, Warren Beatty and every other major star, but Mike very courageously said, "No, I want this unknown." Dustin once told me about the moment he found out he had the part. He and Anne, his wife, were at home when the telephone rang, and Dustin picked it up. He was at one end of their hall, Anne was down at the other, and they could see each other. Mike Nichols was calling from the West Coast and Dustin's part of the conversation went something like this: "Yes, I see, OK. Great. Gee, that's terrific." He hangs up; he's got the picture and he looks at Anne and *she* knows it, too. And they also knew that their lives had changed inexorably—it was as if Dustin had been picked to go to the moon. Now, the picture could have flopped, but it didn't, and having embarked on this journey and having *reached* the moon—as Dustin did—their lives *were* inexorably changed. Which happens to many people in businesses where one can achieve fame overnight. That was the background for *Bogart Slept Here*, which was to be a film about a young New York actor who's married and has a couple of kids, and who gets this big part in a movie and goes out to Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: Why wasn't it filmed?

SIMON: Oh, we went into production on it. Mike Nichols was the director, and it starred Robert DeNiro and Marsha, but after a week, it was clear the movie wasn't going to work out. DeNiro had finished *Taxi Driver* on a Friday, and when he walked in the following Monday, I'm sure he still had that character in his mind. If you've seen *Taxi Driver*, you know what kind of character he played—and you don't immediately shake something like *that*. As a result, what we had onscreen for seven days was pretty grim: It was not a comedy. Everything had to be sort of rearranged to fit DeNiro, who I think is a brilliant actor. I'm not sure whether he can play the kind of comedy I write, but none of us had much of a chance to find out. If we had been doing a play, we might have worked it out, but since we were shooting a film and it was costing $30,000 or $40,000 a day, Nichols called it off after a week. It was the smart thing to do, and I thought Mike was very brave to do it, because he was sure to get bad press about dropping a picture after having just had an unsuccessful film venture with *The Fortune*.

Mike dropped out, but Warner Bros. wanted to keep going, so we began talking to other directors. After another month had gone by, however, we still didn't have an actor for the DeNiro role. I'd thought of Richard Dreyfuss, but I'd been told he wasn't interested or available, neither of which was true. It turned out that he was *very* interested, so we had him and Marsha do a reading. By then, *I'd* become disenchanted with the film and somewhat fearful of the script. I felt that if it didn't work with DeNiro, maybe there *was* something wrong with it. Meanwhile, I was thrilled by the chemistry between Marsha and Richard, who spark each other as actors. They both have enormous energy and an enormous zest for life, and I thought the two of them would be terrific together. My solution was to write a different picture for them, yet I wanted to keep the character of the struggling young actor. So I abandoned *Bogart Slept Here* and began writing *The Goodbye Girl*. The next-to-last scene in the movie—when Nicol Williamson comes into the dressing room and asks Richard if he'd like to go to Hollywood to be in a movie—was actually the beginning of *Bogart Slept Here*. I just worked backward from there because I wanted to write a romantic story showing how these two people meet. And I guess all of us were surprised by the film's success: Richard won the Academy

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Award, we all were nominated, and we'll be doing a sequel to *The Goodbye Girl* this summer. It'll be called *Mister Famous*, and I'm using *Bogart Slept Here* as the basis for the screenplay. About all that remains of that script is that Richard will be playing an actor who becomes famous overnight.

PLAYBOY: Peter Falk claims that 90 percent of the actors he knows walk around saying, "Where would I be without Neil Simon?" Do you think Dreyfuss is a member of that club?

SIMON: No, because Richard's own work and talent have made him a star, and I think he'd have become one no matter what. But it's true that I've helped a lot of actors, because I'm very aware of the actor's needs, and I generally try to write really good parts. I also think I'm a good caster of roles for my own vehicles, and I try to discover actors, in a way, by finding them just before they make their breakthroughs. For instance, I'd seen Walter Matthau in a few small movie roles, and when I saw him as Nathan Detroit in a New York City Center production of *Guys and Dolls*, I thought, Hey, this guy is *sensational*! So I suggested him for the role of Oscar Madison in *The Odd Couple* and—*bammo!*—the combination of Walter and that character made him a star.

Obviously, I can't take credit for discovering Richard Dreyfuss in any way, because he'd already done quality films such as *Jaws*, *Duddy Kravitz* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. *The Goodbye Girl*, however, captured all the facets of his personality and allowed him to make a breakthrough and become a major star. I think he's going through some interesting changes now. Richard had wanted to win the Academy Award all his life, and now that he's won it, he's not rushing into picture after picture. He's done one film since *The Goodbye Girl*—*The Big Fix*, which I liked a lot. Richard's not planning to do another film until we shoot *Mister Famous* in July. He went off someplace in Connecticut to study with the Royal Shakespeare Company. All Richard wants to do is improve his craft, expand himself and learn to become a better actor.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that, as a result of appearing in *The Goodbye Girl*, your wife has also become a major star?

SIMON: To be honest—even though I sometimes use the word myself—I really don't know what a star is, and I think Marsha would tell you the same thing. Is a star someone people always line up to see? If so, then I don't think there *is* such a thing, because, with the possible exception of Barbra Streisand, if a picture isn't good, people just won't go to see it, no matter who's in it. In any case, I think *The Goodbye Girl* allowed Marsha to show another side of her talent. Up until then, about the only comedy she'd been in was *Private Lives*. She really never knew she could *do* comedy. Marsha was raised in the classics and enjoyed acting in dramas like *The Crucible* and *Cyrano*. I guess the first time she came to anybody's attention was in *Blume in Love*. That was certainly the first time she came to *my* attention. I married her not too long afterward.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet her?

SIMON: A little over five years ago, when she came to audition for *The Good Doctor*. I did that—an adaptation of Chekhov's stories—because I'd always written in the New York idiom, and this gave me a chance to deal differently with language. I'd still only seen Marsha in *Blume in Love* and I was very surprised that she wanted to be in the show. Well, she read half a page at the audition and I turned around and said, "Let's hire her." Her range was really extraordinary. She asked for a certain salary and I didn't even try to get her for less, and she wanted a six-month

"There's a lot that I like about California, but I miss the vibrations and the almost electrical input you get from New York City."

contract, and that was all right, too. I just wanted her in the play.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone suspect you were giving her the role when what you really wanted to do was marry her?

SIMON: Marry her? I didn't even *know* her. The *last* thing I was thinking of was getting married again. Really, she interested me purely as an actress. As a matter of fact, I didn't know if Marsha herself was married, engaged or what.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to find out?

SIMON: I didn't see Marsha for a month after her audition—she went back to California and I continued doing rewrites for the play. Our relationship sort of started on the first day of rehearsals, when I was again awed by her capabilities. But I was also trying to deal with the play. *The Good Doctor* was made up, I think, of 12 scenes, and there was a lot to deal with. Yet I just kept looking over at her. At that point, I was attracted to Marsha more as a person than as a woman, but when we did start seeing each other, we got married after three weeks. If I had thought about it a lot, I probably wouldn't have done it, but I plunged into marriage because my instincts told me it was right, that Marsha was the right girl. I also thought, naïvely and not very clearly, that if it didn't work out, I'd just say goodbye. It probably wasn't very fair to either one of us, but we were both willing to take our chances and follow our instincts.

PLAYBOY: Very soon after that, you moved from New York to Los Angeles. Was that because of your marriage?

SIMON: Yes, but it actually had to do with where I was in my own mind. After Marsha and I were married, we continued living in the house I'd lived in with my first wife for more than ten years. [Joan Simon died of cancer at the age of 39 in 1973.] Everything in that house on 62nd Street had been picked out by Joan, and I felt I had to move out. And then I thought it would be a good idea to get away from New York, because everything in the city—*everything*—reminded me of Joan. I mean, there was no way to escape those ghosts, and as it is, they stayed with me for two years, no matter where I was. But to give Marsha and myself a chance at a new life, I felt it was mandatory that we get out of New York. Our first thought was to settle in San Francisco, because Marsha had worked there and liked it, and in the few visits I'd made, I liked San Francisco, too. So we went and investigated it, and I came to the conclusion that life in San Francisco would be insane for me: I didn't know a single soul in that city, and I found I couldn't walk around town very well because the hills are so steep you need a rope and an anchor to get around. Whereas I knew everybody in Los Angeles. So we gave up the house in New York and just moved to Los Angeles with my two daughters. And, for a while, I really loved it. Marsha and I were rediscovering old friends and finding the pace of life much more leisurely than in New York, and loving the warm winter weather and playing tennis—everything was really sensational. And it isn't until now that I'm beginning to say, "Uh-oh." At this point, I've begun to find life in California a little arid for me.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

SIMON: In several ways—but I'm not one of those people caught up in that whole territorial-imperative thing about how New York is the best place in the world. I mean, I've heard New Yorkers put down California at the same time they're smoking 80 cigarettes a second and their blood pressure is up to 5000 over 4000. There's a *lot* that I like about California, but I miss the vibrations and the almost electrical input you get from New York City. Granted, I can't take that all the time, because it's too high-powered and I run down in energy, mostly because I put so much energy into my work. And

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I don't like getting tied up in traffic and getting tied up in *all* the things one gets tied up in in New York. And yet I miss it, so Marsha and I have taken an apartment in New York, and next year, after my younger daughter goes off to college, I think we'll begin dividing our time between the two places.

I've been away from New York for three years now and I've begun to feel too much out of contact with it. As a writer, I have to draw from resources I've built up within me over the years, but I know that I can't write a quintessential California play—and I *can* write a New York play. And I want to make sure I'm there often enough to continue to do that. I don't want to be caught between two places and become a kind of man without a country.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you become a Californian?

SIMON: If I lived here another 50 years, I don't think I'd ever be a Californian. For instance, in New York, I like to walk down the street and meet people and say, "How are you? What are you doing tomorrow night?" But you don't bump into *anyone* in Los Angeles. And if you do, they're people who are invariably involved in show business, and they talk about the business all the time. Another thing: In California, everybody's got these plastic smiles and they always want to make life pleasant. They've taken the *conflict* out of it. I think that in Southern California, people are very concerned about making their life comfortable, while back East, they're more concerned with making their life interesting. If I had to make one comparison, I'd say that when it's five below in New York, it's 78 in Los Angeles, and when it's 110 in New York, it's 78 in Los Angeles; but there are 2,000,000 interesting people in New York—and only 78 in Los Angeles. There may be a hell of a lot more, but it's hard to find them. Everybody in Los Angeles wants to be a movie director. That's all you hear: "Well, I really want to *direct*."

PLAYBOY: And we thought Hollywood was a hotbed of aspiring actors. Were we wrong?

SIMON: No, that's also true. In Los Angeles, actors want to go into movies; in New York, they want to go into theater. The difference is that you've really got to *work* at your craft to become a good stage actor. Of the people who recently auditioned in Los Angeles for *They're Playing Our Song*, I'd say half of them had never been on a stage, yet they thought they could fake it, because in television you can use cue cards and in movies you can get through a take here and there. Well, you *can't* fake your way through a stage performance. You know, in the last few years, I've seen a real change in movie actors. When Hollywood finally broke away from using only guys who had the leading-man looks of a Robert Taylor or a Tyrone Power, actors like Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino and Robert DeNiro came along and everyone said, "Right, it's not important to be good-looking. Audiences want to identify with real people." Television is now turning it back the other way around. The reason we're getting all of these plastic dummies—the perfect-looking guys who have their hair sprayed, the gorgeous girls who cannot act one word—is that, for the most part, TV shows are designed to play for adolescent audiences. The networks have decided that youngsters want to look at pretty people, but who knows if that's true? The networks think it is because one show like *Charlie's Angels* worked—and TV is an imitative medium. And now TV has begun to invade the film industry: The rock stars and actors such as John Travolta are coming out of television and going into movies.

PLAYBOY: You don't care for Travolta?

SIMON: Travolta is fine. I've only seen him in *Saturday Night Fever*, which I loved, and he's very talented; whether or not he'll have longevity remains to be seen. But I'm not even talking about people of his caliber. I'm talking about the young actors one sees on TV shows these days. I haven't seen every show, but after watching the promos for them, there's no reason to even *want* to watch the shows.

"Really, one can hardly call the writing on 'Charlie's Angels' writing, or the acting, acting. It's junk, but the girls are beautiful."

PLAYBOY: A lot of people do, however. How do you explain the changes in television since the days when you were a TV comedy writer?

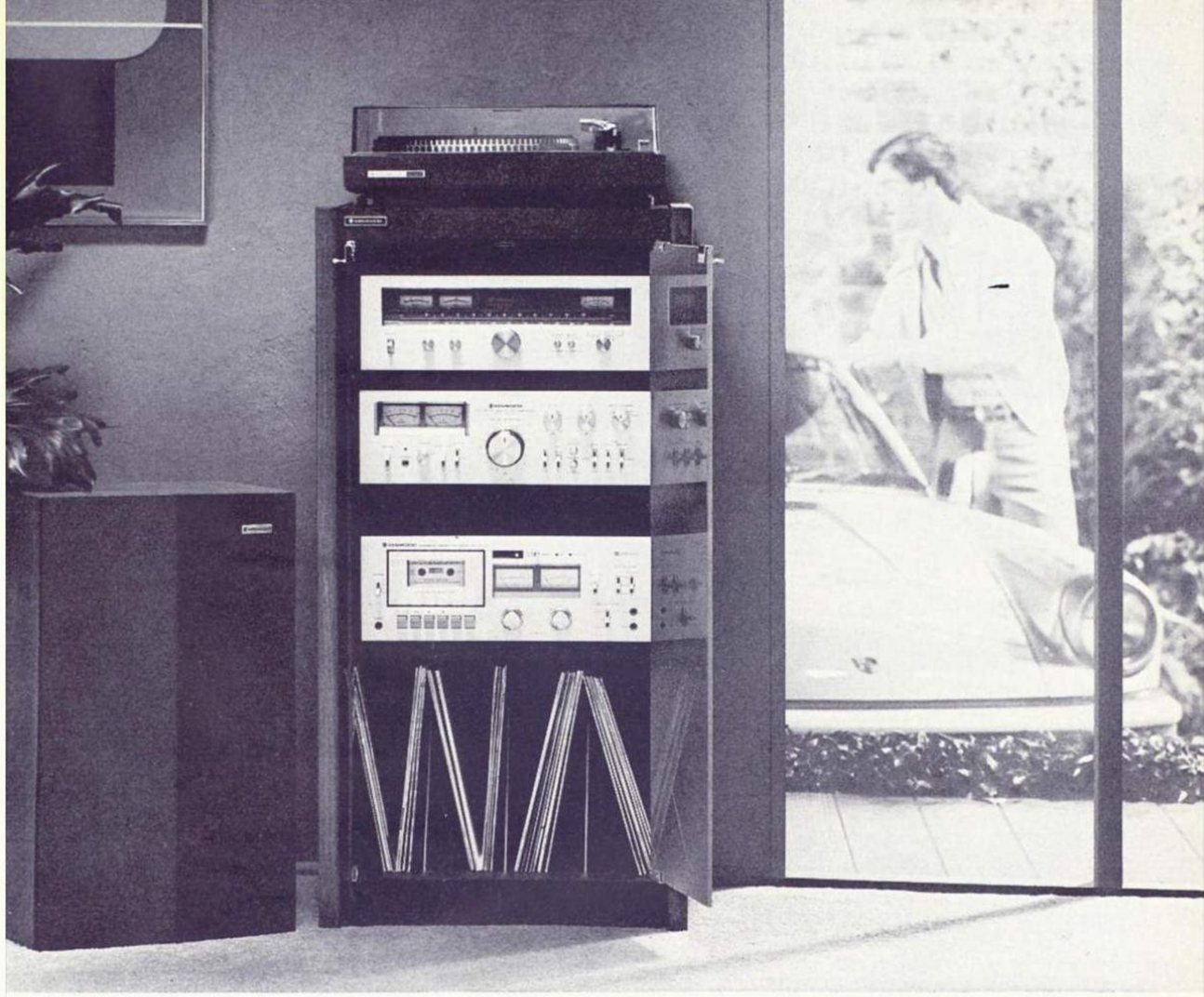
SIMON: Well, when I worked in TV—and I'm going back at least 20 years now—for the most part, TV sets were owned by fairly affluent people in urban areas. You were dealing with a much smaller audience and a much more sophisticated audience. And so you could have programs on the air like *The Ernie Kovacs Show*, *Your Show of Shows* and *Sgt. Bilko*. In those days, television wasn't the money game it is today. The profits weren't that enormous and the rating games, although they went on, weren't nearly as big as they are now. A few months ago, I watched a *60 Minutes* segment devoted to the TV rating game and I couldn't believe what I saw. A vice-president of one of the networks got up and said, "We're not interested in being number three. We're not interested in being number two. We're out to be number *one*!" And they're out to be number one at any cost. In other words, put on any shit in the world to attract the largest audience you can, because sponsors will then have to pay more to buy onto your show. Well, in order to become number one, you have to give them not quality but whatever has seemed to work in the past by trick or by accident—like *Three's Company*, which is just pure crap, or *Charlie's Angels*. Really, one can hardly call the writing on *Charlie's Angels* writing, or the acting, acting. It's junk, but the girls are beautiful. Who knows what will happen now that professional football teams are giving us our choice of 50 beautiful girls? Boy, this country is really into tits and ass. Is it the medium that's giving it to us, or is that what this country wants?

PLAYBOY: Obviously, PLAYBOY has its own opinion on the subject, but what do *you* think?

SIMON: I don't know, and I listen to the so-called experts and none of *them* seems to know if it's the chicken or the egg. Believe me, I'm all for beautiful girls, but I think it's terrific when they're also talented. The reason I hate television so much is because it's so *un*talented and tries to achieve so little. For the most part, the *only* thing it tries to do is make money. All entertainment forms try to make money, of course, and all of them have their high spots. The one thing I like about TV is that it deals with areas the movies are no longer interested in. At one time, movie studios would make a film of *Pride and Prejudice*; go find a movie company that would want to make *Pride and Prejudice* today. But a TV network would do it—provided it could use Farrah Fawcett as one of the major characters. I find it incredible that a girl's head of hair could make her a star.

PLAYBOY: You wrote for most of the biggest TV comedy shows of the Fifties. Did you feel any sense of excitement about being part of what many observers have called television's golden age of comedy?

SIMON: It's hard to say whether the era was exciting or if the exciting thing was being in my early 20s and working for the top shows on TV. Not that all the shows were exciting to work for; writing *The Red Buttons Show* was no thrill, and I hated working on *The Jackie Gleason Show*. Gleason had very little respect for his writers, or at least that was the case during the short time I was there. Sid Caesar, however, knew that his success



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depended on his writers, and he got the best in the business. Larry Gelbart, Mel Brooks, Gary Belkin, Mel Tolkin, Joe Stein, Michael Stewart—Sid put together an incredible group of writers and he paid us the highest salaries in TV. Working on *Your Show of Shows* was a terrific learning experience for me. Max Liebman, who produced it for two years, wasn't a writer, but he was a great editor. We worked in front of a live audience and, unlike TV today, we couldn't cut, edit or put in the laughs. If we didn't get them from our audience, we died that night.

PLAYBOY: You were earning $1600 a week as a comedy writer when you began phasing yourself out of television. Weren't you worried about turning your back on that kind of money?

SIMON: Yes, but I could see the end of the road. I thought, This is what I will be doing for the rest of my life: I will just be writing television shows.

PLAYBOY: Were you a frustrated playwright?

SIMON: No, I was *afraid* to be a playwright. I didn't think I had the talent to be one. I was an avid theatergoer and, after watching plays by writers like Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, I'd say to myself, "That's big league, I can't do that. I can just write sketches for *Your Show of Shows*." My fear was that I'd stay in one place for the rest of my life, and I felt a need to grow. I wanted to go on and at least write movies, but my agent at the William Morris office told me it would be difficult to get me a movie job, because all I had were TV credits. And certainly, nobody says, "Hey, kid, we'd like you to write a play." You've got to do that on your own, so I made up my mind to do it.

I think I was 29 years old at that point, and I went out to California to work on a Jerry Lewis TV special. I'd written one before with Mel Tolkin, but when this one came around, Mel was busy on something else and Jerry asked me to do it myself. It was a huge challenge for me, so I went out to California, rented a house for two months and in the first week, I wrote two sketches and showed them to Jerry. "They're perfect," he said, "and that's all you have to do. I've got three songs and a couple of interviews, which you don't have to write. I needed two big sketches and now I have them." I said, "But I've rented a house for seven more weeks. What do I do?" And Jerry said, "Do whatever you want to do."

So I used the time to start writing *Come Blow Your Horn*, but not really with the intention of having it appear on Broadway—that would've been too frightening. I started it as an exercise, just to see if I could write 120 pages. Having read a lot of books on playwriting, I knew that you should write about what you know. I figured, OK, I know my family, so I'll do something about how my older brother Danny and I left home and took our first apartment, and what it was like in those days. I then sat down and began writing the play—and it took me only three years to finish it.

PLAYBOY: A case of writer's block?

SIMON: No, it was a case of not knowing the first thing about how to write a play. There were very few blind alleys I missed. For example, I'd make an outline of the play and I'd find that the play wouldn't conform to the outline because the characters wanted to go where *they* wanted to go, and I didn't know how to catch up to them. I also didn't know how to get my characters on or off the stage—they would just *leave*. There was a lot to learn, and I had to keep doing it over and over, which is why the process took three years. Really, it was a *horrible* experience: I rewrote *Come Blow Your Horn* 20 times, and I mean 20 times from beginning to end. I'd say that in the first ten versions of the play, there probably

"Would you believe that in the original draft, 'Barefoot in the Park' was set in a chalet in Switzerland? I still had a lot to learn."

wasn't one sentence that was used in *Come Blow Your Horn*. In the meantime, I had to support my family, and during those years, I literally had no time for myself, my wife or my children: During the day, I worked on *The Garry Moore Show*, writing sketches for Carol Burnett, and at nights and on weekends, I worked on *Come Blow Your Horn*. When I finally finished it, I was sure I'd never have the energy to spend another three years writing a play. But *Come Blow Your Horn* was semisuccessful: It ran two years without ever filling a house, and the royalties I received, although not nearly what I was making as a TV writer, were enough to subsidize me for another year to get my next project going. That's when I started *Barefoot in the Park*, which turned out to be a big smash hit, and I was OK from then on in.

PLAYBOY: Was *Barefoot in the Park* a lot easier for you to write?

SIMON: There were fewer blind alleys for me, but only *just* fewer. For example, would you believe that in the original draft, *Barefoot in the Park* was set in a chalet in Switzerland? How does a play set in a Swiss chalet eventually wind up taking place in a little apartment off Third Avenue in Manhattan? Simple: I still had a lot to learn. After many abortive attempts, I realized I had to take my *Barefoot* characters out of that exotic setting and stick closely to the truth, which was the reality of what happened to Joan and me in our first year of marriage. Writing the next play, *The Odd Couple*, wasn't easy, either. In fact, although they come easier now, they're *still* never easy. And I still don't always know if what I'm writing is good, but at least I can pretty much tell what's bad. One of the tests is to put something away for a while and then go back and read it. If I can read something I've written five months later and still like it, fine. On the other hand, I might just end up saying, "My instincts were right—this *is* crap."

PLAYBOY: How many times have you actually jettisoned a work in progress?

SIMON: I've got the beginnings of at least 30 plays in my drawer, and they range from five pages up to an entire movie that I wrote for Marsha and Burt Reynolds. We read it, everyone thought it was wonderful, Columbia offered me a fortune for it—and I said no, I didn't like it. And it's back in the drawer and will stay there.

PLAYBOY: In the past few years, you've become as prolific a screenwriter as you are a playwright. Do you enjoy writing for the movies as much as you do writing for the stage?

SIMON: No, playwriting is still the most important aspect of my life, because when I'm writing a play, what I visualize is exactly what the audience sees. Unless you direct a film, it's really out of your hands—I'm talking about the interpretation of the material now, not the words. With somebody else, another writer can be brought in, but they're not going to do that to me. Anyway, in a play, if there are two actors onstage and one is saying something and the other is doing something, the audience always sees both. In a film, the director will be cutting from one actor to the other. By now, I've found that it's really a waste of time for me to indicate the cuts in a movie. For instance, if a set hasn't been built the way I visualized it, the director might not be able to shoot a scene from a particular angle; or if there's a shot that I want to emphasize, I can note, for example, that after one particular line of dialog we should cut to the closet, where, let's say, someone is hiding. But in the editing room, they may cut to that closet an extra time or one less time than I want, which is why I always have to keep my fingers crossed.

On the stage, however, nothing stops the flow of a scene except the end of it, and nothing stops the natural rhythm of one's writing. In a movie, the constant cuts and different camera angles change the rhythm of one's writing. The reason I work best with Herb Ross directing my films is that he understands the rhythm of my writing and tries very hard to keep it. Even so, whatever I see on the screen is always a surprise to me. In order to

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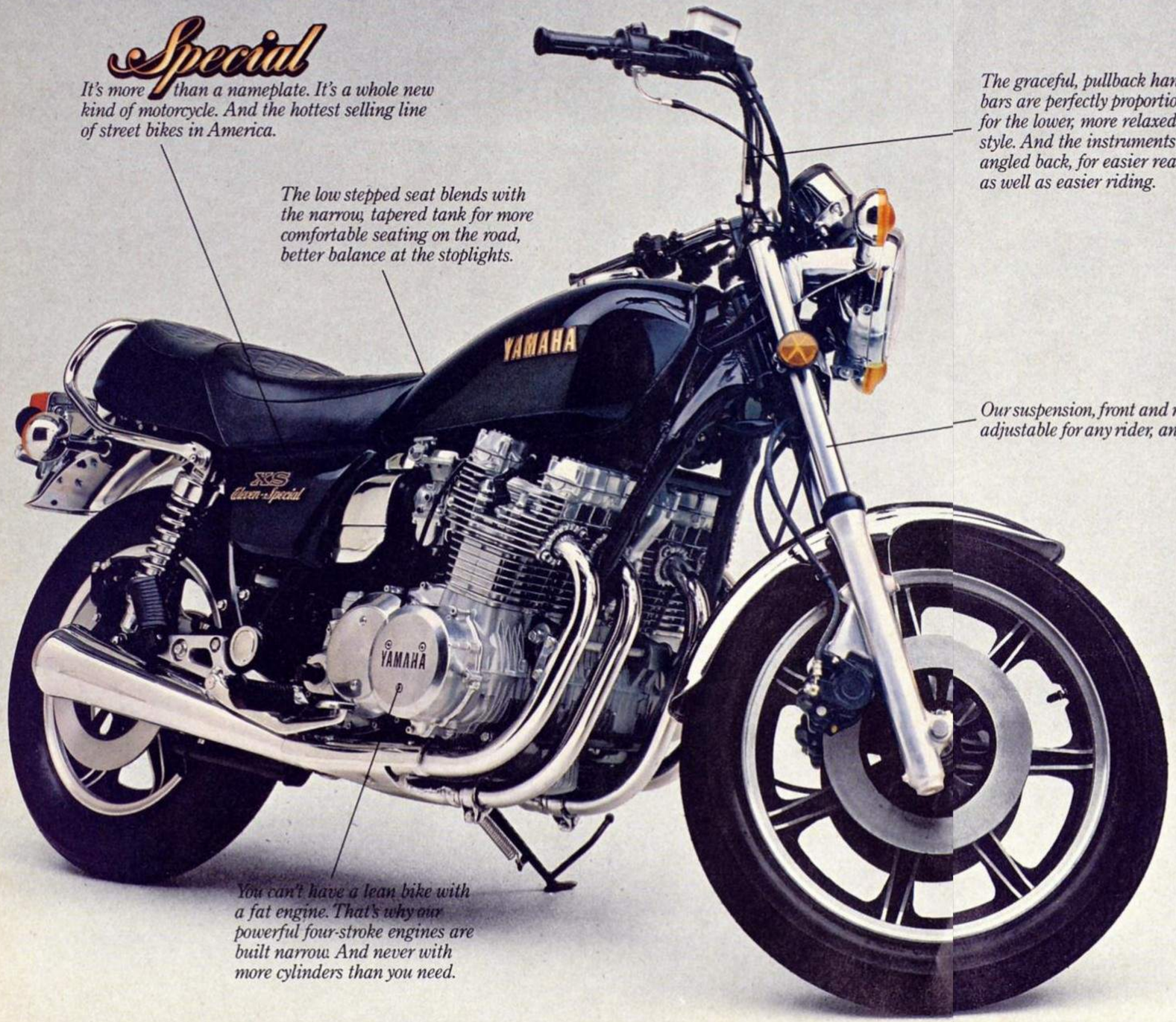

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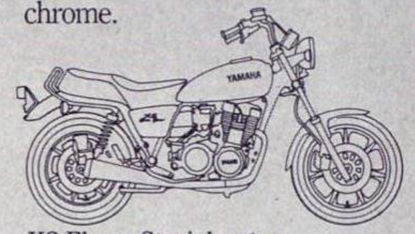

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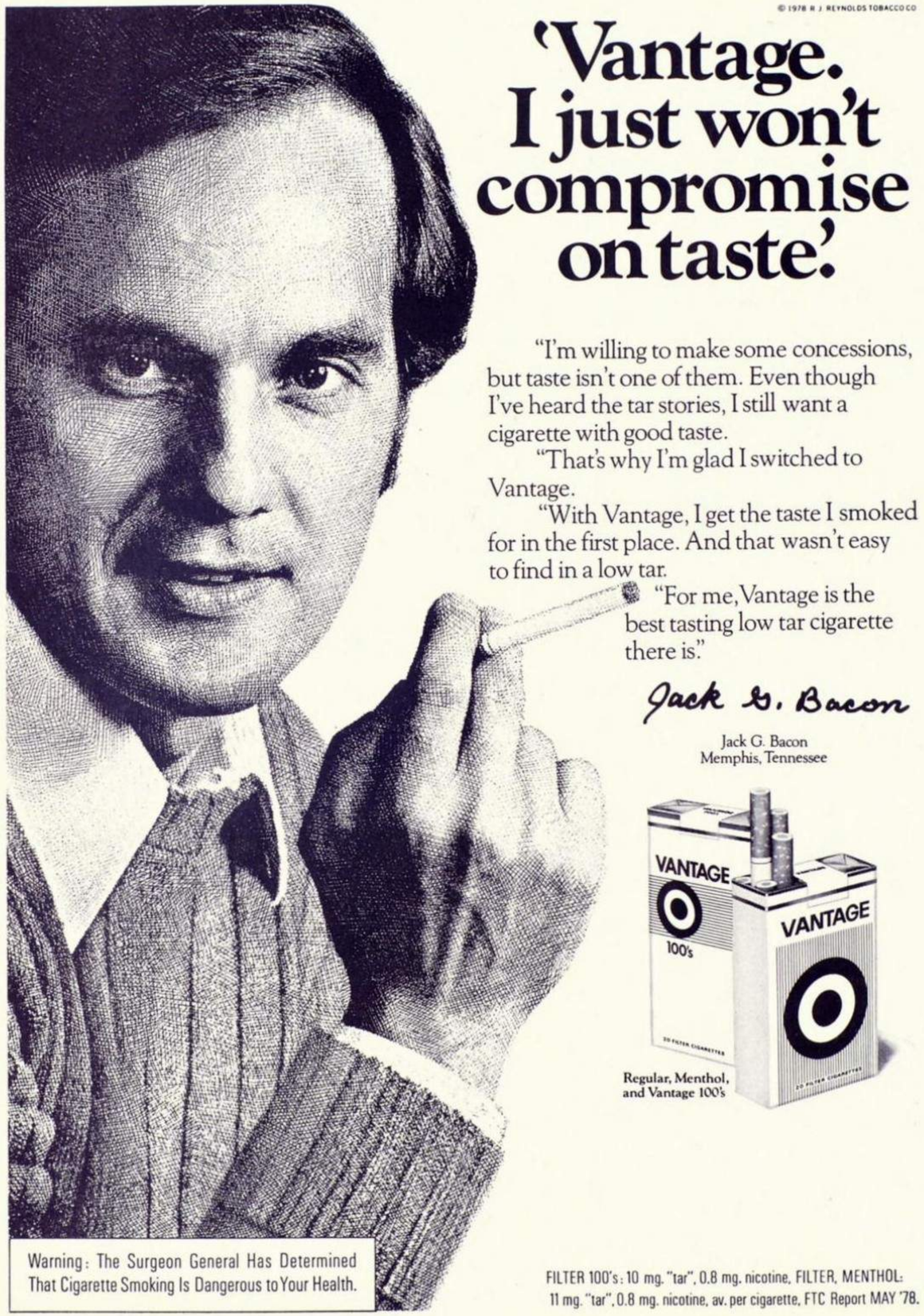

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achieve in films what I can achieve on the stage, I'd not only have to spend every day on the set, I'd also have to spend every day in the cutting room. That's why Woody Allen writes, directs and usually acts in his own films—because he truly wants to control his material. He once asked me to direct the stage version of *Play It Again, Sam*, and I'm sure I would've screwed it up for him, because I'd have made him change it due to my own point of view. I don't think I'd ever be good for someone else's work.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any desire to direct your own work?

SIMON: No, I'd much rather have that done by someone who's willing to spend all his time on direction. I learned early on that I could never direct what I write. When *The Odd Couple* went into rehearsals, we spent the first day reading the script, and the first act was terrific, the second act was even better—and the third act was a shambles. Mike Nichols was the director and I asked him, "What do we do now?" Mike said, "I rehearse the first and second acts and you go home and rewrite the third act."

It had taken me about seven months to write *The Odd Couple*, which meant I'd spent about two months writing the third act. Well, I went home and rewrote the third act in a week—and when I brought it in, it was worse than the first version. Now I was *really* in trouble, because I was running out of ideas. We stayed with the early version of the third act throughout rehearsals and the out-of-town tryout, and all during that period, I did rewrite after rewrite, until I finally got what I wanted. What would I have done if I also had had to *direct* the play? There's no way I could've had the energy and talent to do both things well. I feel the same way about directing a movie: I have no desire to do it. If I stopped writing plays, then I might be tempted to direct the films I write, but I really don't get enough kicks just writing screenplays.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that your screenplays are never tampered with, yet we've heard scores of horror stories about what can happen to a script from the moment a writer finishes it to the time the film appears—and that's happened to the work of even the most respected Hollywood screenwriters. How have you been able to avoid that trap?

SIMON: Whatever power I have that way has been given to me because I'm a name playwright who's also been able to write some successful movies. But just being a name playwright doesn't do the trick for you, although, God knows, there aren't many name playwrights around. You have to be able to make the transition, for there are some brilliant playwrights who haven't been able to write commercially viable movies. And I suppose there are some brilliant playwrights who aren't interested in writing movies. It's certainly true that for a long time, *my* only interest was a case of take the money and run. I considered myself a playwright, and I wanted to stay in New York and around the theater, so I used to just send my scripts to the West Coast, fly out for a couple of meetings and then return to New York. I really did not want to get involved in motion pictures. And I think not having a hand in the making of the pictures hurt them in a lot of areas.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SIMON: Casting, for one. In the theater, any director worth his salt is going to consult the author and ask, "Is this who you had in mind?" Again, it goes back to the theater's being a playwright's medium, with the director there to interpret your play. In the movies, I'd say that 95 percent of the time it's a director's concept; and even when he's given a script, he *makes* it his concept. But because of my unique position, I don't really live in that world, or at least I haven't for the last six or seven years. But earlier on, I

"I never wanted Walter Matthau to appear in all three parts of 'Plaza Suite,' a movie that I don't think works at all."

was a victim of that principle. For example, I never wanted Walter Matthau to appear in all three parts of *Plaza Suite*, a movie that I don't think works at all. I wanted Walter just to be in the last part—as the bride's father, who tries to break down the bathroom door to get his daughter to go to her wedding. Paramount told me Walter wouldn't do the film unless he got all three parts. My vote was to skip it and get three other people. I thought an audience would get tired of the same actor and that only by having three different actors would we be able to maintain people's interest. Well, I lost that argument completely, and, as it turned out, I think I was right: Walter was really only good as the father of the bride. He was *not* good in the two other pieces. There were also some faults of my own in that picture: There was no reason to shoot it all in the same suite. I could have opened the picture up for Walter by using much more of New York and the Plaza hotel.

PLAYBOY: Have you often been on the losing end of such casting decisions?

SIMON: Well, it's hard to generalize or put a number on it. I've done three pictures with Jack Lemmon; I thought he and Walter were terrific in *The Odd Couple* and that Jack was perfect for *The Out-of-Towners*. But *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* needed someone more ethnically right and much more urban. Jack, to me, does not portray a typical New Yorker. I wanted Peter Falk, but the studio told me, "Look, Peter's not a name—and Jack is a *big* name." Big names prove nothing in the wrong picture: *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* never really grossed any money, so we'd have done just as well with Peter. One of the reasons I often don't like doing movies has to do with the compromises you sometimes have to make. For example, I couldn't use Diane Keaton in *The Heartbreak Kid*, and if it had been a play, I think I would've won that fight.

PLAYBOY: Did you want her for the Cybill Shepherd role?

SIMON: No, I wanted her for the Jeannie Berlin part. Jeannie is Elaine May's daughter, and Elaine, who was directing the movie, insisted on using Jeannie. By then, I could make a choice, and it was to either take Diane Keaton and lose Elaine May or keep Elaine with Jeannie Berlin. Jeannie turned out to be quite good in the picture and she won an Academy Award nomination, but I'd never doubted her acting ability. My quarrel was that she's obviously not as attractive as Cybill Shepherd. Diane Keaton is *very* attractive. And my point was that the movie wasn't about a guy who leaves an unattractive girl for a beautiful girl like Cybill Shepherd—that's too easy. The movie was about the kind of man who'd find flaws in whatever woman he was married to, no matter *how* good-looking she was.

PLAYBOY: Did you discuss that with Elaine May?

SIMON: Yes, and Elaine was quite willing to deal with Jeannie as an unattractive girl; she did not attempt to make her beautiful. She also knew how talented Jeannie is, and she *is* a talented girl, but so is Diane Keaton. Diane Keaton gave a reading that was to *die*! I mean, it was a knockout! And I said to everyone around, "There is no contest. This girl is spectacular!" And this was before Diane Keaton had made her breakthrough. She was sensational—and she didn't get the part.

PLAYBOY: If you felt so strongly about it, why didn't you replace Elaine May?

SIMON: Well, despite losing out on the Jeannie Berlin question, I knew that Elaine was so gifted that she'd bring things to *The Heartbreak Kid* that a lot of other people wouldn't. She also, as it turned out, put in things *I* didn't have in the script. She turned *The Heartbreak Kid* into a Jewish versus WASP story, which I hadn't written. I never wrote in

a Jewish wedding with guests dancing all around and the groom stepping on a glass. I had a very neutral wedding, because I didn't want to play on that. Elaine got around the clause in my contract that says my words can't be changed by simply shooting a different kind of wedding. These kinds of things finally stopped happening—and my attitude toward movies changed—when I met up with Ray Stark, who's the best film producer I've ever worked with.

PLAYBOY: What makes him the best?

SIMON: He's smart, he's tasteful and he knows when to turn the reins over to you. I trust Ray's sense of what's right for a film much more than I trust what any studio tells me, especially his ideas on casting. The first film we worked on together was *The Sunshine Boys*. I wanted to do it with the original Broadway cast—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene—and Ray bought the film rights to the play on that basis. I was not going to sell out, and I'd already had the chance to do so: At one point, Bob Hope offered me $1,000,000 for the property for himself and Bing Crosby to do. I thought it was absolutely wrong for those two to portray a pair of aging, Jewish vaudevillians from New York. I was being very idealistic, and I felt that if Jack Albertson and Sam Levene could be wonderful onstage, there was no reason they couldn't be just as good in a movie. Ray slowly started me thinking beyond that, and I finally wound up agreeing with him: There's no way Jack Albertson and Sam Levene would've been able to attract a nationwide movie audience, and because of that, we'd have had to make the film very cheaply. As it is, even with a star of Walter Matthau's caliber and with George Burns winning an Oscar, *The Sunshine Boys*—the best film translation of *any* of my plays to date—grossed only around $10,000,000. So I think Ray was right about that. But until we decided to go with Walter and George, well, it was a long process.

PLAYBOY: Were they your first choices after Albertson and Levene?

SIMON: No, they weren't. Ray's first idea was to use Jack Benny and Red Skelton, and I thought they'd be great for it. In movies, if there's some doubt as to who should get a part in an important film, even the biggest stars will test for it. For example, when *Gone with the Wind* was made, actresses like Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward did screen tests. For *The Sunshine Boys*, every middle-aged and older comic in the business, no matter how big, was quite willing to test for it. Well, Red Skelton and Jack Benny did a screen test, and they were magnificent. Jack's only problem was that he lacked a little bit of energy; he was starting to show the effects of his illness, which was just beginning. But he was as sweet as could be and terribly funny. Red Skelton was brilliant, but Red had problems, although I'm not quite sure what they were. He's a very strange man. He wanted infinitely more money than they were willing to pay at the time, and he later accused us of having bad taste and publicly said he'd never do a film in which he would call his friend a bastard. I thought it was pretty silly, but, at any rate, it just never worked out with him.

We started to look for someone else to work with Jack Benny and we decided on Walter Matthau, because the role called for a great deal of energy that a man of 80 probably couldn't give us. We hired Walter to do the film with Jack, and then Jack became very ill and died. When we got over that, Herb Ross, the director, and I thought of George Burns—and the studio was against it. George had been known only as Gracie Allen's straight man, and the studio didn't think he was an actor. They were suggesting all kinds of actors, including Laurence Olivier. Really crazy. Herb and I had George

"For 'Sunshine Boys,' Herb Ross and I thought of George Burns—and the studio was against it. The studio didn't think he was an actor."

come over and read and after he did a couple of pages, we knew the man was just perfect. And it's incredible to see what's happened to his career since then. Ray Stark felt the same way about George that we did, and I really think he's got almost mystical powers that enable him to get the best possible casts for his films. For *California Suite*, he's assembled a cast of Jane Fonda, Alan Alda, Bill Cosby, Richard Pryor, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine. Generally, you can get only two or three actors of that caliber in a movie, and that's because compromises are made to keep the cost of a movie down. Well, *California Suite* is an expensive movie, but I feel the only way it will work is by having people of that quality.

PLAYBOY: You recently stated that *California Suite* is your most optimistic work since *Barefoot in the Park*. In what sense did you mean that?

SIMON: I think I meant I'm not writing about as many neurotic people as I have been. I'm trying to write about people who have not necessarily an optimistic view of life but certainly a hopeful one. I must tell you that I truly hate talking about the work; it takes away all of the instincts. And I'm not very good at dissecting my plays or my psyche.

PLAYBOY: Bear with us, if you will, though. Your comments about *California Suite* seem similar to remarks you made about *Barefoot in the Park*—and it seems to us that when your life is happy and carefree, so is your work. Would you agree?

SIMON: Yes, but it changes, and I really never know where the work is coming from. For instance, when I wrote *The Odd Couple*, I thought I was writing a black comedy. That really sounds ridiculous now, but when I was working on it, I was thinking about divorce and about two men who are basically unhappy. I suppose you could practically trace my life through my plays, because they always come out of what I'm thinking about and what I am as a person. I may have started *Come Blow Your Horn* when I was 30, but it was about myself at the age of 21. Barney Cashman in *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* is a little bit of the way I was feeling when I wrote that play, because I was then in my early 40s and here was this whole sexual revolution going on, and a lot of it had skipped by me.

PLAYBOY: Are you tied that closely to most of your characters?

SIMON: Oh, they're not all me—and yet they are. Evy Meara, the alcoholic, sexually provocative night-club singer in *The Gingerbread Lady* is obviously not me, yet when I write her, I have to say, "OK, I'm Evy Meara. How do I feel about this moment? How do I react as Evy Meara—and not as Neil Simon?" Well, I have to draw on my observations of people I know who are like Evy Meara, and those observations then get funneled through my own thought process, which means that she's *got* to pick up a little bit of me. I've also seen that, in a way, my characters reappear: Mel and Edna in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* are, in some respects, those kids from *Barefoot in the Park* 20 years later. But they'd changed, because I was very down on New York at that point, which is about when the taxi drivers started putting up those barriers between themselves and their passengers. It seemed to me symptomatic of what was going on in all our cities: People were so alienated and so fearful that they were separating themselves from contact. And not without cause, for a lot of cabdrivers were getting mugged and killed, and it was pretty unsafe to walk the streets. I decided to make a statement about those urban ills and to do it in the form I write best: a comedy. That's the way for me to get a point across to people. Playwrights like Edward Albee and Arthur Miller have another way of doing it.

PLAYBOY: Does it seem to you that comedy is usually regarded as less of an artistic accomplishment than drama?

SIMON: Yes, and I have a very profound answer for that: Bullshit. There is nothing very uplifting about bad comedy, but the same is true of bad drama. I just think it's pointless to denigrate comedy, but it probably happens because there's so much bad comedy around today, particularly on television. I mean, if you watch TV comedies and equate those with all comedy, then it's all crap, true. But if you look at comedic plays like *Born Yesterday* or *Mr. Roberts*—which encompasses both comedy and drama, the kind of thing I like to write—they are the equals of almost any of our good plays. I also think that if a comedy is about something worth while and pertinent to our lives, then it's as important as any drama could be.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Woody Allen's recent comments about *Interiors*, when he said that writing comedy is eating at the kids' table, while writing serious drama is eating at the grownups' table?

SIMON: I found it very strange. I grant you that if comedy is trivial, then it's not very important, but quite a few of America's finest dramatists have attempted comedy and have fallen flat on their faces. Others use comedy in almost all of their plays. Tennessee Williams, for example, is one of the funniest writers in America, and almost all of his major plays contain a great many laughs. *A Streetcar Named Desire* is really *funny*—and it's also one of the most powerful plays in American theater. I just think that anything devoid of humor is empty.

PLAYBOY: How would you define your style of humor?

SIMON: The humor itself is often self-deprecating and usually sees life from the grimmest point of view. Much of that, I think, can be traced to my childhood. I grew up in a family that split up dozens of times. My father would leave home, be gone for a few months and then come back, and I felt that our life was like a yo-yo: We'd be spinning along pretty good, and then—*zap!*—the string would break and he was gone. At those times, we never knew where our next meal or dollar was coming from, and my mother occasionally had to take in boarders. We once had two butchers living with us, and they paid most of their rent in lamb chops and liver. In retrospect, I think that's funny, but it wasn't funny when we were living through it. The relationship between my parents was stormy and awful, and at night I'd try to block out the reality of it by putting a pillow over my head and not listening to their arguments. During the day, when I wasn't in school, I'd always dash off to the movies. I went to see everything—Bogart, Gary Cooper, all of the Chaplin films. The comedies were my greatest release, and I remember always having the ability to make my friends laugh. My older brother Danny always encouraged me to be funny and whenever I said something even remotely witty, he'd say, "That's fantastic." Danny, who always wanted to be a writer, was funny in a different sort of way. He was like a Mel Brooks: He could tell an incredible joke and do dialects. Danny is still a brilliant editor in terms of comedy writing, and he generally needs to work with somebody. I think that's why he encouraged me so, and we wound up writing together for many years.

PLAYBOY: When did you discover that you were funny enough to make a career in comedy?

SIMON: I knew I was funny all through my teens, and I was much more outgoing then than I am now. By the time I got to be 20, whenever my friends and I got together, I would be the group's focal point in terms of humor. They would always say, "Did you hear what Doc said?" Doc was my nickname. I was constantly on, constantly performing. Then I got married and began working on TV with a pretty heavyweight group of comedy writers, and even though it was hard to be funny in an outspoken way with

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guys like Mel Brooks and Larry Gelbart around, I was able to do it. And I was still a funny, amusing person at parties. But then I began writing the plays and the plays became hits—and I went right into a cave. The success changed me. I mean, I can still be witty in certain groups, but I no longer have any desire to be the performer, the clown.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SIMON: Well, it's like a spotlight's on me anyway, and I want to say, "Shut it off, I'd like to be in the dark for a while. Do you mind? When I write the next play, you can put it back on." Somewhere along the line, things shifted for me in terms of being funny. It's a reluctance, I think, to want to give out that part of me. It's like I want to hold it back, but I'm not sure why. It may be because getting laughs, in a way, is a bid for attention, a need to be loved, to be patted on the head and told you're a good boy. When people laugh at the humor you present, they sort of affectionately embrace you, and I feel I get so much of that in the theater there's no need for me to go around asking for it. I don't feel I *need* that pat on the head all the time. I also have a thing about not playing up my success too much, and that probably comes from some very primitive instincts. I've just read Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers*, and he offers some interesting insights into the Jewish character. For example, because Jews were persecuted and kicked out of country after country, they couldn't get involved with owning land or big houses; they had to put their money into things they could carry. So they carried around gold pieces and jewelry, and you had to keep quiet about it, because if someone found out what you were carrying, it would be stolen. I wouldn't say that is necessarily the reason I shy away from publicity about making lots of money, but it might be.

PLAYBOY: *We* won't shy away from that: Reportedly, you're worth $32,000,000. How much time do you spend managing that kind of money?

SIMON: First of all, I can assure you that there's no $32,000,000. And I spend almost none of my time or energy on money, because I'm not interested in making more money. I just want to write my plays: I don't want to get involved in investments. I didn't feel like that when I first started making money from my plays. I made a couple of the kind of dumb deals one often makes early in one's career. In his book *Act One*, Moss Hart wrote that you might as well forget about any money you'll make from your early plays, because you're going to blow it, and in my case, he was right. I put all the money I made from *Come Blow Your Horn* into cattle—and the cattle froze to death in Montana. I did that on the advice of my first business manager, so I got another business manager, because it didn't seem like a very good idea to work all those years on a play and not have a penny left from it. The new man was very good at what he did, but he was much too ambitious for me. I bought one theater and he wanted me to buy more. He wanted me to go into all *sorts* of investments, and I found that we were having constant meetings and constant fights about money. I finally left him.

By then, I'd made a very dumb capital-gains deal with Paramount. I sold all of the stage rights to *Barefoot in the Park*, which means that whenever *Barefoot in the Park* plays anywhere in the world, I don't get any royalties—they go to Paramount Pictures. In that deal, I also sold the television rights to *The Odd Couple* for 15 years or so. I've never made one penny from the *Odd Couple* television series, which I watch all the time. I think Tony Randall and Jack Klugman are perfect in it, and I even forget that they're playing characters I created. The show is rerun twice a night in Los Angeles, and those reruns will go on forever. Anyway, my instructions to the business manager I have now are very simple: I don't want him to try to make money for me. And so my business manager never tells me about a new supermarket that's about to open in Atlanta.

"Getting laughs, in a way, is a bid for attention, a need to be loved, to be patted on the head and told you're a good boy."

PLAYBOY: Your plays are better investments than supermarkets. Your detractors believe the reason they are is that you consciously design them to appeal to a middle-class mentality. Do you?

SIMON: No, because if I did, *The Gingerbread Lady* would've been a big success, and the same thing would've been true of *God's Favorite* and *The Good Doctor*. If I could have said, "Well, I'll give them what they like," I would have done it.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that the three plays you've just mentioned are departures from your usual works?

SIMON: In a certain sense, yes, they are, which is why I knew there would be more resistance to them. And, yes, I know I'm very facile and adept at light comedy, but that's still no guarantee that every light comedy I write will be a hit, or even that I *think* it will be a hit. And that goes back to my first major hit: When I was working on *Barefoot in the Park*, I quit in the middle of it because I didn't think anyone would be interested in a story about a young couple who've been married a week. A producer I know told me I should at least finish it, and I did, but you'd be surprised at the number of producers who turned the play down. And I certainly didn't think I was appealing to the so-called middle class when I wrote *The Sunshine Boys*, because I knew that a play dealing with two older men didn't figure to attract huge audiences—and it didn't. *The Sunshine Boys* ran for a year and a half, and I'm prouder of that play than of almost any of them, except, perhaps, for *Chapter Two*, which I think was really good work. So I'm not out there all the time saying, "Gee, I know how to write a hit." I really *don't* write for audiences or critics. I know this is a cliché, but you end up basically doing the work for yourself. I like to think I'd buy a ticket to the plays I've written and that I'd go see them and enjoy them. And then there are some things I've written that I would *not* go and buy a ticket for.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to go into more detail?

SIMON: Well, I wish I could bury *The Star-Spangled Girl* somewhere. When that play appeared, it was, Whoops, what happened to *him*? Walter Kerr gave the best explanation. He said, "Neil Simon . . . hasn't had an idea for a play this season, but he's gone ahead and written one anyway." *God's Favorite* was another one that didn't really work. It's the play I'm least objective about, because it was written under the most grueling circumstances: It was an attempt to release or exorcise some of the anguish I was going through following the death of my wife. I was not able to rationalize why somebody like Joan could die of cancer at the age of 39. I was very angry, and writing that play was a kind of cathartic experience for me. But I knew it was not going to be enormously satisfying to the public or the critics to see Joe Benjamin suffering with boils and blisters. It was depressing, yet it was something I wanted to do at that point in my life. I was in the middle of the ocean, looking for a log to hang on to, and *God's Favorite* was the log that I grabbed. I would much rather have had a steamer come along, but that's what got me through that period, and I still think that what I tried to do was worth the effort. But I'm willing to accept the failure that came along with it. *The Star-Spangled Girl*, however, was a much greater failure, because I was not clinging to any rafts. I was very clear in my mind about what I was doing: I set out to write a play about young people

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in the atmosphere of Berkeley, and it just was lousy.

PLAYBOY: Saint-Subber, who produced a number of your plays on Broadway, has said that when you finish writing a play, you're close to both a mental and a physical breakdown and that you're almost dangerous to be around. Was he overstating the case?

SIMON: Well, to a degree, that's fairly accurate, but I don't think I should be put away or locked up. I could be invited to dinner and not make a fool of myself at all. To me, writing a play is analogous to a marathon runner crossing the finish line, collapsing and then gasping for breath. I don't know the depths of my exhaustion, but an enormous amount is always taken out of me, and when I finish a play, I generally have gone into, if not a state of depression, then a state of exhaustion. And then I have to go in front of that firing squad on opening night. It's torture, but I don't panic. I deal with it very calmly, but inside, little termites are eating away at my system. For the opening night of *Come Blow Your Horn*, I had to run backstage and get a shot of brandy during both intermissions, and I thought I'd never be able to live through it. The same thing happened with *Little Me*, but then it started to get easier as the plays got better.

PLAYBOY: There have been years when you've had three or four plays running at the same time on Broadway. Are you ever surprised by the impact you've personally had on the American theater scene?

SIMON: Well, when I keep reading that I'm America's most successful playwright, yes, that surprises me. It *amazes* me. But I don't hold on to that for very long, because I quite often still think of myself as that little boy growing up in the Bronx. I *don't* walk around thinking, Hey, look who *I* am. More often, I'm thinking, Will this next play be good enough? It wavers. Sometimes I'm walking on top of the world, knowing I've done really good work today. At other times, I walk around muttering, "Shit, I bungled it." But I don't denigrate myself *too* much. I know that I've been an influence on the theater, because I hear it from people who come up to me wherever I am, mostly young actors. I've rarely met a young actor or actress who hasn't been in *Barefoot in the Park* someplace. There are scenes in that play that are often used for auditions and are used in acting schools to teach comedy. So I know I've had an influence, but you're never really satisfied. You want everything you do to be terrific.

PLAYBOY: You've been writing one play a year for some time now, and you've recently begun to write one play and one screenplay a year. Is there any reason you've stepped up your production?

SIMON: It's some kind of applied pressure I put on myself, because I say that I'm a working playwright and that's my job. What would I do if I didn't write plays and films? More important than that, these are my productive years. If I found something I wanted to do even more, then I'd do it. But I haven't. I've found the best form of expression for me, the healthiest outlet for all of my neuroses and frustrations, and it's also the best way for me to share my joys. And I'm able to do it now and do it well. It would seem unreasonable to me for Jimmy Connors, for example, to say, "Well, I had a terrific year, I'm going to take the next two years off." I'd say, "*Putz*, you blew years 26 and 27, and you might come back at 28 and still be terrific, but those were years when you should have been playing." That's how I approach my work. I'm not the kind of person who thinks, Well, I made a lot of money during the last several years, so I don't have to do this anymore. I don't write plays to make money. I write plays because I enjoy writing them, and these are my productive years.

"I don't want to be horny when I'm 70, because it'll be so hard to fulfill. I mean, trying to pick up some girl when you're 70 is difficult."

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about not having too many productive years left?

SIMON: Sure I do. I feel it, and it doesn't apply only to the work; I also feel it as a person. I've gone through two major changes in the last ten years in terms of age. Turning 40 didn't bother me, but when I was 41, I really went bananas. I was ready to give up my marriage and I wanted to turn back the clock to 32 and begin my life all over again. I got over that very quickly—and then, all of a sudden, I turned 50. I thought, Hey, this is OK. I'm beginning to mellow and to let go of all those hang-ups I had, and to feel I don't have to prove myself anymore, I can just enjoy my life. And then I turned 51 on July fourth, and I'm beginning to feel the same sort of depression I felt when I was 41. I'm not acting the way I did then, because I *know* I can't turn the clock back to 32. The 50s are tough, because you really feel that time is running out. It's not that you're racing toward old age and death, it's that you're running out of productive years. When you turn 40, you say goodbye to youth, but you also see that you have 20 years to go before you're 60. Well, now I have only nine years before I'm 60, and I don't know how much longer I can be productive. What really frightens me is that I won't *want* to write anymore, that I will lose the desire to do it. What also scares me sometimes is seeing a 70-year-old man turning around to look at a really attractive 21-year-old girl, and I say to myself, Oh, no, don't tell me you still have it when you're 70. I don't want to *be* horny when I'm 70, because it'll be so hard to fulfill. I mean, trying to pick up some girl when you're 70 is *difficult*.

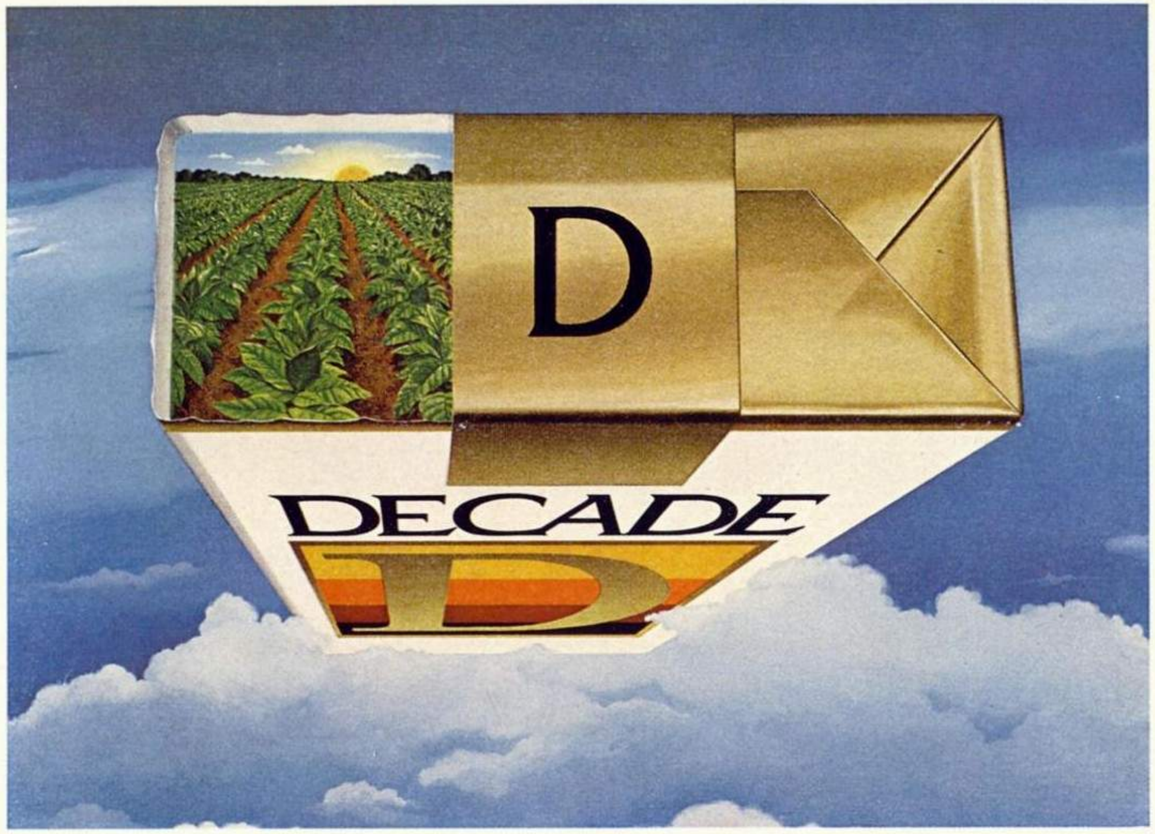
PLAYBOY: Doesn't that sound like a very healthy appetite to want to hold on to?

SIMON: Yes, and I think it's healthy to want to hold on to life at all. The saddest thing I ever heard was Samuel Beckett's phrase "It takes such a long time to die." I mean, talk about *morbid*. Oh, well, he has his point of view, I have mine. And it doesn't really change from day to day: I always look forward to the beginning of a new project. It's like a rebirth. I just hope that when I'm past 60, I can still come up with a really fine play every few years. I don't know how valid this is, but I recently read a review of Tennessee Williams' newest play, *Vieux Carré*, which opened in London to reviews that hailed it as one of the best pieces of work he's done since he first started writing his great plays. I was jubilant about that, not only for Tennessee Williams but for myself. I thought that if that guy can come up with it again at 66, then it's possible for me to do it, too.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, all that's a long way off for you. Do you have anything else planned in the interim?

SIMON: Well, I still see myself writing a play and a movie each year for at least five or six more years; but if my urge to do it starts to diminish, what I'd love to have, with Marsha, is a little theater somewhere that fostered writing and acting and where we could put on our own experimental plays. I would teach, write and direct plays, Marsha could act and direct plays—it could be the ideal thing for me. I don't want to do it right now, but I think it could be the most practical way for me to pull back from the pressures of the commercial world and still be actively involved in the theater. Failing that, of course, I might be able to make the pro-tennis circuit. That would make me very happy. But I use one of those Prince rackets with an oversized face. Do you think they'll keep me out because of that?

PLAYBOY: We don't think so. You could always leave them laughing.



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The Grapes of Rothschild

a visit with baron philippe, who's done most of what's worth doing in life—and that includes making the best wine on the planet

article By G. Barry Golson

In many ways, I am a divided man, one foot in the 18th Century, the other in the 21st. My only hope is that my grandchildren will have the means to preserve the château as a show place, as a witness to a life of elegance. It is a miracle that I can continue to live this way at all, because the era of large homes and big rooms and lovely furniture really ended in 1945. There are new layers of society today, new obligations, new dreams. Has one the right to live this way? Some would say the peasant world would not tolerate it, but the workers in the field value my way of life. Château Mouton is a star and it shines on them as well.

—PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD

PRECISELY HOW Thia and I found ourselves at the table of Baron Philippe de Rothschild in Bordeaux, nibbling *cuisses aux olives*, drinking a toast to the absent Ingrid Bergman, chatting with the former prime minister of France, sipping at glasses of the finest wine on the planet, is still not entirely clear to me. It certainly wasn't because of my knowledge of wines, which amounted to a mild preference for Bordeaux over Burgundy. Nor was it because of any reputation for mingling with the upper classes of the jet set. I fly coach.

The invitation to spend about a week with Baron Philippe at Château Mouton had come from friends of friends; the fact that I am a writer and editor at PLAYBOY had something to do with it, but rather vaguely. It

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

would be all right to write about the baron and the visit, I was told, but it also would be all right merely to partake of his hospitality. The baron was in the habit of ranging widely for an interesting blend of house guests, and an American journalist and his wife from America would round out the list nicely.

So, having read what I could about the Rothschilds, and having been bitterly cursed by a number of friends who *did* know their vintages, my wife and I arrived at the Bordeaux airport on a drizzly fall afternoon. Waiting to greet us by a green Mercedes limousine were the baron's press agent, her assistant, a porter and the chauffeur. We introduced ourselves and the press agent, a lively Parisian woman named Georgie Viennet, was relieved to find that Thia and I both spoke French. The porter scooped up our luggage and we drove off.

The afternoon began to clear during the hourlong drive to the château through the Médoc wine country. On either side of us were pebble-strewn fields with row upon row of thin, short vines. We had read that on this rocky stretch of France, just a few miles wide and long, were four of the five *premiers crus* (first growths) of great Bordeaux vintages. But it was still striking to see famous names we'd seen only on expensive labels now flashing past us merely as road signs: CHATEAU MARGAUX—4 KILOMETERS . . . CHATEAU LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD—NEXT RIGHT.

We came upon Château Mouton-Rothschild suddenly. It was unmarked, save for an obelisk by the side of the road with a gold polyhedron on top of it. At first, I took it for the Star of David. Past manicured lawns and flower beds rose a plain, stone structure, cream-colored, two stories high. I asked Georgie where the château's turrets and gables were; she explained that there was a smaller building I couldn't see, nestled among the trees, that would meet my requirements, but it was used only for formal dinners. What we saw before us was the main château, a converted stable that the baron and his wife had turned into something we would find, Georgie assured us, quite spectacular.

Outside the main gate, standing in a line at attention, were eight attendants in uniforms, evidently waiting for the arrival of someone important. To my discomfiture, it turned out we were the VIPs, and our luggage was whisked away before I could explain which was whose.

We were led through the front door into a marble hallway and up the wide stairs to the second-floor living quarters. The main living room is long, with plants everywhere, and paintings and sculptures—César, Dubuffet and Brancusi, among others—lining one wall, a series of half-moon windows along the other. The windows look out on the Mouton vineyards, which are lit up in the evening and which stretch as far as can be seen. At the far end of the room is a life-sized 16th Century Italian horse of polished wood, a wry reminder of the building's origins.

A white-jacketed butler told us that Monsieur le Baron would be joining us shortly for high tea and, in the meantime, poured us glasses of Henriot champagne. Thia and I were standing by the windows with Georgie and her assistant, looking at the gently swelling fields, when I heard the sound of slippered feet behind us.

"Hello, my young friends," said a voice. "I am Rothschild."

•

I had researched Baron Philippe's life before leaving, but what I found seemed somewhat preposterous. I knew he was the maverick of a family whose wealth and influence in Europe had been unrivaled for 200 years. I knew, too, that he produced some of the best—and most expensive—wine in the world. What went beyond fairness, or even credibility, was that he was also a poet, a scientist, a translator, a race-car driver, a yachtsman, a bobsledder, a film maker, a businessman and an art collector. It became yet more galling to find, as the story emerged, that he'd left a lasting mark in each of his chosen fields, no matter how briefly he dabbled in them. A couple of writers had used the term Renaissance man in describing him.

Baron Philippe is 76 years old, and before I turned to meet him, I had expected a distinguished, elderly gentleman, greatly fatigued from years of Renaissancing about. The man who introduced himself looked no older than 55, with a firm, strong voice and a fringe of still-auburn hair beneath a bald pate. He resembled Picasso. He was wearing a Guatemalan poncho and *espadrilles*, which, I was to find out, are his favorite clothes when puttering around his domain. As to his vital signs, I noticed that he noticed Thia's figure.

There was some introductory chatter that meandered from French to English and back again, and we sat down to tea: *croissants* baked in the château's kitchens, fresh honey purloined from the château's bees; served on antique bone china. Each cup and dish had an individual design. There were 170 such china settings and we were to have a different display at each meal.

It was early evening, so we took Philippe's advice to "retire" to our bedrooms to rest and freshen up. Our host had known very little about us in advance, or what our sleeping habits might be, so he provided a genteel solution: Thia was given the large Chinese Bedroom, while the adjoining Monkey Bedroom was reserved for me. Each room at Château Mouton is named after its decor: Thia's walls were hung with delicate Chinese glass paintings of every period; mine were decorated with tapestries and English prints covered with jumping, prancing simians of every description. There was a tall tangerine tree potted in a corner of Thia's room and a giant, canopied bed stood in the center of it. (Georgie told us that Elizabeth the Queen Mother of England, who had visited the week before, had used the same bed.)

The servants had unpacked our suitcases and laid our clothes in separate drawers. My rented tuxedo and Thia's gowns were not only hanging in the closets but had been pressed while we were at tea. In each bathroom, the tubs were filled with steaming water at exactly 120 degrees—there were carved wooden thermometer holders hanging in each tub.

I was wandering around the Monkey Bedroom, looking at the furnishings, when I heard a low shriek from Thia. I walked back to her room and found her pointing a horrified finger. Beneath a 17th Century Dutch tortoise-shell dresser, the servants had neatly placed Thia's pair of ratty, worn terrycloth slippers. "I wonder if I can burn these in the sink," she muttered.

After bathing, we decided we'd take a nap and climbed into Thia's enormous bed. We pulled the sheets over us and Thia remarked they were made of Porthault linen. "I once saw a handkerchief of this stuff in Bloomingdale's," she said. "It cost forty dollars; we're lying on *yards* of it." The opulence of the linen, along with a vision of the queen mother's ample figure reposing on that very bed, made it unthinkable to consider any activity other than sleep.

Dinner was at nine and we gathered in the living room in formal dress to meet the other guests: Guy Dumur, literary critic of a leading Paris newsmagazine; Lars Schmidt, a theatrical producer married to Ingrid Bergman (she sent her regrets that she couldn't make it that weekend); Philippine Pascale, the baron's married daughter and an actress; her four-year-old son, Julien; and Joan Littlewood, the longtime dynamo of British experimental theater, a fiery, caustic and diminutive woman who has wisecracked her way through her role as Philippe's occasional escort since the death of both of their spouses in 1976.

From the few encounters I've had with old wealth, it's been my impression that one of the earliest lessons taught to family members is how to put outsiders at their ease. The newly rich want to show off; the old rich don't have to. The Rothschild group insisted on first names, asked us about ourselves, poked fun at

(continued on page 144)

"Will you do me a favor, Miriam, and stop asking if there's anybody there?"

FATHER KNOWS BEST

photographer ron vogel has been snapping pictures of his daughter ever since she was a baby. at 21, she's still his favorite model

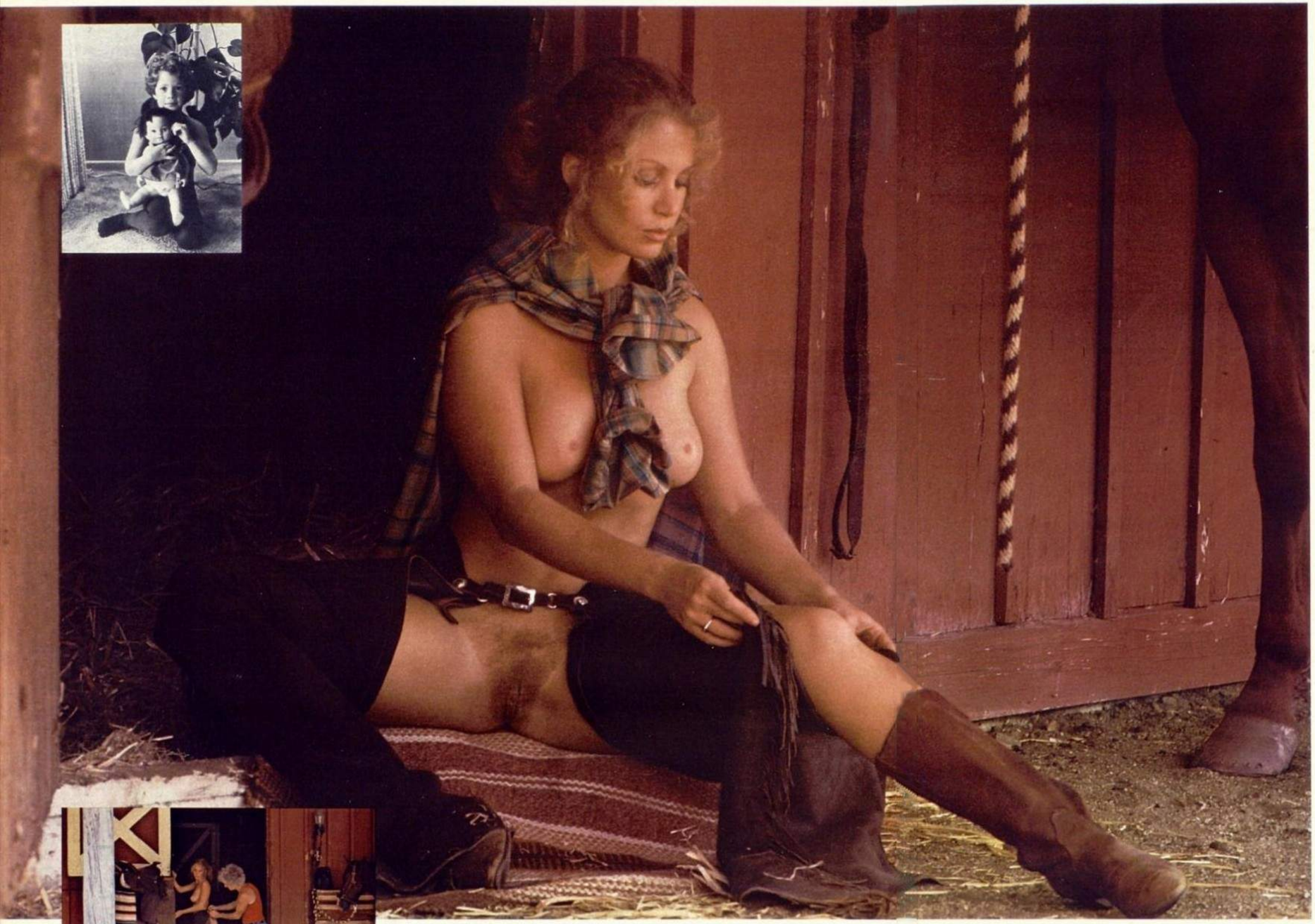
While Ron shot Playmates, three-year-old Lexi (above) tried to mimic their sexy poses.

LONGTIME readers of PLAYBOY will no doubt be familiar with the name Ron Vogel. Between the years 1958 and 1968, Ron shot ten centerfolds for this magazine, five of which are reproduced in miniature on the opposite page. Shortly after he began shooting for PLAYBOY, Ron and his wife, Audry, had a child whom they named Alexis, and what with all the naked ladies posing in Ron's studio day after day, it was only natural that little Alexis would develop a certain affinity for the camera. "Once," Audry recalls, "when Ron was shooting a Playmate, Lexi came into the living room and said, 'You can shoot *me* now, Daddy.' She was three at the time and she had nothing on, just long red curls down her back. She just decided she was going to be shot in the nude, too. She had the cutest little tush." And so it began. Over the years, Ron has, in his own words, "taken hundreds of pictures of Lexi in various states of undress. She has youth and vitality greater than most of the models I've worked with and her coloring is extraordinary, to say the least; she has earthy tones and dark, sort of penetrating eyes." For Lexi, posing for her father was a way of getting his attention. "I was a little ham," she recalls. "I'd try to get my dad's attention away from his models. The models thought it was cute!" Even as she grew older and developed into a woman, Lexi didn't pick up any inhibitions about posing in the raw. "It's always been very casual around here," she says. "We've always been a nudist family, so I never had any problems posing that way for my father." Audry, who claims to be the only woman in the country who runs a photo agency that deals exclusively in nude photography, concurs. "I've been involved with nudity all my life; nudity is beauty." Even today, the family will occasionally visit a local nude beach, and Lexi, who is an accomplished equestrienne, sometimes rides nude. Which brings us to Lexi's other great passion in life—horses. Since the age of nine, she has been riding and training horses. At the ripe old age of 12, she won first place in the United States national bareback-riding championship competition and, since then, has won more than 200 other horsemanship titles. "I taught riding for years," she tells us. "A lot of my students have won championships. I stopped at 18 and got into retailing for a while, working in a department store, but I decided that just wasn't my cup of tea. Right now, I'm just beachcombing, you might say, but eventually I'd like to race and possibly buy some property and start raising horses." The idea of posing nude with one of her horses appealed to Lexi. "The result is sort of what you might call a Western pictorial," she says. "The horse in the pictures is named Santan. I own four altogether—Brandy, Sierra and Dapper are the names of the others. One's a registered Appaloosa, the three others are registered quarter horses." As for Lexi's other pastimes, one of her projects for the near future is to organize the many photos her father has taken of her. "You wouldn't believe all the pictures he's taken—boxes and boxes!" she says. "Someday soon, my mom and I are going to put together an album."

After testing for light, Ron shows Lexi a Polaroid, shot in front of the stables (opposite page, bottom). "Posing nude for me throughout the years has made Lexi very free about herself," says Ron. "As a child, she was a very good little actress; a bit of a ham, maybe."

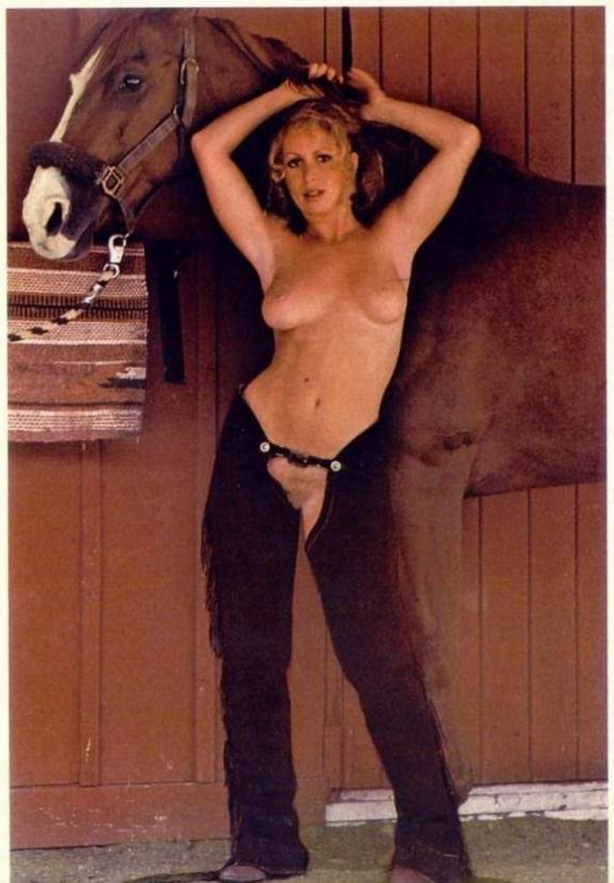
A random sample of Vogel's gatefold shootings done for PLAYBOY over the years (from left to right): Lari Laine (May 1958), Carrie Enwright (July 1963), Gale Olson (August 1968), Reagan Wilson (October 1967) and Nancy Scott (March 1964).

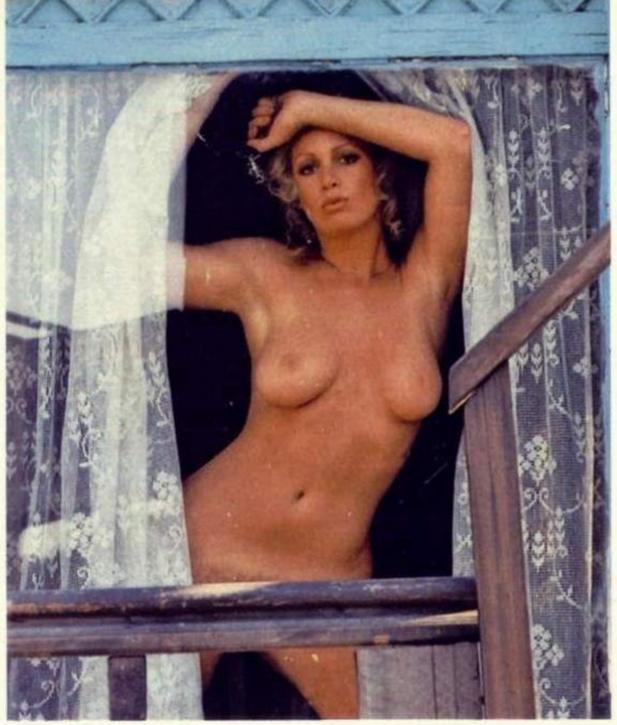
Winner of numerous riding championships, Lexi owns three quarter horses and an Appaloosa, all of which she trains and cares for herself. "My goal is to win the Kentucky Derby one day," says Lexi, who plans to attend a local school for jockeys soon.



When he's not working in his Canoga Park, California, studio, Ron likes to come out to the stables and help his daughter care for the horses. "I'll work them out a bit," says Ron, "but when it comes to training, Lexi usually does the final polishing work."

Taking care of four horses can be a chore. "Everyday, I clean out their corrals," says Lexi. "It sounds gross, but it's good exercise shoveling the you-know-what. I feed them and groom them every day and ride them three or four times a week."





Besides modeling, riding and occasionally helping her dad out as a stylist, Lexi likes to spend her spare time partying, dancing, playing the guitar and jamming with her musician friends. "And," she interjects, "I jog every morning, five days a week."

Weekends are always spent riding her horses on the beach. "It's a natural high," she says. "It's a free, exhilarating sensation, being on such a powerful animal. It can also be an extremely erotic feeling."

If you haven't guessed yet, Lexi's an animal lover. Besides the boa constrictor she had for seven years ("Her name was Tasha and she never hurt anyone in her whole life"), Lexi has two cats, a cockateel and (left) "a really neat dog named Chester."

RON VOGEL PHOTOGRAPHY / POM AGENCY

an inside look at those mysterious antiterrorist commandos who shoot first and count bodies later

STRIKE TEAMS

article **BY DAVID B. TINNIN WITH DAVID HALEVY** *Aloft over international waters, a highly excited, heavily armed skyjacker has forced his way into the cockpit of an American jetliner. While continuing to fly the plane in a normal manner, the captain activates a secret alert system. At a ground station, the message is received: Aircraft hijacked. Within seconds, the news is relayed to the Crisis Center in the basement of the White House. The duty officer lifts a red telephone. "Mr. President," he says, "we have a skyjacking." The U.S. is faced with the most delicate and dangerous problem that the world has to offer: how to rescue a planeload of helpless hostages on foreign soil from highly trained and utterly ruthless terrorists.*

UNTIL A SHORT TIME AGO, the U. S. would have been helpless. So would most governments. But the balance of power in the skyjacking war is changing due to the creation of elite antiterrorist strike forces, composed of highly motivated and superbly trained young men. The units are designed to

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIAN PIPER

tackle the terrorists on their own terms and to kill them.

Modeled on the men who operated quick hit-and-run raids behind enemy lines during World War Two, today's commandos are being schooled to perfection in the split-second art of storming aircraft, killing the terrorists and rescuing hostages unhurt. At their disposal are weapons ranging from the "stun" grenade and a specially modified Beretta automatic pistol to a futuristic .22-caliber submachine gun equipped with a Laco Laser target-acquisition device. The Laco fixes the aerial bandits in a red dot, marking the point where the bullets will strike. The commandos also possess eavesdropping devices so sensitive they can pick up even whispered conversations and the sounds of movement within an aircraft. And when the commandos want to deceive or distract the terrorists, they can bring into play an extremely varied collection of "dirty tricks" and deception gadgets.

The creation of such strike forces is a widespread international trend. But, beyond question, there are three undisputed leaders in the development of strike forces. Britain, which has the S.A.S. (for Special Air Services); West Germany, Group Nine of the Border Guard; Israel, the 269 Headquarters Reconnaissance Regiment. The three strike forces work closely together, countering the international cooperation among the terrorists with a trilateral teamwork of their own. They also provide advice and instructors for new units being set up in other countries.

But where does the U. S. fit into the antiterrorist scheme? The State Department has been delegated the responsibility for coordinating American antiterrorist activities abroad, yet it has failed to establish close working relationships with other allied agencies. The department's Office for Combating Terrorism, which is understaffed and underfunded, has had four directors in three years. The Pentagon, which is supposed to organize the U. S. Antiterrorist Force, exaggerates American capabilities. In Congressional testimony, the Department of Defense claimed it has at its disposal 6072 troops in 18 units capable of performing antiterrorist missions. That's an impressive figure. But it is wrong. Very few U. S. units have undergone any antiterrorist training whatsoever, and none has gone through the extensive schooling required for successful antiterrorist operations. As a remedy, the White House announced in May 1977 the start of what was then called Project Blue Light, a 180-man antiterrorist force patterned on the British, Israeli and West German units. The allied antiterrorist experts keeping tabs on the progress of Blue Light give the unit low marks. One major criticism is that it places too much emphasis on old-fashioned infantry training and not nearly enough on learning the sophisticated methods of recapturing aircraft. This becomes even more crucial when you take a look at the men with whom Blue Light is meant to deal.

Unlike the skyjackers in the U. S., who are usually unbalanced loners, the international ones are the product of a well-organized network to which some Western intelligence analysts refer as the Terrorist International. The network was established by an exceptionally gifted and diabolical leader, Dr. Wadi Haddad. A Palestinian eye doctor turned revolutionary, he masterminded just about every major international skyjacking since the onset of the epidemic in 1968. Early last year, Haddad, a cofounder of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (P.F.L.P.), died in an East Berlin hospital, reportedly of leukemia. He was buried in Baghdad with hero's honors. But he left behind many qualified successors and an efficient system—P.F.L.P. recruits, members of the skyjacking teams from far-left terrorist groups throughout Europe, Latin America and the Arab world. The Japanese Red Army, now completely a mercenary unit, often supplies killers. The trainees go through special schools, located in South Yemen and Iraq, where they learn, for example, how to cow airline passengers ("Speak in a commanding voice and crush anyone who opposes you" is the gist of one training). Practicing in mock-ups of jetliner cockpits, they are taught to read the fuel gauge and guidance systems so the pilot cannot deceive them by insisting he is too low on fuel to reach a certain destination or frustrate their plans by flying in the opposite direction. Moreover, the international terrorist network enjoys powerful backing from a number of governments, which supply funds, training bases and havens for the skyjackers.

In their clashes with the strike forces, the score so far is two to one against the terrorists. They lost—and badly—to the Israelis at Entebbe and to the West Germans at Mogadiscio. But they won decisively against the Egyptians at Larnaca on Cyprus.

There is no doubt that Terrorist International is extremely concerned about the development of the strike forces. Every six months or so, the representatives from the world's ten or 15 most important terrorist organizations get together for secret discussions. At the most recent meeting, held south of Nicosia in a Greek Cypriot village, the Arab delegates berated their European and Latin-American comrades for their failure to play a larger role in skyjacking. The implication is clear: It is becoming more difficult to enlist volunteers for what are developing into suicide missions. The assessment of one Israeli intelligence antiterrorist agent I interviewed is, "To understand how hard up they are, you have to know that the woman in a Ché Guevara T-shirt who was wounded at Mogadiscio came from the staff of one of Haddad's training schools. When the terrorists start reaching into their cadre for volunteers, they are in trouble."

Nonetheless, Terrorist International remains a powerful organization, and Haddad's successors are determined to avenge past failures. Without a doubt, American jetliners are major targets, and recently some ominous developments have been taking place inside the U. S. A number of pilot uniforms and kit bags have been stolen from New York–area airports, which could be a clue that someone is planning a jet snatch with terrorists disguised as members of the flight crew. Currently, flight-deck personnel do not have to pass through security check points. Hence, the question: Is the U. S. *really* capable of staging a rescue operation along the lines of Entebbe or Mogadiscio? If Blue Light confounds its foreign critics and develops into a first-rate force, the answer is yes. But Project Blue Light is top secret and, according to my sources, the outlook is not promising. However, if Blue Light does fail, or if a skyjacking situation occurs before the unit becomes operational, the President would be forced to turn to one of the other commando-style U. S. units.

The best-qualified unit is the Army's Black Berets, two battalions of Rangers stationed in Georgia and Washington State. The Black Berets were formed in 1974 to deal with especially hazardous missions during both war and peacetime. In war, their job is to kidnap or assassinate enemy leaders and destroy key targets far behind enemy lines, such as missile silos. In peacetime, their mission is to retake nuclear plants or oil refineries in the U. S. if they are captured by terrorists and to rescue American hostages held in foreign countries. If a U. S. Embassy, for example, were ever captured by terrorists, the Black Berets would be the ones to go. However, they have not trained nearly as intensively in the art of recapturing an aircraft as have other elite foreign units. But if the U. S. faced an international skyjacking, the State Department's chief antiterrorist expert, Anthony Quainton, would present the President with an operational plan to use the Black Berets as the assault force. They would try to offset the inexperience by drawing on the expertise of the British, the West Germans and the Israelis. Cooperation among strike forces is standard. A multinational force can be organized in a matter of hours.

The moment news of a hijacking reached Washington, the Black Berets

"On our special 'love tour,' you get laid in fourteen countries in eighteen days, room and board included."

would be put on alert and would begin planning and preparations. The mission would fall into one of two categories of the classic rescue operation: (1) the kind that occurred at Entebbe, meaning that the rescue force would face hostile forces on the ground and would have to fight its way in to rescue hostages; or (2) the kind that occurred at Mogadiscio, meaning that the government would turn cooperative after a cash payment and promises of future aid, and the strike force would face no opposition except from the terrorists. Although the West Germans deny it, highly placed intelligence sources tell me that Bonn gave the Somalian regime $25,000,000 as an inducement. And though it was never reported, Washington also promised arms shipments in exchange for Somalian cooperation.

If the operation were along the lines of the Entebbe assault, the Black Berets would require a larger, more powerful force, perhaps two full companies (380 men), with another company in reserve. The Rangers carry only light weapons (the M-16 rifle is their basic armament), so they would draw from the 82nd Airborne Division a heavy-weapons platoon equipped with antitank missiles and recoilless rifles. At the present poor state of American readiness, it would take several days, maybe even a week to assemble such a large force. By contrast, a Mogadiscio-style raid would require only 100 or so men and no heavy firepower.

Let's suppose an American Boeing 707 is hijacked and taken somewhere to the Middle East, possibly to a sheikdom along the Persian Gulf. I have chosen the 707 for two reasons. First, it takes a significantly larger number of terrorists to seize a jumbo jet and only three have been taken to date. Second, since so few jumbo jets have been hijacked (and none has been freed), there is no actual experience on which we can base a scenario. If the operation were like Entebbe, anything could happen. There is no way to predict the outcome of such a battle.

But intelligence sources have been able to brief us on a Mogadiscio-style operation in which we might stand a better chance of success. The Rangers would have the help of allied strike forces. While the troopers readied their equipment, the unit commander and the other officers would study the target area, aided by satellite photos, diagrams of the airport and topographical maps of the surrounding terrain.

The most valuable information the Berets could get, however, would come from the Mossad and AMAN, the Israeli political and military intelligence agencies. They know more about the terrorists' operations than any outsider. The Israelis would pass along information about the identity of the skyjackers, their likely behavior, the aims of the operation and the political situation in the sheikdom. Since the Americans have had little actual practice storming a plane, the White House Crisis Center would ask for guidance from Group Nine of West Germany's elite Border Guard. The Germans would probably send experts to join the Berets. The West Germans have studied more about seizing aircraft than anyone else and, as Mogadiscio proved, they do it superbly. They have practiced either on real models or on mock-ups of virtually every aircraft in civilian air service. Even the Soviets, who secretly provide aid to the terrorists, have, according to intelligence sources, furnished the West Germans with blueprints of their aircraft, so that Group Nine experts could devise means of entering and seizing them in case of a skyjacking.

In our scenario, taken from a variety of intelligence sources, about 100 Rangers would board a C-5A Galaxy, the huge Air Force troop and cargo carrier. En route, the men would probably clean their M-16s for the thousandth time. The Black Berets are *always* cleaning the M-16 with the best tool for that purpose, which happens to be a trimmed-down shaving brush. The Israelis even have a Hebrew name for the M-16, which translates as the gun that has to be shaved. The reason is that the M-16 tends to jam in dusty or muddy conditions. The Black Berets defend the M-16 as a good weapon *if* its firing mechanism is kept spotless. Nonetheless, it is a poor one for antiterrorist operations, since its plastic stock might break if used as a club in close combat. The Berets also spend a lot of time honing the cutting edges of their long knives.

The big C-5A would probably cross the coast of Israel at night and head south over the craggy red hills of the Sinai. It would certainly run without lights or radio contact and would finally land at a secret Israeli air base, located on the tip of the Sinai Peninsula near Sharm-el-Sheikh. The plane would quickly be guided to a parking area covered by a vast camouflage net to hide it from Soviet reconnaissance satellites.

In an underground bunker, the Black Berets would receive briefings by British and West German antiterrorist experts on the technique of storming the aircraft. Then Israeli armament specialists would supply the Beretta automatics to be used by the assault squads. Since the M-16 fires an extremely high-velocity bullet, it would not be suitable for action inside an aircraft, where ricochets and misses could kill hostages and riddle the aircraft, possibly even causing a fire or an explosion. The Beretta, as modified by the Israelis, fires a low-powered .22 slug that will kill at 30 meters or so if it strikes the victim in a vital area but is less likely to kill an innocent passenger or to pierce the fuselage.

An advance party would have surreptitiously landed in the sheikdom. It would probably be composed of British and Israeli operatives, a U. S. diplomat, an American aircraft engineer and a certain European psychiatrist who has specialized in the psychology of terrorists and frequently advises British, Dutch and West German antiterrorists.

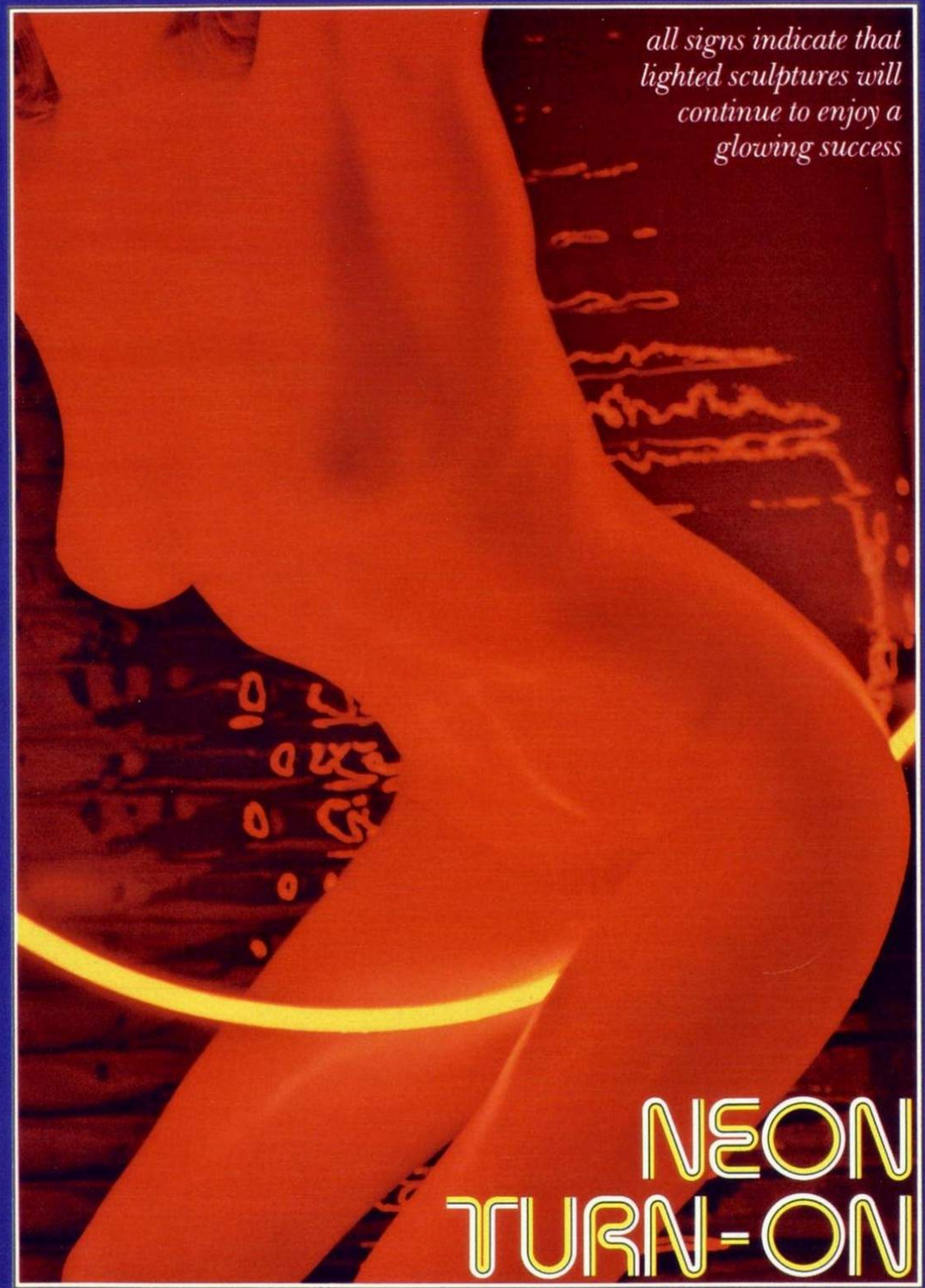
The first step is to disable the plane so it can't fly. The old remedies of shooting out the tires or blocking the runway with vehicles are crude and not always effective. Approaching the aircraft from the rear so he could not be seen, the aircraft technician with the advance party would creep under a wing and drain out the hydraulic fluid. Then, even if he were ordered to, the pilot could not take off, for the landing gear and the flight controls cannot function without this fluid. Mechanically, the plane is dead.

The diplomat, however, would be our official representative. Following the advice of the psychiatrist, he would assure the terrorist leader that his demands were being met. For example, a terrorist might ask for Sirhan Sirhan and 28 terrorists jailed in West Germany, Italy and Israel to be flown to the sheikdom and exchanged for the hostages. The American would promise that a U. S. jet was already collecting the prisoners and that by dawn, the swap of terrorists for hostages could take place.

Will the leader believe this? Who knows? The important point is that such a terrorist desperately wants to think that the end of his ordeal is in sight. He would probably be about four days into the hijacking at that point. From debriefings of passengers, we have learned something about conditions aboard a hijacked jetliner after a few days have passed: clogged toilets, fetid air, rampant anxiety among the passengers (one old man actually went insane during a hijacking). Since the hijackers confiscate all handbags and carry-on luggage, women passengers using chemical contraception are denied the pill. This initiates a mass onset of menses. Sometimes the terrorists, wary of allowing the passengers to move about the aircraft, force them to remain in their seats the entire time, with predictably embarrassing results. In short, the terrorist leader and his captives alike would face unbearable conditions.

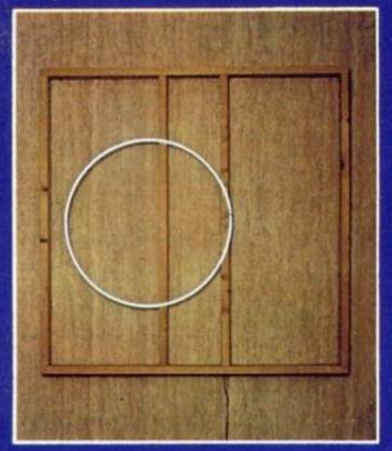
As the psychiatrist knows, the skyjacker rides an emotional roller coaster, plunging from crests of enjoyment and self-confidence to depths of doubt and despair. In fact, within a few short days, a terrorist travels all the way from heaven to hell. Like the Assassins of antiquity,

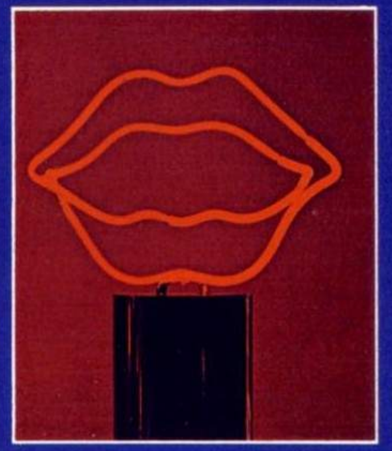
(continued on page 191)



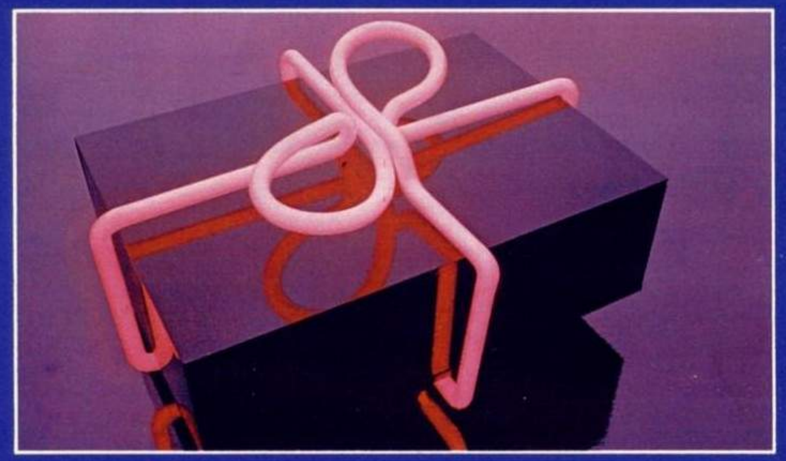
IT'S ALMOST impossible to travel any distance in America without coming in contact with neon. Since the Twenties, signmakers have delighted in twisting thin glass tubing capable of carrying a glowing electrically charged inert gas into millions of shapes and words. EAT AT JOE'S, OPEN ALL NIGHT and the image of a champagne saucer or the outline of a shoe wouldn't be the same if they were printed on paper instead of permanently sculpted in glass.

Although there has been a flickering interest in neon for decades, it wasn't until the mid-Sixties that the medium began to really be taken seriously by the art establishment. A New York gallery, Let There Be Neon, opened in 1972, offering not only glowing sculptures but also architectural and interior-design applications. So let the handsome electrified creations pictured on these pages turn you on to this relatively new way of lighting up your life.





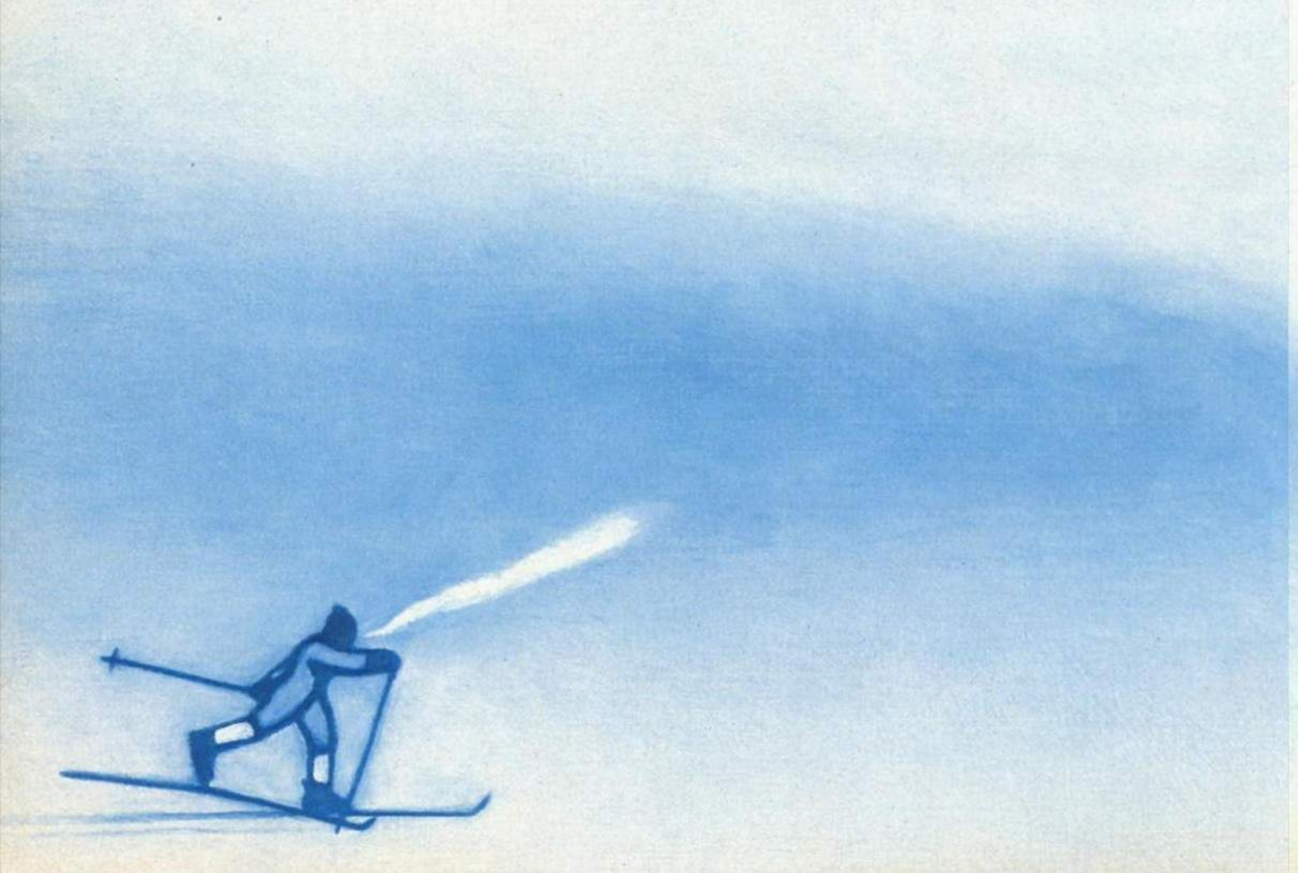
Above left: This Ron Ferri–designed sculpture is comprised of a five-foot natural-wood square containing a 36-inch-diameter neon circle, $8000. Above center: A pair of neon lips, by Let There Be Neon, $165. Above right: Another Ron Ferri–designed piece; this one is a 36-inch-square, 18-inch-high cocktail table with a dark Plexiglas base, mirror floor and smoked Plexiglas top, plus brightly lit neon tubes, $5000. Below: A wooden double bed, outlined in neon, that was originally designed for Wamsutta Mills, by Let There Be Neon, $1500. It's definitely not recommended for insomniacs.



Previous page: A neon circle, by Let There Be Neon, $200. Top left: Philip Hazard–designed neon swimsuit that's not to be worn in water, also by Let There Be Neon, $375. Top right: An eight-foot-high standing neon sculpture, by Ron Ferri, $4000. Above: Jean Skinazi–designed neon gift-box sculpture, by House of Fillmore, about $200. Below: A neon rainbow, by Let There Be Neon, $175.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NED PHILLIPS

PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG



CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

things you always wanted to know about ski touring but were too cold to ask

sports **By CRAIG VETTER**

LIKE BACKPACKING in summer, ski touring is the simplest, most beautiful way to get yourself out into winter. This is the pace we were born for: slow enough to let all the senses take in the trip; hard enough, over the long haul, to blow the sludge out of your veins and sweat the poison out of your pores.

It isn't new. In fact, it's as old as the hills, as old as walking. The first man who lashed long, thin boards to his feet and then lit out—gliding and stretching and pulling over the snowy landscape—was probably a hunter and what he

discovered was that he could follow his winter quarry almost anywhere: uphill and down, across meadows, through forests and thickets and ice fields. Quietly. It suited his purposes perfectly, to be almost a part of the landscape, to range as far as he had to in search of the small harvest of winter game.

Nowadays, the purpose is sport and the thing still fits. You won't have to drive for hours to get to a mountain to wait in line with other fools like yourself who drove for hours to get to the same mountain. You can cross-country ski anywhere there is snow on the ground: country roads, open fields, city parks, golf courses, bike paths or the John Muir trail, if you want. You can take it at your own speed. You can do an easy mile or two on the flats and have martinis waiting at the end. Or you can pit yourself against a hard route and drive yourself over it till you collapse at the end of the day into a pile of cold, wet rags.

In Aspen, I used to watch a man walk up the steepest mountain in town on cross-country skis every winter morning. He was a serious mountain climber and he used to do it to stay in shape for his summer trips to the Himalayas. It took him a couple of hours to do the 2000-foot climb, and I used to watch his strong, smooth progress from my place on the chair lift. His rhythm, concentration, strength and technique were incredible. He never traversed; he walked straight up the fall line. I never saw him stop. He watched the snow and sometimes the sky. His skis were old and worn and his clothes were purely functional. He never talked to the skiers on their way down the hill past him. He was a strange and quiet fish and the image of him bucking slowly up Ajax against the tide of downhill skiers in their fancy duds and high-style equipment is still vivid for me. In every way, it was like watching a man at his devotions, and I'm sure he knew the topography of that mountain a lot better than the ski patrol.

My favorite cross-country run, on the other hand, was one I found in the Sierras. It was 15 miles, all downhill, through the forest and over every kind of terrain. It ended at a spot on Highway 50 from which I could hitchhike home.

Either way, you get the best of the thing: time outdoors in the quietest of the seasons, to watch your own breath and listen to your heart, to get your muscles humming and buzzing, to pull everything back down into human scale for a while.

You don't need much equipment, and you can rent it at ski centers and sport shops almost everywhere. The skis are long and skinny, constructed of wood or fiberglass with wood or foam cores, and are used with toe-clip bindings. The boots are more like good walking shoes than ski boots and the poles are long with bent points and large baskets. You can buy the whole outfit for under $100, and even if you buy a deluxe outfit, it will cost only about as much as a decent pair of downhill skis without bindings. And you can spend your lift-ticket money on wine and cheese.

People will tell you that as far as technique goes, if you can walk, you can cross-country ski. That's true on the flat, but anything more challenging than that is going to require some sliding and hauling and hopping and general goat dancing. There are ways to do all those things, invented by that prehistoric hunter and refined down the years. If you've never been on cross-country skis before, take an hour with a professional or an experienced friend. Chances are that after a while you'd discover the side step and the crab step and the herringbone by yourself; improvisation is a big part of any ski trek. Stopping, for instance, is more often a matter of mind than of muscle. Turning sometimes takes a great deal of imagination. Falling is a matter of picking your spot. But if you can get a few small pieces of advice from someone who really knows, the whole thing will take a lot less energy.

If you can't find a pro or a gifted amateur, there are many books on equipment and technique for beginners and for those who want to go a step further into ski mountaineering.

The only time the information on ski touring becomes even faintly technical is when it concerns wax. The wax you put on the bottom of your skis has to correspond to the temperature and texture of the snow, so that you'll have traction when you need it going up and slide when you need it going down. There is a rainbow of waxes to cover the conditions that range from soft, almost melted snow to hard, refrozen snow and ice. The packages the waxes come in tell you which to use when, and with a little experimenting, you'll get so you can use them like gears. And maybe then you'll begin to understand why the Eskimos have over 20 names for snow.

It may seem a contradiction in terms, but for those indolent cross-country skiers who find waxing a giant bore, there *are* no-wax skis. To put it as nontechnically as possible, they operate this way: Their plastic bases are patterned with "steps" or "fish scales," or have mohair strips sunk into them, which permit the skis to grip the snow in one direction and glide in the other.

If you're just beginning, you might want to look for a ski-touring resort. You can get equipment and a lesson at these places in the morning, and then be able to ski a well-maintained trail system all afternoon. If you want to stay closer to home, rent some gear and get yourself out to the local golf course. If you can manage to do 18 holes through the drifts and up and down the hillocks, you'll have a good start on the skills you'll need in the woods or the open fields—and you won't have to worry about breaking par.

So go make some tracks in the snow where there aren't any.

SKI-TOURING GEAR

Above, left to right: Sierra Recreational ski-touring boots, by Trak, about $30. Touring skis include the Mikro-Sprint, by Völkl, $125; Nordics, by K2, $95; Vener's Nordic Tour, $80; and the Super Renn-Sport, by Völkl, $200. Competition cross-country poles of aluminum, $20, and fiberglass ones, $14, both by L. P. Staven.

He's wearing a ski-touring suit that consists of overalls and a jacket, $115, with a turtleneck, $16, both by Head Sportswear. She has on ski-touring overalls and a jacket, by Head Sportswear, $110. Both are wearing foam-lined Super-Jet fog-stop goggles, by Alpina, $23.

"What the hell, kid, let's call it a day!"

Our Fair Lady

her name is lee ann michelle and, by george!, we think she's got it

THE FIRST THING that strikes you about Lee Ann Michelle (well, maybe the second or third) is that she'd be perfect for the role of Eliza Doolittle in G. B. Shaw's *Pygmalion*. First of all, she's English, born and raised in Surrey, and her accent has a lilting, lyrical intonation that could charm even the most hardened Anglophobe. And second, she's got a certain versatility of expression—one moment she'll mimic a London street urchin and the next she's as polished and elegant as British royalty. The fitting paradox to all this is that most people who meet her

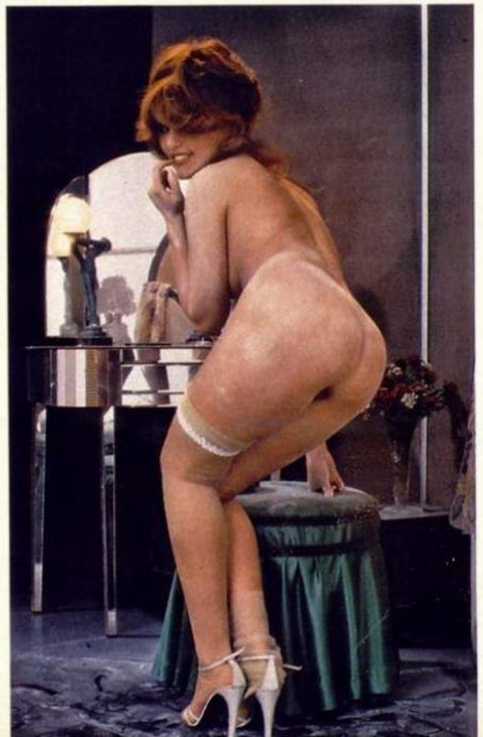
"I love to take nice long baths with lots and lots of bubbles," says Lee Ann. "When I get out of the tub, I always feel so silky and tingly all over."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

One of Lee Ann's favorite pastimes is playing with her two cats, Mitsy (right) and Mischief. "One of my ambitions," she says, "is to make Mischief into a star. Perhaps he'll be in my film."

just sort of naturally fall into the Henry Higgins role. "It's a funny thing," she says, smiling impishly, "but when people first meet me, they have this incredible urge to educate me. I don't know why, I don't look innocent." And, indeed, Lee Ann hardly needs to be educated—at the ripe old age of 18, she has already had more than her share of experience. Two years ago, she left school in England to seek her fortune. "I went naïvely looking about for a job," she says, "but no one would hire me, because they said I didn't have any experience. So

"When I was a page-three girl," Lee Ann recalls, "I used to get lots of silly phone calls. Men would call up and ask me what color knickers I had on. Silly things like that."



"I'm very intuitive," says Lee Ann, "and I love being touched. My whole body is very, very sensitive to touch, especially my hair."

I took to modeling. Since I looked older than my age at the time, I became a page-three girl for the London papers." (Page-three girls are models who appear topless in London's tabloids, notably on page three of *The Sun*. See "Playboy's Roving Eye," January.) Reactions to Lee Ann's page-three debut were mixed: "None of my girlfriends at school would talk to me. They thought it was disgusting, but all my grandmother's friends thought it was wonderful. Odd, isn't it?" At 17, a calendar shooting for British Leyland Motors took her to Hollywood, where

"What sort of men attract me? Men with strong hands, men with small, tight bums. I always look at a man's eyes to see what he's really saying. Oh, and I love a nice pair of legs on a man, too."

"I've always had a fantasy about being shipwrecked on an island with a bunch of boys I really liked. When I was very young, I fantasized about being a mermaid, but that's an impossible fantasy, isn't it?"

"I look as much on the inside of a man as I do on the outside, unless I am overwhelmed by a man's sex appeal, and then I don't care. I'm not frequently overwhelmed by a man's sex appeal, though."

she was discovered by both PLAYBOY and Motown Productions. The people at Motown were so taken by Lee Ann they've decided to film their next movie, a Paramount release, around her. Naturally, she'll star. "It's called *The Golden Goose*," she tells us, "and it's about an English singer who thinks she's making it on talent but discovers that her voice has been dubbed all along and it's the hype that made her a star. She's been sort of manufactured, you see. It's emotional and funny and very musical." Sounds, as the English put it, like a jolly good show.

One day's London agenda includes a stroll through Trafalgar Square (opposite, top); another, a ride on a double-decker bus.

"I love London's buses," says Lee Ann. "When we shot these photos, though, the conductors kept telling me to sit down."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lee Ann Michelle

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lee Ann Michelle

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4 WEIGHT: 107 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3.17.60 BIRTHPLACE: Surrey, England

GOALS: To be a succesful actress

TURN-ONS: Kissing + cuddling. Posing for the camera, perfume, fast cars, fairgrounds, swimming in the nude, travelling.

TURN-OFFS: Spiders, being told to look sexy.

FANTASIES: Being Cleopatra's maid, + Henry the Eighth's last wife.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, hockey and soccer.

HEROES: Hans Christian Andersen, because of his enchanting fairy tales. Leonardo da Vinci.

FAVORITE DRINKS: Champagne + Natural Spring Water.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chicken, Sashimi, Sushi, Yorkshire Pudding + Roast Beef.

HOBBIES: Playing with my pets. Dressing up. Collecting rings from all over the world.

A Poser at 3.

Easy rider at 6.

Sweet 16

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having undulated suggestively into the bedroom on their wedding night, the sexpot bride slipped off her negligee to reveal that she was stark and ripely naked. "Dear," she purred, "what was your manhood planning on doing tonight?"

There was silence, a groan and then more silence. "Darling," the groom finally sighed, "it's already done it."

No, Miss Layton," snapped the professor, "biological balance does not consist of eating natural foods and performing unnatural acts!"

It's been vehemently denied that the next major-theme amusement park will be an adult one—to be called Disneygland.

Scene: the bowels of a huge university library. "You may have stack privileges," giggled the attractive librarian, "but they don't extend to your doing *that*!"

"But you told me to keep my voice down," mumbled the young man from under her skirt.

Whenever the abbot craves fun,
He summons the same willing one:
A hot-pantied sister
Who makes his dong blister!
She is known as his sine qua nun*!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *dildo* as a fucksimile.

Perhaps you've heard of the Acapulco hooker who gives such prodigious head that she's known as the gulp of Mexico.

A bayou guide was rowing home one evening when he saw an alligator making off with one of his many children. When he rushed into his shack to tell his wife, she replied apathetically that they could have another child to replace the lost one. When the same thing happened nine months later, his wife had the same reaction. And then the following year he witnessed a third child being carried away in those horrible jaws. He flung himself through the door and blurted out the news.

"That's all right," said his wife. "Come bedtime, we can make another one."

"Christ, woman," exclaimed the man, "if you think I'm gonna work all day and then screw all night just to feed that damn alligator, you're crazy!"

Word has reached us of a dissatisfied transplant patient who demanded that the surgeon replace his brand-new penis. It seems that it rejected his hand.

My girlfriend is a sex-experimentation freak," the drinker told his neighborhood bartender, "and her selection of positions goes from the supine to the ridiculous."

As a Valentine message, young Bonnet,
Having failed at composing a sonnet,
Drew his girlfriend a card
That the censors have barred—
Both a heart and a hard-on are on it!

The couple went wearily but happily to bed after their golden-wedding-anniversary party. After a while, the woman said, "Tell me, dear, now that we've come this far together—have you ever cheated on me?"

"I can't lie to you, darling," replied her husband. "Yes, I did—just once."

"Well," sighed the woman wistfully, "we sure could use that *once* right now."

How could our fourteen-year-old son's birthday party have been raided by the cops?" expostulated the man.

"You know our Herman is precocious," said his wife, shrugging, "and when he said he planned to have someone there to do tricks, he didn't mean a clown or a magician."

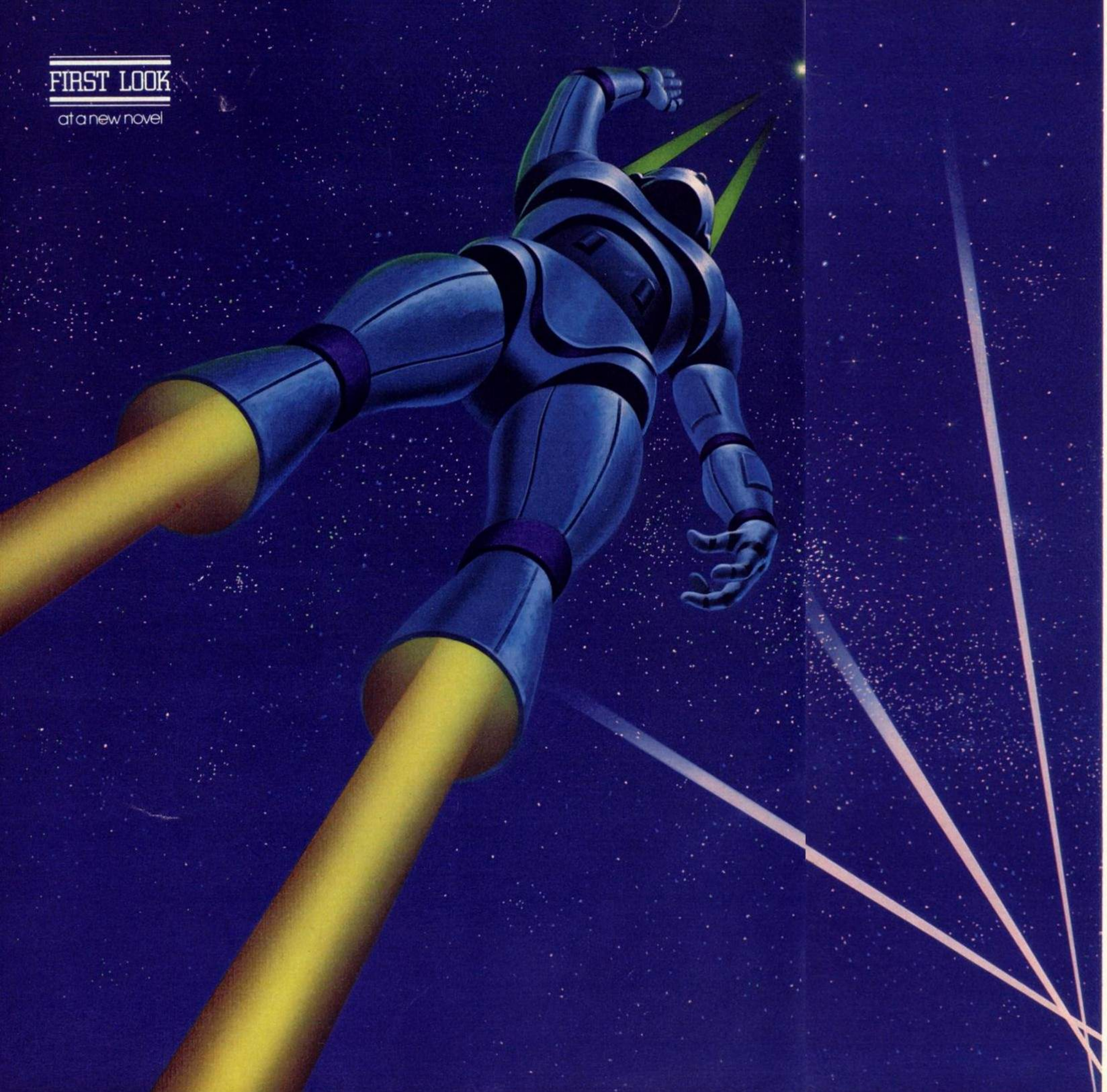
Emerging from a spur-of-the-moment visit to the museum, one of the office girls giggled, "Didn't that old Greek marble statue have a tremendous penis?"

"Yeah, it certainly did," responded her coworker, "and wasn't it cold?"

In the early days with my wife," confided one bar drinker to another, "it was fist fucking at the drive-in, blow jobs in the bathroom, quickies in the choir loft, cornholing in the kitchen. But now," he went on morosely, "the romance has gone out of our marriage."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I can't see how they get much fun out of it, doing it so slow."



seven scientists were trapped in the solar system's highest tower, and morgan was determined to rescue them before their chamber became a tomb—the conclusion of the master's "final" sci-fi thriller

SYNOPSIS: After retiring from a distinguished diplomatic career, Johan Rajasinghe fulfills a lifelong dream by settling in a villa in Taprobane, near Sri Kanda, the sacred mountain. He is visited by Vannevar Morgan, an engineer whose most impressive achievement is the ultimate bridge, an architectural and engineering triumph linking Europe and Africa. Morgan has come to this secluded part of the world with an even more ambitious concept—a tower that will support a space elevator that will make travel to the heavens cheaper and more accessible than ever. But the hitch is that the base of the tower must be situated on Sri Kanda, location of an ancient Buddhist monastery. The engineer has come to ask the monks for permission to build the tower.

Needless to say, the monks are reluctant to give up their holy spot in the name of space technology. After fruitless negotiations, Morgan descends Sri Kanda, only to find himself in the midst of a dense swarm of butterflies in migration. The taxi driver relates an old legend: The butterflies are the souls of the warriors of Kalidasa, the former ruler of Taprobane, who had lost his army at Yakkagala. Yearly, the butterflies head for the mountain and die at its lower slopes. Occasionally, they reach the halfway point, and the legend states that if they ever reach the sacred temple at the top, Kalidasa will have conquered and the monks will have to leave. Here ends Part I.

Years later, quite unexpectedly, the legend becomes reality: The butterflies are swept up the mountain and the monks must leave. Morgan and his engineers begin work on the tower, whose structure is based on a remarkably strong substance known as hyperfilament. At the beginning of Part II, the tower has been years in the making and a research team of scientists, headed by Professor Sessui, is stranded on the tower after an operations disaster.

THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE PART II

fiction

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

FIVE KILOMETERS from the terminus, the red ALARM symbols flashed again. Driver-pilot Rupert Chang studied them with a frown of annoyance, then pressed the RESET button. They flickered once, then vanished.

The first time this had happened, 200 kilometers higher, there had been a hasty consultation with Midway Control. A quick check of all systems had revealed nothing amiss; indeed, if all the warnings were to be believed, the transporter's passengers were already dead. *Everything* had gone outside the limits of tolerance.

It was obviously a fault in the alarm circuits themselves, and Professor Sessui's explanation was accepted with general relief. The vehicle was no longer in the vacuum environment for which it had been designed; the magnetospheric turmoil it had now entered was triggering the sensitive detectors of the warning systems.

"Someone should have thought of *that*," Chang had grumbled. But

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

with less than an hour to go, he was not really worried. He would make constant manual checks of all the critical parameters.

Battery condition was, perhaps, the item that concerned him most. The nearest charging point was 2000 kilometers higher up, and if they couldn't climb back to that, they would be in trouble. But Chang was quite happy on this score; during the braking process, the transporter's drive motors had been functioning as dynamos, and 90 percent of its gravitational energy had been pumped back into the batteries. Now that they were fully charged, the surplus thousands of kilowatts still being generated should be diverted into space through the big cooling fins at the rear.

Those fins, as Chang's colleagues had often pointed out to him, made his unique vehicle look rather like an old-time aerial bomb. By this time, at the very end of the braking process, they should have been glowing a dull red. Chang would have been very worried, indeed, had he known that they were still comfortably cool. For energy can never be destroyed; it has to go *somewhere*. And very often it goes to the wrong place.

When the FIRE—BATTERY COMPARTMENT sign came on for the third time, Chang did not hesitate to reset it. A real fire, he knew, would have triggered the extinguishers; in fact, one of his biggest worries was that these might operate unnecessarily. There were several anomalies on the board now, especially in the battery-charging circuits. As soon as the journey was over and he'd powered down the transporter, Chang was going to climb into the motor room and give everything a good old-fashioned eyeball inspection.

As it happened, his nose alerted him first, when there was barely more than a kilometer to go. Even as he stared incredulously at the thin wisp of smoke oozing out of the control board, the coldly analytical part of his mind was saying, "What a lucky coincidence that it waited until the end of the trip!"

Then he remembered all the energy being produced during the final braking and had a pretty shrewd guess at the sequence of events. The protective circuits must have failed to operate and the batteries had been overcharging. One fail-safe after another had let them down; helped by the magnetospheric storm, the sheer perversity of inanimate things had struck again. . . .

Chang punched the battery-compartment fire-extinguisher button; at least *that* worked, for he could hear the muffled roar of the nitrogen blasts on the other side of the bulkhead. Ten seconds later, he triggered the VACUUM DUMP, which would sweep the gas out into space—with, hopefully, most of the heat it had picked up from the fire. That, too, operated correctly.

He dared not rely on the automatic braking sequence as the vehicle finally crawled into the terminus; fortunately, he had been well rehearsed and recognized all the visual signals, so that he was able to stop within a centimeter of the docking adapter. In frantic haste, the air locks were coupled and stores and equipment were hurled through the connecting tube. . . .

And so was Professor Sessui, by the combined exertions of pilot, assistant engineer and steward, when he tried to go back for his precious instruments. The air-lock doors were slammed shut just seconds before the engine-compartment bulkhead finally gave way.

After that, the refugees could do nothing but wait in the basement's bleak 15-meter-square chamber, with considerably fewer amenities than a well-furnished prison cell, and hope that the fire would burn itself out. The basement would eventually be the lowest part of the tower, but now it was 17,350 kilometers below Midway station and only 600 kilometers from Earth. It was one of scores of emergency refuges at intervals along the tower.

It was well for the passengers' peace of mind that only Chang and his engineer appreciated one vital statistic: The fully charged batteries contained the energy of a large chemical bomb, now ticking away on the outside of the tower.

Ten minutes after their hasty arrival, the bomb went off. There was a muffled explosion, which caused only slight vibrations of the tower, followed by the sound of ripping and tearing metal. Although the breaking-up noises were not very impressive, they chilled the hearts of the listeners; their only means of transport was being destroyed, leaving them stranded 35,000 kilometers from safety.

There was another, more protracted explosion—then silence; the refugees guessed that the vehicle had fallen off the face of the tower. Still numbed, they started to survey their resources; and slowly, they began to realize that their miraculous escape might have been wholly in vain.

A CAVE IN THE SKY

Deep inside the mountain, amid the display and communications equipment of the Earth Operations Center, Vannevar Morgan and his engineering staff stood around the tenth-scale hologram of the tower's lowest section. It was perfect in every detail, even to the four thin ribbons of the guiding tapes extending along each face. They vanished into thin air just above the floor, and it was hard to appreciate that, even on this diminished scale, they should continue downward for another 60 kilometers—completely through the crust of the Earth.

"Give us the cutaway," said Morgan, "and lift the basement up to eye level."

The tower lost its apparent solidity and became a luminous ghost—a long, thin-walled square box, empty except for the superconducting cables of the power supply. The very lowest section—the basement was, indeed, a good name for it, even if it was at more than 100 times the elevation of this mountain—had been sealed off to form a single chamber, 15 meters square.

"Access?" queried Morgan.

Two sections of the image started to glow more brightly. Clearly defined on the north and south faces, between the slots of the guidance tracks, were the outer doors of the duplicate air locks—as far apart as possible, according to the usual safety precautions for all space habitats.

"They went in through the south door, of course," explained the duty officer. "We don't know if it was damaged in the explosion."

Well, there were three other entrances, thought Morgan—and it was the lower pair that interested him. This had been one of those afterthoughts, incorporated at a late stage in the design. Indeed, the whole basement was an afterthought; at one time, it had been considered unnecessary to build a refuge here.

"Tilt the underside toward me," Morgan ordered.

The tower toppled, in a falling arc of light, and lay floating horizontally in mid-air with its lower end toward Morgan. Now he could see all the details of the 15-meter-square floor—or roof, if one looked at it from the point of view of its orbital builders.

Near the north and south edges, leading into the two independent air locks, were the hatches that allowed access from below. The only problem was to reach them—600 kilometers up in the sky.

"Life support?"

The air locks faded back into the structure; the visual emphasis moved to a small cabinet at the center of the chamber.

"*That's* the problem, doctor," the duty officer answered somberly. "There's only a pressure-maintenance system. No purifiers and, of course, no power. Now that they've lost the transporter, I don't see how they can survive the night. The temperature's already falling—down ten degrees since sunset."

Morgan felt as if the chill of space had entered his soul. Even if there were enough oxygen in the basement to last them for several days, that would be of no importance if they froze before dawn.

"I'd like to speak to Professor Sessui."

"We can't call him directly—the

(continued on page 124)

THE WINNING OF THE VEST

one third of your old three-piecer has definitely established an identity all its own

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

AS SO OFTEN happens, something in your wardrobe with utilitarian beginnings, such as blue jeans, becomes an important fashion accessory. In this case, we're talking about the vest, an item of apparel long appreciated by photographers and fishermen for its handy storage features; by greasers for a place to store cigarettes and a comb when worn over a T-shirt; and by Madison Avenue types who cultivate a hard-working image of rolled-up sleeves, loosened tie and unbuttoned second piece of their three-piece uniform. The nice thing about vests is their versatility—as our guy demonstrates on these pages to the approval of his lady and the antics of cast members from the hit Broadway musical *Runaways*, now playing at the Plymouth Theater. Here, he's beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, wearing a napa-leather zip-front vest that reverses to corduroy, by Nino Cerruti Sport, about $175; over a cotton shirt, about $40, and polished-cotton slacks, also about $40, both by Jean-Paul Germain. (His close friend's satin bomber jacket and vinyl slacks from Fiorucci.)

Above: "Shine 'em up, sir," says one of the kids from the cast of *Runaways*, and after he's finished snapping the cloth, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you asked him to brush off that bulky wool knit cardigan vest that reverses to a cotton corduroy model, $90, worn over a pinstriped cotton flannel shirt, $37.50, both by Pierre Cardin Relax; wool tweed check slacks, from Trousers by Barry, $72.50; and a striped nylon knit tie, by Vicky Davis, $8.50. (Her Chinese blouse and cotton overjacket from Fiorucci.)

Right: Here's a look we don't recommend that you mess with. Take a napa-cowhide zip-front vest with double-belted fleece collar and lining, angled front pockets and a ribbed wool knit waist, from The Comstock Load, about $115; and wear it over a wool/nylon zip-front jacket with raglan sleeves and suede elbow patches, by Gant, $85; a cotton flannel shirt with long-pointed collar, by Van Heusen, $13; and wool check slacks with a self belt with leather buckle, from Country Britches, about $60.

Above: The handwriting is definitely on the wall for this *Runaways* favorite—a cotton/polyester corduroy fleece-lined vest, about $52.50, and matching slacks, about $32.50, both from Lobo by PenWest; plus a windowpane-plaid cotton flannel Western-style shirt with snaps, by Gant, $22.50; and a wool knit turtleneck, by New York Sportswear Exchange, $27.50. (Her denim shirt by Mary Whitesides for Texas; corduroy jeans from Fiorucci; and Tony Lama boots by Judi Buie from Texas at Serendipity.)

Right: Kids and parks go together like, well, a cotton/nylon twill zip-front vest featuring a snap-closure banded collar and pleated bellows flap snap breast pockets, about $45, worn with matching flannel-lined flared-leg slacks featuring a removable rear pocket, about $38, both from Europa Sport; a cotton knit pullover with ribbed ring collar, by Jockey International, $18; and a striped tweed acrylic/mohair knit fringed scarf, from Michel Cravat, about $15. (The lady's Italian cowboy blazer from Fiorucci.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY/PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE

"Was he gambling with other lives as well as his own, just to satisfy his own selfish pride?"

basement emergency phone only goes to Midway. No problem, though."

That turned out to be not completely true. When the connection was made, driver-pilot Chang came onto the line.

"I'm sorry," he said, "the professor is busy."

After a moment's incredulous silence, Morgan replied, pausing after each word and emphasizing his name: "Tell him that Dr. Vannevar Morgan wants to speak to him."

"I will, doctor—but it won't make the slightest difference. He's working on some equipment with his students. It was the only thing they were able to save—a spectrometer of some kind—they're aiming it through one of the observation windows. . . ."

Morgan controlled himself with difficulty. He was about to retort, "Are they crazy?" when Chang anticipated him.

"You don't know the prof—*I've* spent the past week with him. He's—well, I guess you could say single-minded. It took three of us to stop him from going back into the cabin to get some more of his gear. And he's just told me that if we're all going to die anyway, he'll make damn sure that *one* piece of equipment is working properly."

Morgan could tell from Chang's voice that, for all his annoyance, he felt a considerable admiration for his distinguished and difficult passenger. And, indeed, the professor had logic on his side. It made good sense to salvage what he could, out of the years of effort that had gone into this ill-fated expedition.

"Very well," said Morgan at length, cooperating with the inevitable. "Since I can't get an appointment, I'd like *your* summary of the situation. So far, I've only had it secondhand."

"There's not much to say. We had such short notice that there was no time to save anything—except that damned spectrometer. We have the clothes we're wearing—and that's about it."

Listening to that voice from space, and looking at the transparent—yet apparently solid—hologram of the tower, Morgan had a most curious illusion. He could imagine that there were tiny, tenth-scale human beings moving around there in the lowest compartment; it was only necessary to reach in his hand and carry them out to safety.

"Next to the cold, the big problem is air. I don't know how long it will be before CO_2 build-up knocks us out."

Chang's voice dropped several decibels and he began to speak in an almost conspiratorial tone, obviously to prevent being overheard.

"The prof and his students don't know this, but the south air lock was damaged in the explosion. There's a leak—a steady hiss round the gaskets. How serious it is, I can't tell."

The speaker's voice rose to normal level again: "Well, that's the situation. We'll be waiting to hear from you."

And just what the hell *can* we say, Morgan thought to himself, except "Goodbye"?

Morgan turned back to the well-orchestrated chaos of the operations room and tried to let his mind roam as freely as possible over every aspect of the problem.

Seven men and women were stranded in the sky, in a situation that was unique in the whole history of space technology.

There *must* be a way of getting them to safety, before they were poisoned by CO_2 or the pressure dropped so low that the chamber became, in truth, a tomb like Mahomet's—suspended between heaven and Earth.

THE MAN FOR THE JOB

"We can do it," said Warren Kingsley with a broad smile. "Spider *can* reach the basement."

"You've been able to add enough extra battery power?"

"Yes, but it's a very close thing. It will have to be a two-stage affair, like the early rockets. As soon as the battery is exhausted, it must be jettisoned to get rid of the dead weight. That will be around four hundred kilometers; Spider's internal battery will take it the rest of the way."

"And how much pay load will *that* give?"

Kingsley's smile faded. "Marginal. With a suited pilot of average weight, about fifty kilos, with the best batteries we have."

"Only fifty! What use will *that* be?"

"It should be enough. A couple of those new thousand atmosphere tanks, each holding five kilos of oxygen. Molecular filter masks to keep out the CO_2. A little water and compressed food. Some medical supplies. We can bring it all in under forty-five kilos."

"Phew! And you're *sure* that's sufficient?"

"Yes—it will tide them over until the transporter arrives from the 10K station. And if necessary, Spider can make a second trip."

Morgan felt that a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Plenty of things could still go wrong, but at last there was a ray of hope; the feeling of utter helplessness had been dispelled.

"When will all this be ready?" he asked.

"If there are no holdups, within two hours. Three at the most. It's all standard equipment, luckily. Spider's being checked out right now. There's only one matter still to be decided. Who will. . . ."

Vannevar Morgan shook his head. "No. Warren," he answered slowly, in a calm, implacably determined voice that his friend had never heard before. "There's nothing more to decide. I'm fifteen kilos lighter than you are. In a marginal operation like this, that should settle the matter. So let's not waste any more precious time discussing it."

Only as they were leaving the operations room on the way back to the summit did Morgan automatically feel for the little pendant concealed beneath his shirt. CORA—a coronary alarm—had not bothered him for months, and not even Warren Kingsley knew of her existence. Was he gambling with other lives as well as his own, just to satisfy his own selfish pride?

It was too late now. Whatever his motives, Morgan was committed.

SPIDER

How the mountain had changed, thought Morgan, since he had first seen it! The summit had been entirely sheared away, leaving a perfectly level plateau; at its center was the giant "saucepan lid," sealing the shaft that would soon carry the traffic of many worlds. No one could have guessed that an ancient monastery had once stood there, focusing the hopes and fears of billions for at least 3000 years.

Every time he came to the mountain, he found it more difficult to breathe, and he looked forward to the flood of oxygen that would soon gush into his starved lungs. But CORA, to his surprised relief, had never issued even a preliminary admonition when he visited the summit.

Everything had been loaded aboard Spider, which had been jacked up so that the extra battery could be hung beneath it.

Morgan's Flexisuit had arrived from Gagarin only 30 minutes earlier, and for a while, he had seriously considered leaving without one. Spider Mark II was a very sophisticated vehicle; indeed, it was a tiny spaceship with its own life-support system. If all went well, Morgan should be able to mate it with the air lock on the bottom of the tower, designed years ago for this very purpose. But a suit not only would provide insurance in case of docking problems; it would give him enormously greater freedom of action.

Almost form-fitting, the Flexisuit bore

(continued on page 178)

TEN HISTORICAL SEX HANG-UPS

article **By MORTON M. HUNT**

you think you have problems? our forefathers thought up so many ways to avoid enjoying sex, it's a wonder we're here

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST LUST

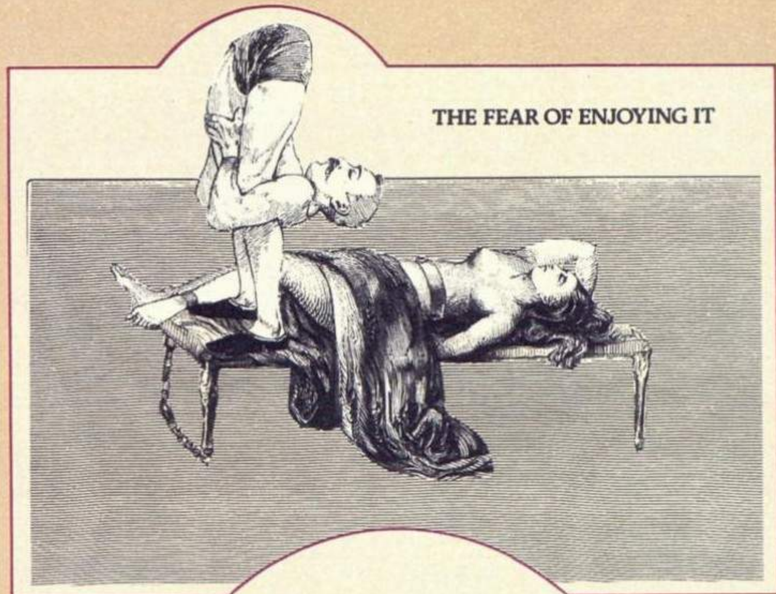
As TIMES CHANGE, so do our notions of sexual propriety. Nowadays, it is less a question of whether or not a girl kisses on the first date than of whether or not she gives head. The only moral issue—is it better to give than to receive?—is more a matter of technique and timing than of ethics. In the area of affairs, it is not just love with the proper stranger but how many

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEREK PELL

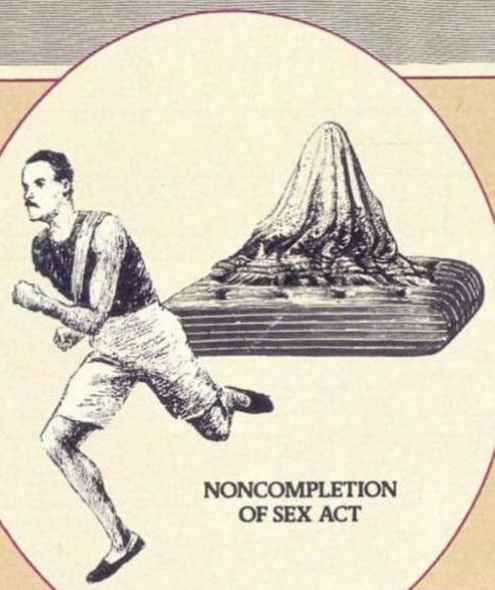
of them. At Plato's Retreat, it is permitted—yea, even applauded—to make it with a crowd. Ah, progress.

Many people think that the sexual revolution has been fought and won in the past few decades. They are wrong. The battle has been going on for centuries. The weapons have improved (who would have imagined vibrators 70 years ago? Certainly not Jules Verne) and the victory celebrations are a lot more fun than they used to be. But lest we forget just how far we have come, let us examine some of the sexual hang-ups of antiquity. It turns out that however good the good old days were, the good old nights weren't. Here's why:

1. *The fear of enjoying sex:* In the early centuries of Christianity, the Church fathers were dead set against sex in all its forms save one. They had to admit that sex was sinless within marriage—but only if it wasn't fun. In the Third Century, Clement of Alexandria stated that married lovemaking was blameless only if delight were confined and pleasure minimized. Somewhat later, Saint Jerome laid down the law: A man who too ardently loved his own wife was as sinful as an adulterer. Jerome went further: Sexual pleasure was so impure, even in marriage, that prayer was impossible for some time after each episode. Priests passed this along to their congregations and even ordered the married to abstain from intercourse for three full days before taking Communion, lest they come to the sacrament befouled in spirit. Couples looked forward to death and

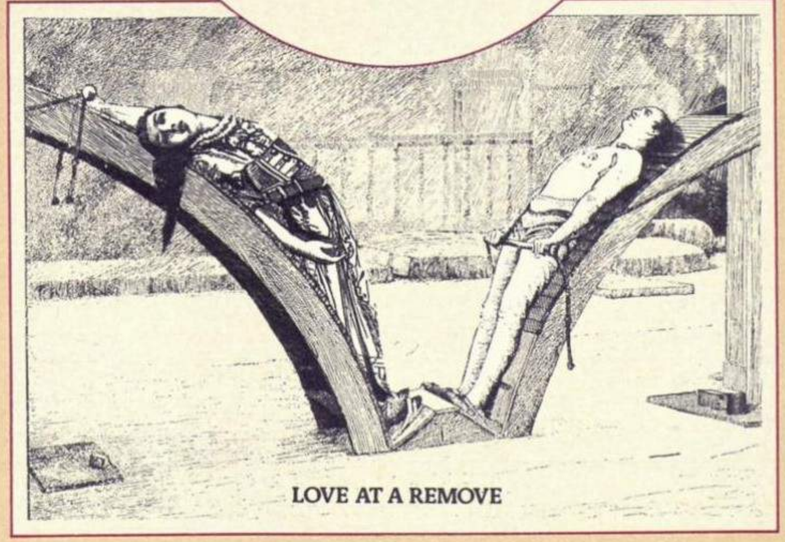


THE FEAR OF ENJOYING IT



NONCOMPLETION OF SEX ACT

PRUDERY AND PURITY



LOVE AT A REMOVE

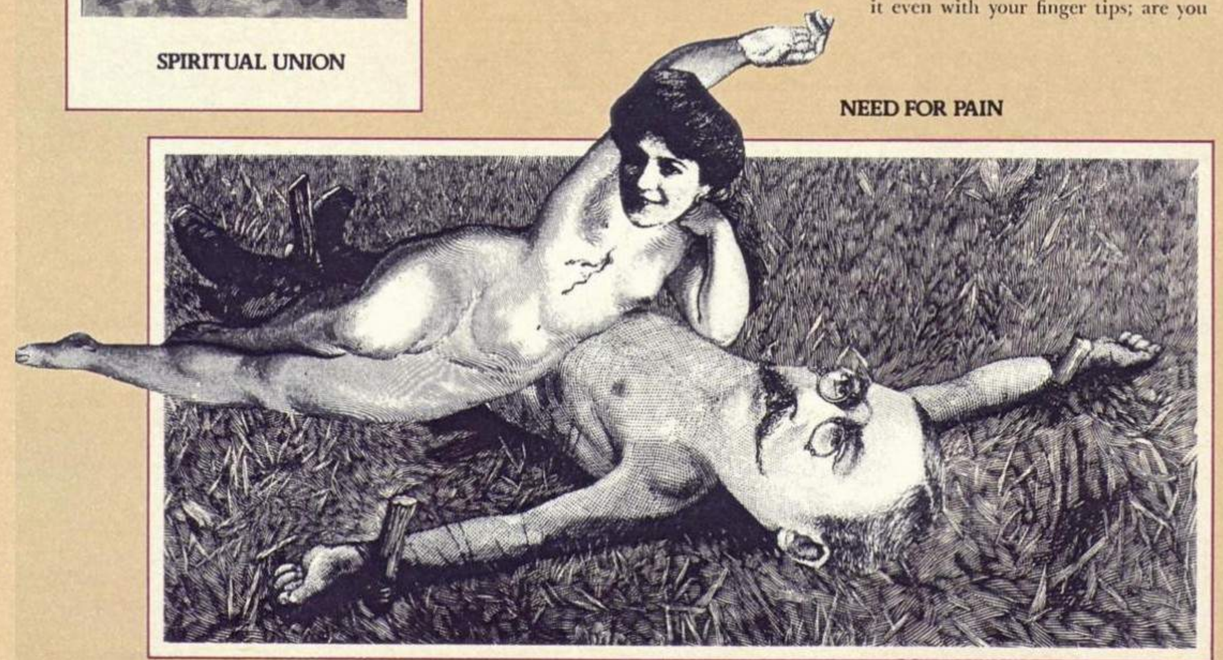
THE HEARTBREAK OF SELF-ABUSE

SPIRITUAL UNION

a reunion in a sexless heaven. One Tertullian of Carthage wrote to his wife: "There will be on that day no resumption of voluptuous disgrace between us." Some heaven.

2. *Misogyny, or woman hating:* Our forefathers carried their fear of sex to its logical conclusion. Blame it on the accomplice, or the tools of the trade. They possessed a vivid loathing for women, or, more specifically, for the sex organs of women. (If women reciprocated this loathing, we don't know about it, since they did not write or keep diaries.) Lucretius, the Epicurean philosopher, held that ungoverned sexual passion produced foolish behavior and wasted one's substance; therefore, if the rational man should feel intense desire for a woman, he should view his passion as a disease and combat it. How? By concentrating on her defects. He should observe that her breasts sag and that she is not perfectly clean. He should tell himself that she sweats, moves her bowels and has body odors. And, lo, he is cured. Lucretius was a mere amateur at disgust compared with some of the early Christians. Around 370 A.D., when Saint John Chrysostom learned that his friend Theodore was in love with a young woman and planned to marry her, he wrote Theodore these helpful words:

"The groundwork of her bodily beauty is nothing but phlegm and blood and yellow bile and black bile, and the fluid of masticated food. . . . When you see a rag with mucus or spittle on it, you cannot bear to touch it even with your finger tips; are you



NEED FOR PAIN

then in a flutter of excitement about the storehouse and repository of these things?"

Theodore canceled the wedding and took a celibacy vow. He also blew lunch.

Fear and loathing of the fair sex reached their finest expression in Saint Augustine's epigram about the female generative system—"We are born between feces and urine"—and in the philosopher Boethius' succinct summary of the female nature: "Woman is a temple built upon a sewer." Disgust, though it failed to eradicate sexual activity, contaminated it for many centuries.

3. *Prudery and purity:* In 19th Century England and America, middle-class people no longer thought of married sex as sinful—but rather as lowly, animallike and the expression of base impulses. Only in men, however; women were too pure and good to have such impulses. Or to talk about sex, or even to imply by word or gesture that they knew sexual organs existed. A decent woman, when she saw the doctor, would point out on a doll where she had a pain, so as not to point to her own body in an immodest fashion. Sex was never spoken of between husband and wife, and preferably not even seen: They coupled in inky darkness, usually with night clothes on but pushed up halfway. Even those celebrated Victorian lovers Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning are said never to have seen each other totally nude.

In the 1880s, Dr. William Hammond, an expert on sexual matters, stated flatly that nine tenths of the time, decent women felt not the slightest pleasure in intercourse. An eminent gynecologist added that sexual pleasure in young women was pathological.

The Victorians believed what they were told. In the typical sex act, the husband wordlessly relieved himself upon his wife as quickly as possible, while she submitted because it was her conjugal duty to do so. If, by chance, she felt any pleasure, she did her best to lie still and show nothing, so as not to disgrace herself in her husband's eyes.

4. *Noncompletion of the sex act:* But what would you say of people who *could* reach orgasm during lovemaking but who voluntarily denied themselves that *summum desideratum* of sexual activity? The inhabitants of the Oneida Community, the mate-swapping religious commune that lasted for 30 years in Upstate New York in the 19th Century, based a society on just such a hang-up. At Oneida, *coitus reservatus* was the rule except when pregnancy was desired: The man stayed inside the woman as long as he could—up to an hour, at times—without ejaculating then or later, though the woman was permitted to have orgasm. This was called male continence and was highly thought of; those oafs who could not contain themselves were scorned and women avoided them. The founder of Oneida, John Humphrey Noyes, had sought a way to distinguish between social sex and procreative sex: he hit upon male continence and found it "a great deliverance."

Deliver us, O Lord, from such deliverance.

But at least the women of Oneida completed the act. A more bizarre sexual practice, known as *amor purus* (pure love), was favored by the lords and ladies of certain medieval courts. A lord and a lady, each married to someone else, would carry on a protracted romance in which he sought her favors by knightly service and gallantry, while she played haughty and hard to get. It might take years before she let him kiss her, months more before he embraced her. Finally, she would grant him *amor purus*—prolonged sexplay, unclothed and in bed, but without actual intercourse. And that was considered nobler and finer than consummated sex; its exponents condemned intercourse as false love, while exalting the true love of kissing, fondling and lying together nude.

5. *The spiritual union, or abstinence is next to godliness:* In the latter part of the Third Century, certain devout Christians yearned to be chaste but had to marry for social reasons. Ammon, a wealthy youth of Alexandria, faced this dilemma and hit upon a solution: He read to his fiancée Saint Paul's exhortation to chastity (*I Corinthians* 7: 1–7), and shortly after their wedding they astounded friends and relatives by taking vows of celibacy. Throughout their marriage, they lived an ascetic life, as brother and sister, in two rude huts in the Egyptian desert. The fame of this continent marriage spread rapidly and, according to Church historians, countless couples, over the next several centuries, emulated them. Some outdid Ammon and his wife by living in the same house and even sleeping in the same bed. Admirable—but risky; indeed, Saint Jerome himself wrote sternly to one Rusticus, who had sunk back into wedded indulgence.

Not to be outdone by laymen, many clergymen in that same period practiced unconsummated marriage: They took virgins into their homes as spiritual wives, living with them and sleeping together in chastity. Indeed, they felt all the more spiritual for undergoing constant temptation. But some leaders of the Church doubted that they constantly resisted it. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, angrily pointed out that the claim of chastity could be a fraud, since even if a midwife found the spiritual wife to be a virgin, "she may have sinned in some other part of her body." No fool, he.

6. *Love at a remove:* The ultimate step in the purification of love was taken by Dante. He first saw Beatrice when he was only nine, but he precociously fell in love and began his lifelong worship of her. It was a pure and inspiring love, but a thoroughly disembodied one. He never spoke to her, made no effort ever to meet her and caught sight of her only at rare intervals. Nor did he desire more, for she was goddesslike and unattainable in his eyes. She never knew of his love for her or of the sublime poetry he wrote under her spell. What he said about his feelings was taken as a model of true love by poets, philosophers and romantics for generations to come: Many tried to follow his lead; some succeeded.

In case you were wondering about his sex life, Dante had a wife and, over the years, several mistresses. In his writing, he said almost nothing about them; he may have been grateful for their services, but it never occurred to him to love them.

7. *The struggle against lust:* Over the centuries, innumerable men and women in religious orders have taken vows of celibacy and undergone intense suffering in their efforts to master their sexual desires. You may or may not regard this as a hang-up, depending on your own religious beliefs, but certainly some of the pioneers of celibacy behaved as if they were deranged.

Consider Origen. When this Biblical scholar was a young man in Alexandria, he put an end to his own sufferings by taking literally the words of Christ, "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake." Secretly, and without help, Origen castrated himself. Alas. The secret got out, word spread, and over the succeeding decades, thousands of his admirers mutilated themselves similarly to conquer their own lusts.

The Church eventually forbade this practice. After all, what merit is there in celibacy if one makes it effortless? What nobility is there in self-control when self-indulgence is impossible? Much more admirable were those celibates who burned with lust but mortified their flesh in order to counteract the evil impulse. Simeon Stylites spent 35 years on top of a 60-foot pillar. A nameless monk, when practical jokers sent a prostitute to his cell one night, held a finger in the flame of the lamp to distract himself; by morning, all his fingers were gone, but he was still pure. Millions of others have since slept on stone floors, worn hair shirts and kneeled in prayer for hours to quench the flames of desire, without, like Origen, getting rid of the fuel.

8. *The heartbreak of self-abuse:* As if it were not enough for the pure in heart to deal with their desires for intercourse, they have also fought desperately to deny themselves self-administered sexual pleasure. Ammon took a vow never to remove

(concluded on page 190)

DIARY OF A MAD JOGGER

humor By RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH

Most runners keep a journal in which to record their running experiences. . . . Some runners keep records of their diet, weight, how they felt, and so forth. Keep whatever kind of journal you like, but do attempt one, and from time to time record your resting heart rate.
—JIM FIXX, The Complete Book of Running

November 6
Distance: None

What makes me want to run? What mad mélange of *hubris* and masochism can explain this urge to tax my body and soul to the utmost, chasing nothing, fleeing nothing, running neither for money nor for glory nor to catch a bus?

I am running for my life, inspired by the Adida Indians of Central America. These hardy primitives are truly the aristocrats of distance running; an adult

being the detailed account of one man's ongoing struggle to place one foot in front of the other

SOFT SCULPTURE BY JoELLEN TRILLING

Adida can cover 100 miles nonstop at a pace that would fell an Olympic miler. And among the Adidas, heart disease is virtually unknown. Diabetes, emphysema, stroke—all are unheard of. In fact, the Adidas have no medical knowledge whatsoever. They are completely illiterate and believe that the body is an animal they ride around in.

Easing gently into my new incarnation as a running machine (fleet, sleek, instinctive, fit beyond belief), I followed the athlete's golden maxim: "Train, don't strain." For this afternoon's workout, I wore my running shoes around the apartment for half an hour, gradually tightening my terrycloth headband. Excruciating agony.

Resting heart rate: 249. (Do you count each blub or do blub-blup and blubbedy-blup count as one?)

Thought: "Whatever does not kill me makes me stronger," says Nietzsche, the dead philosopher.

•

November 9

Distance: None

The most important single item of equipment a runner buys is his T-shirt, and the most important question to consider in selecting one is: How will it read if I succumb to a massive coronary in mid-jog and am found sprawled unconscious on the track by a bunch of snooty horseback riders? Today I faced the long, lonely, agonizing test of T-shirt shopping, emerging from the fiery caldron of indecision with a new definition of who and what I am.

THE THRILL OF VICTORY, THE AGONY OF DA FEET struck me as overly literary and too long. KISS ME, I'M A JOGGER and BEEP! BEEP! were obviously *déclassé*. I was drawn to one with HERE COMES [YOUR NAME] on the front and THERE GOES [YOUR NAME] on the back but was concerned about the potentially paralyzing effect of getting such a garment on backward or, worse, inside out. Ultimately, I settled for IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, CALL . . . and Dr. Frankel's phone number.

Resting heart rate: 6. (Gloves.)

Thought: Man is by nature a running animal. The rhythm of the run is etched in the very DNA of every human cell. The earliest known literature attests to this fundamental truth: "Run, Dick, run! See Spot run!"

•

November 17

Distance: None

A runner must train his mind as well as his body. We who would aspire to the pinnacles of athletic excellence must be able to endure pain, monotony, numbing repetition, disappointment and despair.

I began my mental workout listening to a Stiller and Meara comedy album. I followed this with a few brisk spins of Mungo Jerry singing *In the Summertime*, and finally honed my mental stamina on a world-class runner's regimen of Peter Bogdanovich's grueling *At Long Last Love*.

Resting heart rate: 346.

Thought: None.

•

December 9

Distance: None

A brisk late-autumn day. Warm-up exercises at the reservoir: Flexing, bending, stretching, pulling, pitting muscle against muscle in a tense ballet of anticipation, I tuned my inner spiritual ear to the subtle rhythms of my body. Twisting, reaching, gently massaging, I established a dialog with my body. It responded with deepened breathing, quickened pulse, a hint of perspiration. My body was turning on. It wanted to get together for lunch next Thursday. I accepted.

An American passed while I was getting in touch with my body. A cigarette dangled from his paunchy American lips. He called me a name. I compared him unfavorably with the Adida Indians, whose feet he was not worthy to sniff. He called a cop.

Americans have gone soft. They are a nation of spectators—overfed, underexercised, impolite. I despise the American lifestyle (deathstyle!).

Resting heart rate: 419.

Thought: I am a foot soldier in the war on slobbery.

•

December 16

Distance: 100 yards

Today set foot on the track for the first time, renewing that ancient contract of sinew, sweat and hard sweet earth. It is a contract harking back to the ancient Greeks, to semimythical Phidippides, who ran from Marathon to Athens bearing news of the invention of the goat.

Ran 90 yards before being passed by a one-legged guy and a woman on crutches.

Resting heart rate: 525. (Sound in ears.)

Thought: Unlike other athletes, we supplicants at the temple of fleet Hermes do not compete against one another. For us, the battle is against the clock, the elements and ourselves. I can beat a Timex and thorium. As for the race against myself, I may not win, but I figure I'm guaranteed at least a tie.

•

December 28

Distance: 300 yards

Godlike I strode, experiencing myself for the first time as what Abraham Maslow, middle-distance psychologist, has called "the spontaneous, coordinated, efficient organism functioning with a great flow of power that is so peculiarly effortless that it becomes like play—masterful, virtuosolike."

This was the fabled runner's "high," that spiritual plateau that is the true destination of any run, whatever mundane geographical terrain it may happen to traverse. Eagerly I jettisoned the weighty cargo of my day-to-day preoccupations (are Danskins for dancing, not for dancing, for *not* dancing, what?). My mind became all suffused with dazzling thoughts of unutterable clarity. How much I knew, and with how little effort! It occurred to me that all men are created equal. Women, too! Energy, I somehow sensed, is equal to the product of mass times the speed of light squared. Snatches of Shakespeare flitted through my consciousness, their multihued poetic radiance revealed to me for the first time: "Exeunt!" "But soft!" "Alarums within!"

Resting heart rate: 819. (Thumb on neck.)

Thought: Have a nice day!

•

December 29

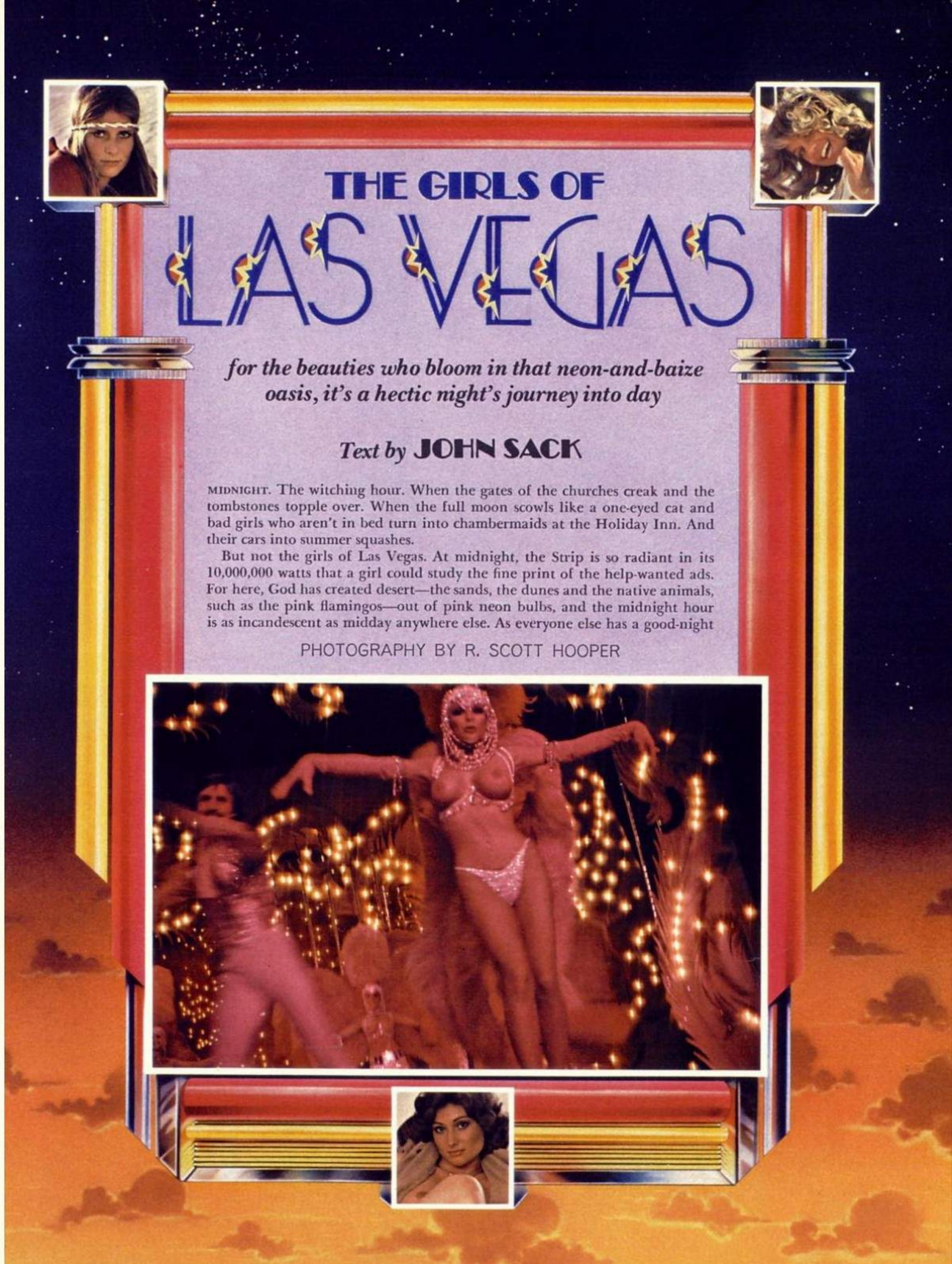
Distance: 440 yards

A quarter of a mile nonstop! And today I hit the Wall of Pain! Yes, I reached the very limits of human endurance. A searing agony ripped my lungs with every labored breath. All over my body, taut tendons shrieked their message of anguish along white-hot neural cords like thousands of Jewish mothers hearing that my muscles were marrying thousands of *shiksas*. For the life of me, I couldn't recall why I had started this running. Or where. Or when. Every time I tried to put together a coherent thought, all I got was Mungo Jerry and some hooey about DNA.

Physiologically, the Wall of Pain heralded the depletion of stored glycogen in my muscles. With its carbohydrate supply at zero, my body had either to shut down or switch to protein fuel. At 300 yards, I was burning a tuna sandwich I digested last month. At 400, I began metabolizing my underpants.

Resting heart rate: 2721.

Final thought: The body is a machine. A machine with a soul, but a machine nonetheless. Treat the body with respect and, like any finely engineered machine, it will respond with power, precision and dependability. Treat it with disrespect and, like any machine, it will fall down in the bushes and throw up.



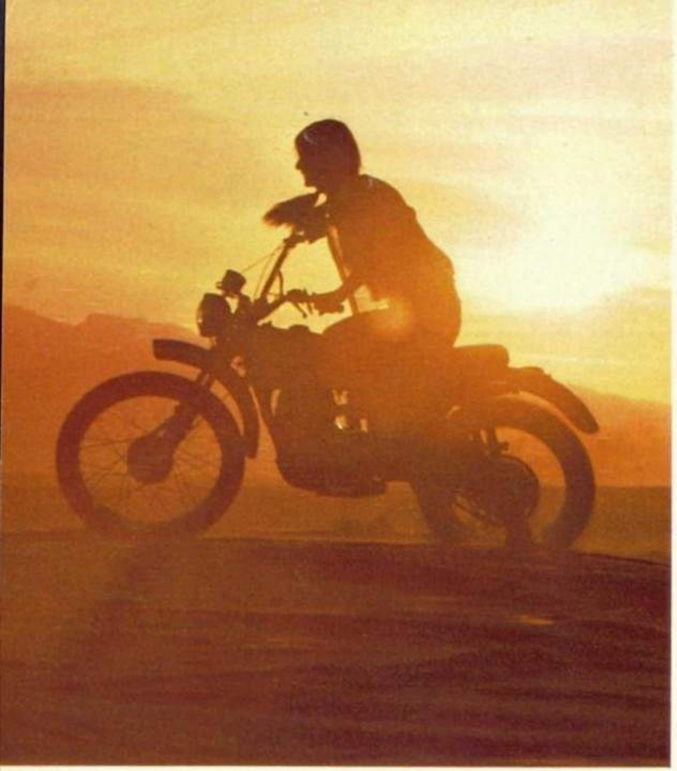
for the beauties who bloom in that neon-and-baize oasis, it's a hectic night's journey into day

Text by **JOHN SACK**

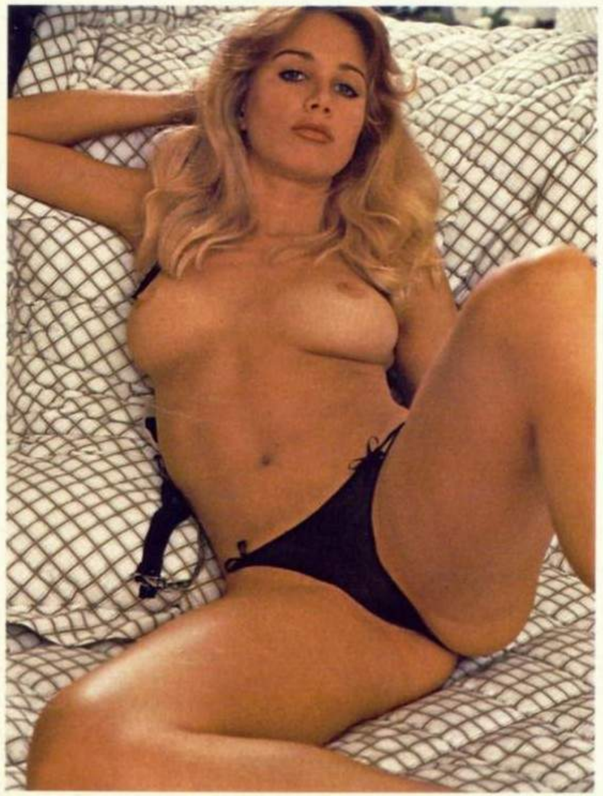
MIDNIGHT. The witching hour. When the gates of the churches creak and the tombstones topple over. When the full moon scowls like a one-eyed cat and bad girls who aren't in bed turn into chambermaids at the Holiday Inn. And their cars into summer squashes.

But not the girls of Las Vegas. At midnight, the Strip is so radiant in its 10,000,000 watts that a girl could study the fine print of the help-wanted ads. For here, God has created desert—the sands, the dunes and the native animals, such as the pink flamingos—out of pink neon bulbs, and the midnight hour is as incandescent as midday anywhere else. As everyone else has a good-night

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER



Life among the Las Vegas footlights attracts many young women, such as dancer Angelique Pettyjohn, pictured on the preceding page. But sometime car hiker, caddie and dirt biker Susan Smith (above) prefers dawn's early light on the outskirts of town to the neon glow of the Strip. Vegas is but a dice throw away from Lake Mead National Recreation Area and Susan says she thrives in the outdoors. There she is, above right, amid crested waves of desert sand. By the way, there's plenty of that around. Nevada happens to be our driest state.



Just a double axel away from the scorching desert, cool heads, tails, etc., prevail at the Hacienda Hotel's Ice Fantasy Show. Tammy Feuer (above), one of the Hacienda skaters who has hopes of becoming an actress or a dancer, shows an ostrich-plumed derrière. When Tammy's not doing pirouettes around the rink, she heads to jazz-dance class or a disco. At home (left), Tammy catches up on her R & R.

Christine DeSimone (below and right), who has been a professional dancer since she was 15, now performs at the Casino de Paris in The Dunes Hotel. She used to cheer for the Pittsburgh Steelers as a Steelerette.

cognac, it is coffee break for the girls of Las Vegas.

•

12:01 A.M. Or thereabouts in a hollow corridor at the Circus Circus, Terry Cavaretta, a trim-built girl in a silver-spangled bikini, takes the hands of her sisters, saying a cheerleader's cheer for the 6000th time, "We'll do an act without a fall! We're all for one and one for all!"

"God be with us," her older sister says.

"Sticky," Terry comments, looking down at her sweating palms.

And they climb to the flying trapeze in the clerestory over the five-line slot machines. On the chain ladder, Terry now and then pauses, her arm high, her back arched, her knee as high as a drum majorette's, the posture of pinups on battleship ladders in World War Two. She swings to the roof, almost, on her trapeze, and then, letting go, she goes into a triple somersault and—*ohhh, ohhh*—falls on her back on the safety net.

The drum rolls. And jumping up and

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun. Ella Lynn Kallish (right), a trouper at The Dunes Hotel, goes out in it, too; only to catch 40 winks at midday, though. By midnight, she'll be onstage for the second show.

Norma Jean Fregeau (left) is a real homebody. She likes to cook, sew—and even plays the piano. At work as a pit clerk at the Hotel Sahara's baccarat table (below), Norma checks on your limit when Lady Luck takes a powder. It's a high-tension job; the wrong word from Norma can put you right out of the game, so to relax on her days off, she points her car west and takes a drive along the ocean.

This charming discovery below left, appropriately named Brandy Ray, works as a cocktail waitress. At home, she's a gourmet cook, but the attentive will also spot her in local television commercials. Brigitte Corvaisier (below right) was born in France. She's presently a bank teller but sets her sights on a career in travel. For fun, Brigitte assembles models; she's putting together the *Star Wars* series now.

smiling a Doublemint smile to indicate that she isn't dead, she climbs back to her silver-sequined sisters. "I did something funny," Terry whispers.

"You had one leg high. And one leg broke," a sister says, "and you broke with it."

"Really?" Terry says. She seizes the bar again and she says cheese. And floats through the air with the greatest of ease. While wearing her silver B.V.D.s. And does three somersaults, if you please!

I'm in love with the girl on the flying trapeze!

•

12:30 A.M. "Oh, God forbid," says Tammy Feuer, a blonde, an absolute doll, a girl whose laugh is a waterfall in the Sierras. In bare breasts but in feathers of some orange ostrich and (as if enough weren't enough) in ice skates, too, she has just discerned that a skate blade is looser than a sandal's sole as the curtain ascends on the ice show at the Hacienda Hotel. The audience applauds. The orchestra plays *Let Us Entertain You*. "Oh, God," Tammy laughs, and starts skating on in figure eights. To fall on an un-ice-proofed ass in front of 600 people!

She doesn't. And, skating off, she clumps upstairs to her dressing room to fetch (from the lip pencils, eye pencils, eye-liner pencils, etc.) a six-inch screwdriver. Her leg in the lotus posture, her hand as adept as the village smith's, she screws herself together again, and she laughs as she picks up *Pencil Puzzles*.

(1) Most everyone enjoys a good pumpkin.
(2) Most everyone pumpkins every day.
(3) Generally——

Tammy laughs. "Go and guess what *pumpkin* is," she says to the girl at the photo-plastered mirror near her. The photos, incidentally, are of naked men.

"I already guessed. It's *talk*," the girl replies.

Tammy laughs again. And everyone down for the South American number! In bare breasts but a hat of paper grapes, apples and oranges and in her ice-evaporating smile, she is skating on just after laughing, "Aaagh! The screws are all loose again!"

•

1:00 A.M. It's mad, mad, mad on the stage of the one-o'clock spectacle at the Dunes. The big red curtain is down and the panting stagehands are dragging away the ocher columns of Karnak, the Pyramids of Giza, the Sphinx and the other antiquities from the Egyptian number. Ella Kallish, six feet tall, three feet (and one inch) topless and 142 in intelligence quotient—Ella has, well, buttonholed another performer to try to terminate one of the more exorbitant of the lifestyles of Las Vegas. For months,

You might say Rhoda Barton (above) is doggedly determined; she raises pedigreed Huskies. Young and tall and tan and lovely Darlene Madison (below) deals 21 at the Golden Nugget. She works in the production department at the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, makes television commercials and somehow finds time to paint, too, which may be why she's resting here.

she has taken taxis to the stores, laundromats, *discothèques* and The Dunes and has spent $4000 doing it.

"I hear you're selling an Opel," Ella says.

"Yeah——"

"First," Ella continues, "let me explain my financial situation. Since when I do, no one's interested anymore. I can pay fifty dollars weekly."

"OK, I'll give you the lowball from the *Blue Book*."

"*I got wheels!*" Ella yells, pulling off the clothes of Cleopatra, pulling on the clothes of Pocahontas and whooping onto a wigwam-congested stage for the Indian number. "Heyaya! Heyaya! Heya heya heya!" the men in their loincloths sing.

In the audience are 200 gentlemen of Japan (lucky little stiffs: To them it's five in the afternoon) and Rhoda Barton, a cocktail waitress with a 40-inch bust. "It shocks me," Rhoda whispers. "It's nasty to walk around with your titties out."

•

1:30 A.M. In the casinos, in the dim light of *(text continued on page 140)*

Carol Nicholson (left), who hails from north of the border, has kept herself on ice for several years: She's a professional skater. Following a five-year stint with the Ice Capades, this lovely Canadian has performed in a number of Las Vegas ice shows—at the moment, the Hacienda's Ice Fantasy extravaganza, in which she's the center skater in the photo above. Off hours, Carol camps out in the mountains.

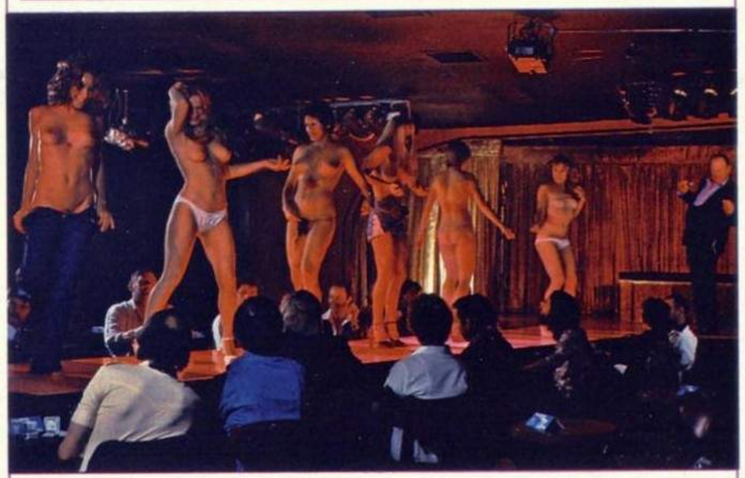
Sallie Lancaster (above, flashing a smile), obviously favors the wet look so popular in T-shirt contests and car washes. If Sallie looks familiar, it may be that you've seen her as a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club. Lea Renalt (below) showers herself with memories. A professional model, Lea's got plenty of photos to ponder. At right, Eva Maria Courtoi reveals an itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny tan line. A real fitness freak, Eva manages a health club. Her real goal, though, she confessed to us, is to dance with a punk-rock group.

STRIP TEACH

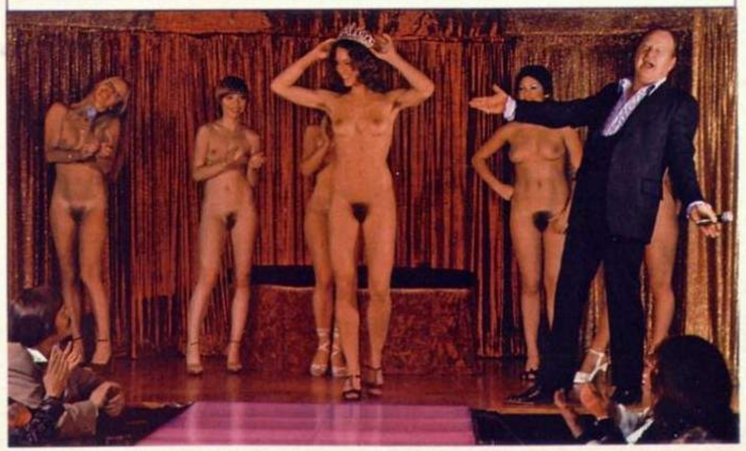
in which a would-be pedagog finds a new career at vegas' palomino club

Vegas tourists tend to break out and boogie in a way that would make the neighbors back home blush. Of course, all they'll ever know is what you tell them on your postcard. For instance, you may forget to mention the night you horsed around at the Palomino Club, a popular, bottomless burlesque establishment that features a nightly amateur striptease contest. The runway is open to all comers and has drawn graying matrons as well as Teri Tomas, the young student teacher whose victorious promenade we record on these pages. The competition begins with solo performances, everybody stripping down from street clothes to birthday suits. Then all contestants return and do it again together, and the winner is selected by audience applause. Resident applause-o-meter and creator of the contest is onetime burlesque comedian Bob Mitchell, who acts as m.c. and generally encourages Palomino Club audiences to feel their oats. The audience, by the way, usually includes as many women as men. The contestants—who come from all over the world—are, however, 100 percent woman. The winner receives a cash prize and gets to put her clothes back on, but every entrant can leave the runway firm in the conviction that for a few minutes, however fleetingly, every eye in the room was glued to her.

The spotlight and the drumbeat coax women from all walks of life onto the Palomino stage. That's student teacher Teri Tomas, left, before her striptease debut. As you can see in the photo above, Teri (far left) is starting to shed her inhibitions.



Compared with some of her rivals, Teri may be off to a slow start (above), but her jeans finally slip to the stage. And, in the end, our teach emerges victorious: Bob Mitchell pronounces her the Palomino's top filly of the evening (below).



Most Palomino winners ride high on five minutes of exhibitionism, then zip up and go home. Not so for Teri Tomas. The school bell no longer tolls for her. She's chosen a new line, that of professional stripper. Following an apprenticeship at the Palomino, Teri has taken her show on the road. Judging from the pictures on this page, she caught on fast. Clockwise, from left: Teri shakes a tail feather (oops, forgot the feather), romps down the runway, does a few leg stretches and pauses for a briefly close encounter with patrons.

chandeliers: in the pallor of middle earth, a Mexican in an apricot-colored suit is pressing—raising—the bet by $500, $500, $500 at the Sahara's baccarat table. As the six of diamonds comes from the red-plastic shoe, he learns that he has lost $4500. "You can't count very good," the Mexican shouts. In his white-patent-leather pumps (and his white matching bobby socks) he looks like the Godfather.

"No, you owe forty-five hundred dollars," the dealer murmurs.

"You better not get smart," the Mexican shouts.

"I'm not getting——"

"I ain't signing nothing for forty-five!"

Norma Fregeau, the pit clerk, an exotically colored girl who sits in an ill-lit corner with a couple of dozen pigeonholes and staplers, sharpeners and paper clips like a clerk in some melancholy novel by Dickens, is placing a call on a five-button telephone. "Give me a rundown on"—and she names the Mexican. "He's out," she reports to the dealer a minute later.

"What?"

"He's out," Norma repeats, and she slices her index finger across her gold-chokered throat. She looks coolly out of her corner at that maraca-mouth from Mexico. "Turkey," she whispers.

•

2:00 A.M. At this dark hour, Darlene Madison is looking quite like a harpist as she deals 21 at the Golden Nugget. The cards fly off her finger tips like sixteenth notes. One quick fingernail neatens them and she sweeps them up one minute later as if she were doing glissandi in Debussy's *Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp*. And, plink! She slides a pile of ten-dollar chips to an old, old man in a red-plaid shirt. "Oh, thank you," the old man says. "I'll give you a smooch for it."

"Now don't be a fool and be losing it," Darlene says.

She's serious. Her brother lost all his money once (and $400 of hers, besides) in 21 in Las Vegas. She remembers him. She remembers how she and Sonny had looked for lizards in their childhood, saying, "Now, don't touch their tails!" She had translated for him, too:

"I wanna wassa gassa."

"*What?*" their mother would say.

"He wants a glass of water, Mom."

And 20 years later, he had come to her, crying, "I got a gambling problem, sis."

"So that's where the money's gone to."

"I'm moving out to Chicago."

And now, the old, old man in the red-plaid shirt is in the red himself at the Golden Nugget. In its rose-colored glow, he is chewing his lower lip as he tries to recapture the pile of ten-dollar after-dinner mints. "Aww," he whines to Darlene. "Why dincha gimme a three, instead?"

"Dear Lord," Darlene, a Catholic, is saying in her most secret self, "help him to stand up and walk away from here, amen." She shuffles the cards with the fingers of a Segovia.

•

2:30 A.M. At the green table, Brigitte Corvaisier is looking down at an eight of spades as she draws a seven of hearts, saying, "All right!" She wears denim cut-offs and a T-shirt of Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck. She is barefoot, too.

On the back of the cards themselves are red, yellow, black and white pictures of Mickey Mouse. As she does every night after work (as reverently as others do transcendental meditation), she is playing solitaire in her kitchen, a half hour from the Strip at Sunrise Mountain. "I want to play rummy with you," her little sister says.

"No," Brigitte answers softly. "I want to play solitaire."

"Whatever," her little sister says.

She understands. On the one hand, there's the serenity of two-o'clock solitaire. On the other, there are the discos—the too-loud tunes, the too many men, the ones blowing smoke up someone's nose as they try to maneuver her to their pads. Her sister remembers how Brigitte said, "I wouldn't want to trade solitaire for all that hustle and bustle, would you?"

The light of the chandelier falls on the tablecloth as Brigitte, a bank teller by day, is drawing a six of spades, saying, "All riiight!"

•

3:00 A.M. But everyone else in Vegas is on the oak floor of its innest disco, the Jubilation. Terry, the girl on the flying trapeze, is dancing to *Stayin' Alive*. Ella, the girl with the taxi habit, is telling an import-export man, "I'm for dancing. I'm not for romancing." Norma, the pit clerk, is telling friends, "I'm going to be in PLAYBOY." A girl whose exotic origins are France, Italy and Spain, her fantasy is to be shown in the centerfold at a *plaza de toros* somewhere with a bull, certifiably tame, and no other clothes but her red muleta.

"You understand about the stars in the P," a salesman says to Norma. He refers to the little stars on the cover of PLAYBOY, one to 11 for the Eastern, Western, et al., editions.

"No, what about them?" Norma asks.

"They're there on account of Hefner. One for every time that he balls the Playmate."

"I don't believe it!"

"You better believe it," the salesman says.

"But I haven't even *met* him," Norma protests.

Cynthia Parker is in her 15th minute of nonstop stepping but—too broke for the Jubilation—is one mile east, jogging along the rubber-coated track at the University of Nevada. Jogging at three o'clock in the morning, everyone! In the starlight, like a camel crossing the desert ("The sun's anvil," says Omar Sharif in *Lawrence of Arabia*). Clop, clop, clop, Cindy is dressed in blue nylon shorts, and at her blue-and-white-striped feet a German shepherd is nipping now as Cindy says, "Hey, puppy, stay in your lane!" And *clop* for another quarter mile.

•

3:30 A.M. On coming home from the Jubilation, Sallie Lancaster hears the sound of a man upstairs. "Is that you, Sallie?"

"Hi, Daddy," Sallie says. And, washing up, she goes to the copper-colored stove and is cooking herself a supper of bacon, cheese, catsup, scrambled eggs and a Pepsi as her father, 60, a dentist, comes in in blue-striped pajamas.

"Sallie, what do you think they'll say in PLAYBOY?"

"I don't know, Daddy. Why?"

" 'Cause what do you think they can say? I'm normal. You're normal. We are just normal people."

"I'll drink to it, Daddy."

"So what's there to say about us, Sallie? You wake up, you brush your teeth—and you brush the damn enamel off—you work every day and you come home."

"*Sometimes* I come home," Sallie says. She smiles an imp's little smile, the tip of her tongue in her immaculate teeth.

"So you shack up, sometimes, too. And that's normal, too," her father says.

"Oh, Daddy. I do more than you do."

"Do you do it backward upside down?"

"I might not be as knowledgeable as you, because——"

"You don't do it backward upside down?"

"Because you're older than I am, and——"

"Backward upside down. Ah, I had fun that way," her father says. "Now I don't even do it. Except every year at Thanksgiving."

And they talk, talk, talk. By the clock on the copper-colored oven, it is bedtime even in Honolulu.

•

4:00 A.M. Extra! Extra! Someone has fallen asleep in Las Vegas, Nevada! It happened, inadvertently, of course, to Tammy, the screw-loose girl at the ice show, as she watched the *Late, Late, Late Show* on channel five, *An American in Paris*. At her home, Tammy had changed to rubber thongs, sat on the spinach-colored carpet, turned on a Zenith and listened to her boyfriend say of

(concluded on page 142)

a warning to virgins and young men about a certain vile practice

from a New England broadside of 1785

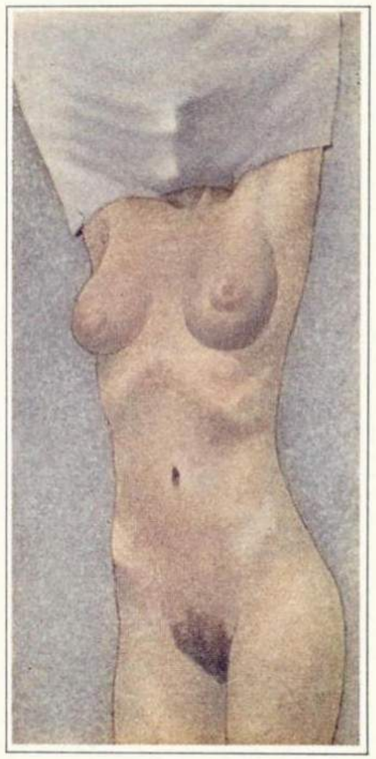
Ribald Classic

BUNDLING. A man and a woman sleeping in the same bed, he with his small clothes, and she with her petticoats on; an expedient practiced in America on a scarcity of beds, where, on such an occasion, husbands and parents frequently permitted travelers to bundle with their wives and daughters.—*1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.*

a new bundling song:

Or a reproof to those Young Country Women, who follow that reproachful Practice, and to their Mothers for upholding them therein.

Since bundling very much abounds,
In many parts in country towns,
No doubt but some will spurn my song,
And say I'd better hold my tongue;
But none, I'm sure, will take offense,
Or deem my song impertinence,
But only those who guilty be,
And plainly here their pictures see.
Some maidens say, if through the nation,
Bundling should quite go out of fashion,
Courtship would lose its sweets; and they
Could have no fun till wedding day.
It shan't be so, they rage and storm,
And country girls in clusters swarm,
And fly and buzz, like angry bees,
And vow they'll bundle when they please.
Some mothers, too, will plead their cause,
And give their daughters great applause,
And tell them, 'tis no sin nor shame,
For we, your mothers, did the same;
We hope the custom ne'er will alter,
But wish its enemies a halter.
Dissatisfaction great appear'd,
In several places where they've heard
Their preacher's bold, aloud disclaim
That bundling is a burning shame;
This, too, was cause of direful rout
And talk'd and told of, all about,
That ministers should disapprove
Sparks courting in a bed of love,
So justified the custom more
Than e'er was heard or known before.
The pulpit then it seems must yield,
And female valor take the field,
In places where their custom long
Increasing strength has grown so strong;
When mothers herein bear a sway,
And daughters joyfully obey.
And young men highly pleased, too,
Good Lord! what can't the devil do?
Can this vile practice ne'er be broke?
Is there no way to give a stroke,
To wound it or to strike it dead,
And girls with sparks not go to bed?
'Twill strike them more than preacher's tongue,
To let the world know what they've done,



And let it be in common fame,
Held up to view a noted shame.
Young miss, if this your practice be,
I'll teach you now yourself to see:
You plead you're honest, modest, too,
But such a plea will never do;
For how can modesty consist,
With shameful practice such as this?
I'll give your answer to the life:
"You don't undress, like man and wife."
That is your plea, I'll freely own,
But who's your bondsman when alone,
That further rules you will not break,
And marriage liberties partake?
Some really do, as I suppose,
Upon design keep on some clothes,
And yet in truth, I'm not afraid
For to describe a bundling maid:
She'll sometimes say when she lies down,
She can't be cumber'd with a gown,
And that the weather is so warm,
To take it off can be no harm:
The girl, it seems, had been at strift;
For widest bosom to her shift,
She gownless, when the bed they're in,
The spark, nought feels but naked skin.
But she is modest, also chaste,
While only bare from neck to waist,
And he of boasted freedom sings
Of all above her apron strings.
And where such freedoms great are shar'd
And further freedoms feebly bar'd,
I leave for others to relate
How long she'll keep her virgin state.
Another pretty lass we'll scan,
Who loves to bundle with a man,
For many different ways they take,
Through modest rules they all will break.
Some clothes I'll keep on, she will say,
For that has always been my way,
Nor would I be quite naked found,
With spark in bed, for thousand pound.
But petticoats, I've always said,
Were never made to wear in bed.
I'll take them off, keep on my gown,
And then I dare defy the town
To charge me with immodesty,
While I so ever cautious be.
The spark was pleased with his maid,
Of apprehension quick he said,
Her witty scheme was keen, he swore,
Lying in gown open before.
Another maid when in the dark,
Going to bed with her dear spark,
She'll tell him that 'tis rather shocking
To bundle in with shoes and stockings.
Nor scrupling but she's quite discreet,
Lying with naked legs and feet,
With petticoat so thin and short
That she is scarce the better for't;
But you will say that I'm unfair,
That some who bundle take more care,
For some we may with truth suppose
Bundle in bed with all their clothes.
But bundler's clothes are no defense,
Unruly horses push the fence;
A certain fact I'll now relate,
That's true, indeed, without debate.
A bundling couple went to bed,
With all their clothes from foot to head.
That the defense might seem complete,
Each one was wrapped in a sheet.
But, Oh! this bundlin's such a witch
The man of her did catch the itch,
And so provoked was the wretch
That she of him a bastard catch'd.
Ye bundle misses, don't you blush,
You hang your heads and bid me hush.
If you won't tell me how you feel,
I'll ask your sparks, they best can tell.
But it is custom, you will say,
And custom always bears the sway.
If I won't take my sparks to bed,
A laughingstock I shall be made;
A vulgar custom 'tis, I own,
Admir'd by many a slut and clown,
But 'tis a method of proceeding,
As much abhorr'd by those of breeding.
You're welcome to the lines I've penn'd,
For they were written by a friend,
Who'll think himself quite well rewarded
If this vile practice is discarded.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

GIRLS OF LAS VEGAS (continued from page 140)

"Grabbing up her clothes, she is running out of the park with all of her 40 inches out."

Gene Kelly. "Wow! He can really dance, can't he?"

"He's fabulous!" Tammy laughed.

"I got rhythm! I got music! I got my gal! Who can ask for anything. . . ." Snore, for Tammy (who danced at her jazz-dance class at four o'clock in the afternoon, ate at six o'clock, skated on thin ice at eight o'clock, auditioned as a $400 dancer at ten o'clock, skated again at 12 o'clock, went to a disco show at two o'clock) is fast asleep at four o'clock on the spinach-colored carpet. One down in Las Vegas.

•

4:30 A.M. But everyone else is up. Remember Rhoda? The girl with the 40-inch bust and the flapper's face? The one who didn't think it was decorous to walk around with your titties out? As high as the Hilton at half past four, she has regressed to baby talk and has succumbed to the munchies, too. "I wanna nanner split and a Cockie-Cola," Rhoda announces at Dairy Queen. "Aw," she says to a gentleman with her. "You got more whoop cream than I do." Her index finger fillips a little of his whipped cream off and Rhoda continues, "We gotta *chair*, man," or, in translation, "We gotta *share*, man. Do you want my cherry?"

"Yeah," the man says.

"You gotta catch it. Oh," she continues as he opens his mouth and closes his eyes, "you look like a panting dog. Catch!" It ricochets off his nose and Rhoda says, "Oh, I lost my little cherry!"

The two skiddoo from the Dairy Queen. A ball in a pinball machine, the car that they're in caroms through the lights of Vegas to Sunset Park. It is now closed, but the two climb over the Cyclone fence to the manual merry-go-round as Rhoda says, "I wanna go on the hippie potamus!" After that, Rhoda does cartwheels to the monkey bar, the slide and the swing and, as she swings higher, higher and *higher*, says, "Oh! oh! I'm getting nauseous!" And falling off and taking off her yellow top (DON'T TOUCH THE KNOBS, THEY'RE ADJUSTED, the letters say) and her white pants, she and her date make love in the dark in Sunset Park.

"There's the Big Dipper," Rhoda whispers. It's 30 minutes later, and she is supine on the star-shadowed grass.

"Where is it?"

"There. Right there," Rhoda whispers.

Chi chi chi chi——

"God! What's going on?" Rhoda cries.

Chi chi chi chi——

"God! They've turned the sprinklers on us," Rhoda cries. "And there are the rangers there!" And grabbing up her clothes and her red-and-green-flowered purse, she is running out of the park with all of her 40 inches out. And everything else.

•

5:00 A.M. Ella, the taxi addict, the girl with the six-foot body and the 142 intelligence quotient, is depressed with the Jubilation. She scribbles on a cocktail napkin, "The painted smiles on plastered faces, like the blank pictures on white walls." All night long, Ella has been assailed by the unabashed men in open-buttoned shirts. "Wow, I'm in love with you." "Oh, you're wearing white. It will go with my car." "Do you do cocaine, baby?" "Do you want to go, uh, somewhere else?" "It will be cool, baby."

"As cool as the other side of your pillow," Ella has answered that one. And scribbling this on another cocktail napkin, she has finished her Coke and slipped out of the Jubilation.

"Hey, Ella," the doorman says. "You come alone and you go home alone. How come?"

"It's how I like it," Ella says.

A taxi takes her to her bedroom/living room. In her refrigerator, there is a $70 bottle of Taittinger 1971 ("I'm sorry. They're out of '66," an admirer with a pink carnation told her), but it's half frozen over, like a frozen daiquiri. "Well, I've got me a champagne frappé," says Ella, and she pours some into a plastic glass. She sits down, extricates (like an infant at a difficult birth) the cocktail napkins out of her tight white pants, types the bons mots onto paper, places them in a file folder and, as she finishes her iced champagne, takes one of her own poems out for the hundreth time.

Dad makes me unhappy.
I try to talk to him
but he is so busy being sad, he doesn't hear.

Instead, I sit and stare at him
and I see age eating deeper and deeper,
gnawing at his insides,
doubling him in half.
I cannot tell him I love him.
He would not listen.

It's almost day, and she sweeps the hairpins off her cool-pillowed bed.

•

5:30 A.M. "But Daddy," says Sallie, the girl who does or doesn't do it backward upside down. "I don't really *love* him. You would be happier, wouldn't you, if I marry someone who's down to earth who I really love?"

"Well, honey," her dentist daddy says in their kitchen at this ungodly hour, "I can't—I can't—I can't say who you should marry. I just think if you don't hurry up, people will say, Who's that girl with the old, old man in that camper in Yellowstone Park?"

Sallie laughs, and her tongue in her teeth is a jujube. "Daddy, I'll hurry up," Sallie says.

And *tick tock* goes the clock on the copper-colored oven. God, has anyone in this city slept tonight? Yes, Betty Bryant, a hostess at Caesars Palace, has been asleep since nine in her four-poster colonial bed. To stay up all hours is not her habit anymore. A few years ago, she had two bottles of Cabernet every night, pot, phenobarbitol, codeine, cocaine, 150 milligrams of Serax and one hard pack of Nat Sherman's Cigarettes. She worked as a madam and for recreation was a real witch, honest to God. "*Okka wakokka*," or something like it, Betty would say, and someone a mile away would drop over dead. She was suicidal herself. And one day, she washed with Tone and brushed with Aim and gargled with Listerine and told herself, "It's a new day, and it's a new life."

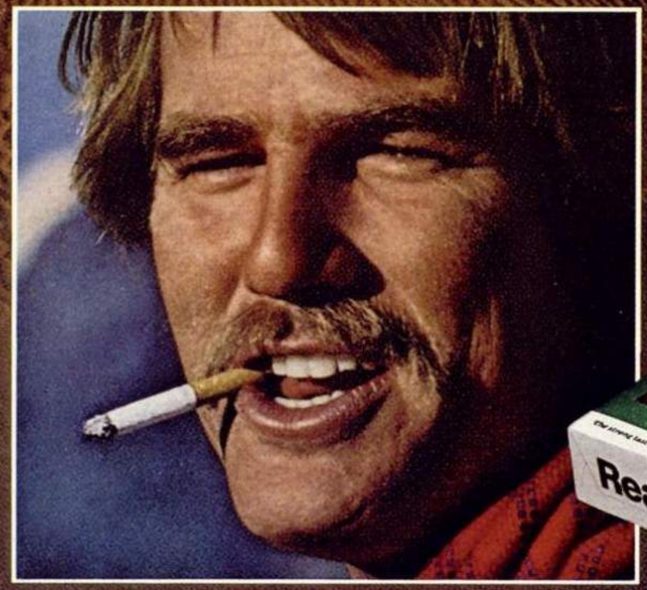
By half past five today (as every day), she has been awake with the sparrows, has fed 300 sparrows, has walked her German shepherd, has fed her cat and has watered her 40 pothoses, philodendrons and ferns, telling them, "Grow for me! Get beautiful!" She has eaten her seven-grain cereal in a silver-rimmed bowl to fortify her for 16 hours of tennis, racquetball, training dogs, riding horses, breaking horses and driving her four-wheeler up to Red Rock Canyon. Right now, she is stretching her arms, hands and finger tips to the white horizon in the *surya namaskara asanas* of yoga to greet the morning sun.

•

6:00 A.M. Myself, if I must be up at the dawn's early light, it better be to be going to bed, thank you, and I am driving to my air-conditioned and drape-darkened room as the sun overpowers the lights of the Sands, The Dunes, the Sahara and the Flamingo Hilton hotels. So good night, or good morning, girls of Silver Dollar City. I love you all. Do not believe, reader, that the young women of Vegas are hookers and hard-nosed opportunists—no, they're as warm, fresh and miraculous as anyone else in America. Appreciate them. But just don't telephone them until one o'clock.

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Only 9 mg tar.

"Real's got dynamite taste! Strong...more like a high tar."

The strong tasting low tar.

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Rothschild

(continued from page 82)

"The '29 Mouton was not just the best wine served that night but a wine to mark one's life."

one another's stuffy evening dress and, within minutes, Thia and I felt embraced. There were no social tests to pass. We were there and that was enough. By the time the butler announced dinner, we were boisterous and talkative.

In ancient European homes belonging to nobles, it was the custom not to have a dining room but to set up dinner tables in different locations around the castle. Our first dinner at Mouton was served in the baron's library. Surrounded by leather-bound first editions, we sat down at a table set by the library windows. By tradition, there are no cut flowers anywhere at Mouton: Every plant is living. On the table were about a dozen tiny pots, each planted with a different wildflower or wood. The late Pauline de Rothschild, Philippe's American-born wife, is credited with the château's artistry, including the peculiar and original table decor: tall cauliflowers, a small berry bush, a couple of asparagus shoots.

(A few days later, I peeked into another room where a woman gardener known as Marie-la-Fleur, trained by Pauline, was arranging her tiny potted plants for dinner. Her main job at the château is to take a daily bicycle ride through the countryside to gather plants and weeds; then, when she places the evening's selection on the table, she sits in every guest's chair for a few moments, adjusting the position of each pot to make sure that no person's vision of the ones across the table is obstructed.)

Meals at Mouton are accompanied by a small printed menu with the Rothschild coat of arms embossed at the top—five arrows fanned out like a hand of cards, held together by a ram's head. The courses are listed (Philippe's chef has refused offers from three-star restaurants), followed by a list of wines: three at lunch, four at dinner. The best wine of the evening is reserved for the third course. That first night, after a Château Margaux and a Château Latour that were roughly as old as I am—33—the house wine was poured from one of the baron's special, high-necked decanters: It was a 1929 Château Mouton-Rothschild. Those knowledgeable about wine consider the '29 Mouton the wine of the century. If you can find a bottle to buy, it will run you upwards of $740. So it was not just the best wine served that night but a wine to mark one's life.

Conversation was eclectic, careening from drama to politics to the recent visit of "Queen Mum" to the foibles of some of the guests at the table. It was unstrained and funny and occasionally raunchy. If anyone threatened to become pompous or pretentious, Joan Littlewood was ready to pounce. This did not exclude Philippe. After a short stretch of baronial pontification on French politics:

JOAN: Say, Guv, you belong on Hyde Park Corner.

PHILIPPE: Ah, Joan, people in glass houses——

JOAN: Should turn out the lights when they go to bed.

PHILIPPE: Let's just have some silence for a change. (*A moment's quiet around the table.*) Ahhh, what a nice silence.

JOAN: Mmm-hmm. And look who broke it.

Dinner lasted three hours. Philippe flirted with Thia and held forth in a commanding voice that would break into a braying, full-throated laugh, mostly when Joan said something. Guy talked about his friend Simone Signoret; Lars about a wonderful castle he and Ingrid had visited in Norway; Philippine about a *Star Trek* episode and Monsieur Spock; I scrubbed the rust off my French and tried to keep up. With my second glass of '29, I insisted on complimenting Philippe on the wine and drawing him out on the subject. "*Oui, c'est pas mal*," he admitted. A high compliment: Not bad. He refused to use the jargon of connoisseurs, dismissing most wine experts with a snort of contempt. "Snobs are useful," he said, "but I judge my wine by whether my guests ask for seconds." Besides, he went on, a wine can't be judged in a vacuum. It depends on the circumstances in which it is savored. And by those standards, he said, the best bottle of wine he ever had was a carafe of ordinary white wine he shared with the first love of his life in a tavern in the Pyrenees. . . .

"First love!" Joan sniffed. "Why don't you tell us about your other loves?" She turned to the rest of us. "Why, the man has had adventures on every continent——"

"Now you're going too far!" Philippe warned. He sounded gruff but unmenacing.

"Oh," Joan said, unfazed, "you Rothschilds don't scare me."

"No?" The baron was already calmer.

"What are you going to do—sic your banker cousins on me?" Joan turned to me in a mock whisper. "Château Lafite is the enemy fortress. The cousins fire shots across Mouton's bows every morning before breakfast."

Philippe shot an uneasy glance at me, slapped the table in exasperation and tried to join the conversation to his left. No one was ruffled by the exchange; banter at the table was the rule. Three waiters came out with dessert—*meringue glacée*—and the cellarmaster poured the fourth wine of the evening: a chilled Château d'Yquem, the queen of the sweet sauternes, vintage 1914. On the shelves around us, books in bright-red and brown leather gleamed as the moon poked through slatted windows. I watched three generations of Rothschilds: Philippe, his head thrown back in his throaty laugh; Philippine, gesturing theatrically with a red-lacquered fingernail; Julien, his eyes darting from his mother to his grandfather.

While dessert plates were being cleared and brandy and Monte Cristos were being passed around, I asked Philippine quietly if Joan had been serious about the cousins' being enemies.

"Well, no," she said with a slight smile, "not really. There's always this, you know." She had flipped the menu between us and was tapping her finger on the coat of arms. Five arrows, clustered in the middle, pointing outward.

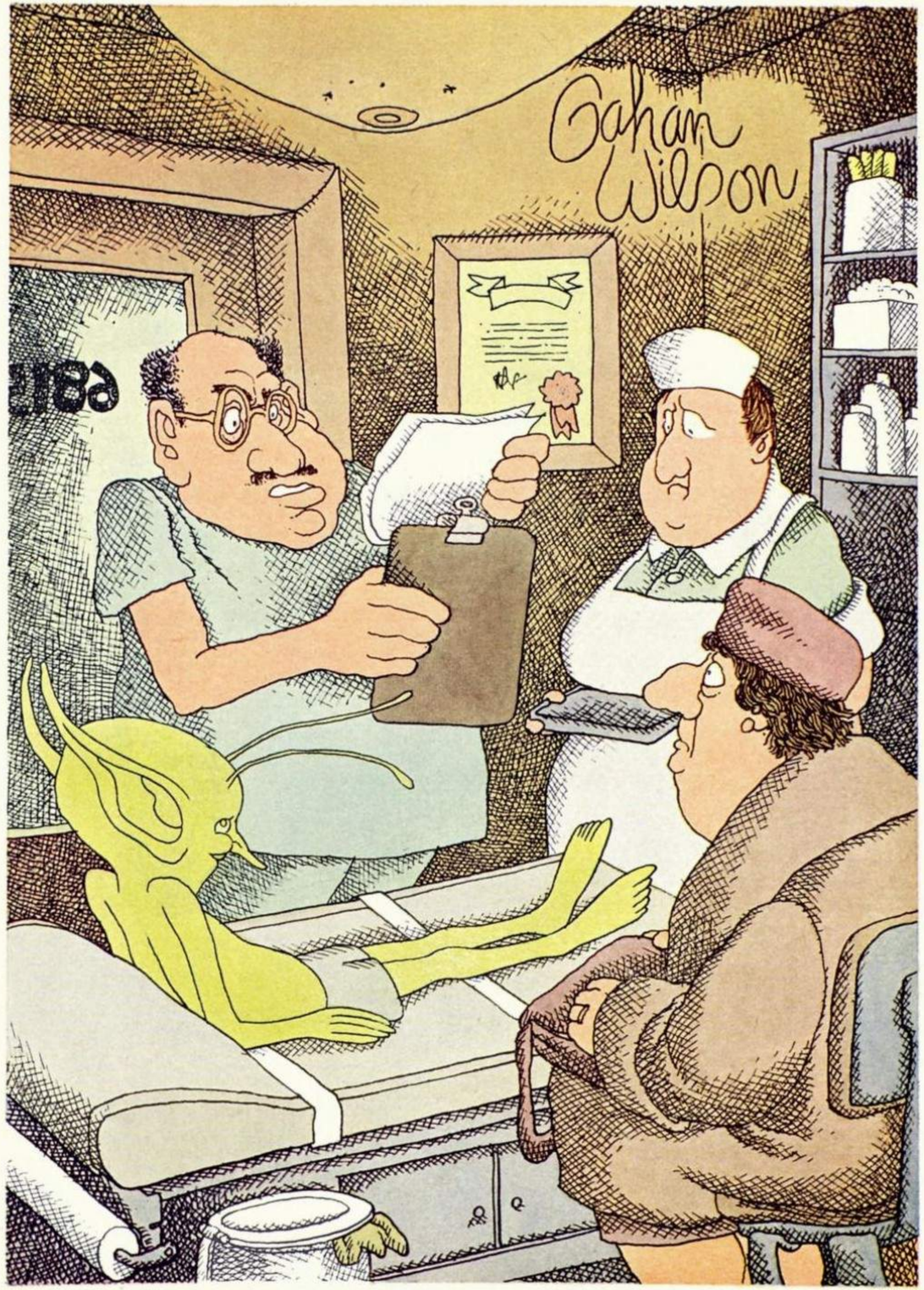
•

In 1769, like other Jews in Frankfurt's overcrowded, medieval ghetto, Mayer Rothschild had to wear a yellow star on his coat, pay a Jew Tax when he crossed a bridge and tip his hat when young thugs yelled, "Jew, do your duty!" That year, he sold a few coins to an agent of the crown prince, William, which entitled the family to a plaque by the door: BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT. In the years that followed, by collecting coins avidly and undercutting established brokers, Mayer's modest trade picked up.

He had five sons and five daughters. The daughters didn't count; the sons did—prodigiously. He taught the boys their first lesson: All the brothers shall stand together; all shall be responsible for the actions of the others. And then their second lesson: Buy cheap, sell dear.

In 1806, Napoleon invaded most of Europe. It was the Rothschilds' big break: They were commissioned by the fleeing Prince William to collect as many debts for him as they could before Napoleon's collectors did the same thing. They did fine and took their cut off the top. Number-three son, Nathan, a chubby youngster, went to London to engage in a bit of war profiteering. He did fine, too. In fact, by the time Waterloo rolled around in 1815, Nathan, who still spoke in what the British thought a comical

(continued on page 156)



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith, but our tests show your child is a changeling left by the fairies."

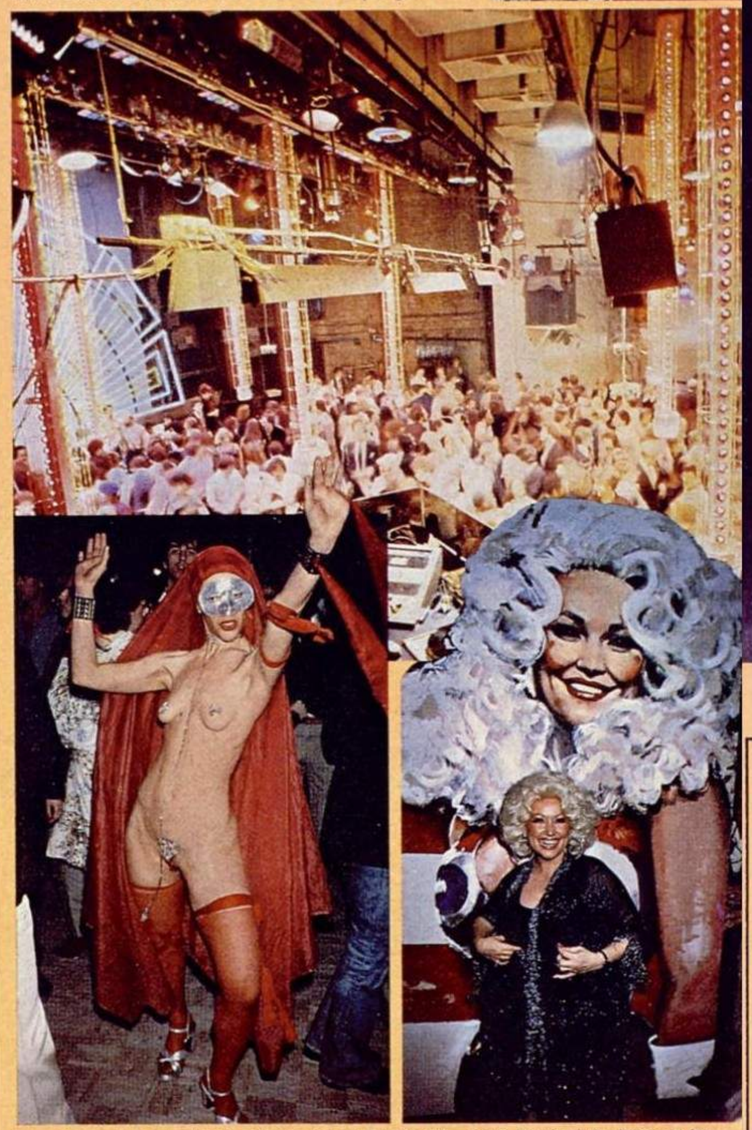
THE YEAR IN SEX

it was quite a twelvemonth—with everything from the beautiful people taking it off in discos to the pro-football brass blowing its cool over our uncoverage of those rousing cheerleaders

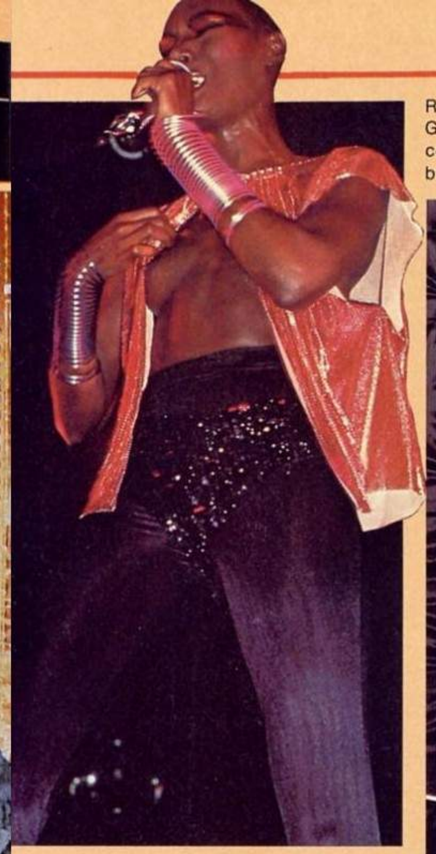
EVERY TIME we get to thinking the sexual revolution has been won, something happens to make us conscious that there are people out there who don't even know the battle has started. How else can one interpret what happened in 1978, a year in which everybody, but everybody, in the jet set vied to appear in the most outrageous costume, or lack of same, in the latest chic discos; in which nude sun-bathing became virtually commonplace; in which eternal starlet Edy Williams stripped not only at the Cannes Film Festival but in the middle of a boxing ring (as a prelude to the Muhammad Ali–Leon Spinks fight that proved rather more interesting than the title bout itself); and in which live sex clubs put orgies within every man's reach? It was also a year in which the powers that be in the National Football League, after having titillated the public with rump-wiggling, bosom-bouncing displays of femininity, reacted in holier-than-thou horror when a few of the ladies, inaccurately known as cheerleaders, actually took off some of their clothes for PLAYBOY. The performance smacked of the hypocritical, particularly in the case of the first cheerleader fired for her pose: a young lady who had held the title of Miss Nude California and was first runner-up for Miss Nude U.S.A. long before she caught the recruiting eye of the San Diego Chargers. By the time the dust clears, there may be no pro-football "cheerleading" squads left, which would be too bad: Maybe somebody should hire Edy as a sort of traveling one-woman half-time entertainment squad. For the most part, though, sex in '78 was fun—which is exactly as it should be. Read on, and enjoy.

DISCO FEVER

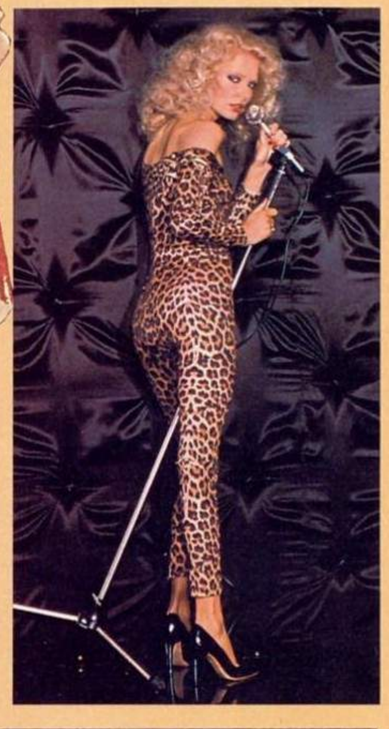
"What differentiates discomania from most of its predecessors," wrote Albert Goldman in *Esquire*, "is its overt tendency to spill over into orgy." Below, New York's Studio 54, where the Beautiful People get it on.



Everybody, but everybody, shows up at Studio 54—from masked partygoers to PLAYBOY cover girl Dolly Parton. Below, model Sterling St. Jacques makes the disco scene with Bianca Jagger (at Studio 54, left) and Liza Minnelli (on the occasion of sister Lorna Luft's birthday party at another disco, New York, New York, right).

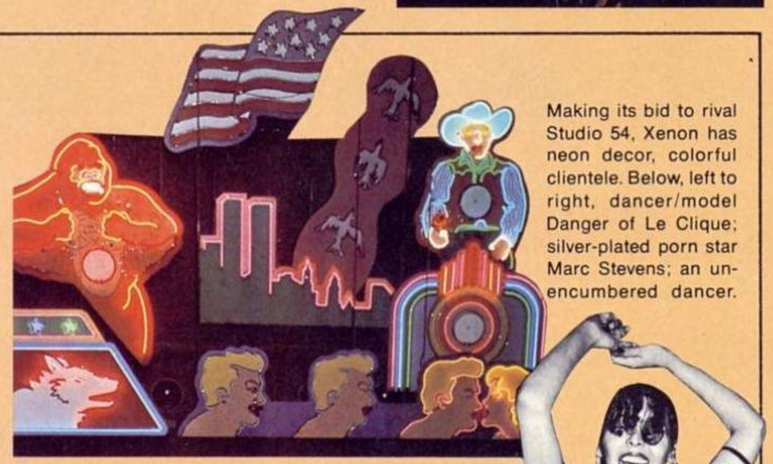


Reigning queen of disco singing is amazing Grace Jones (left, at a Studio 54 shindig); coming up fast in Europe is Sweden's blonde bombshell Madleen Kane (below).

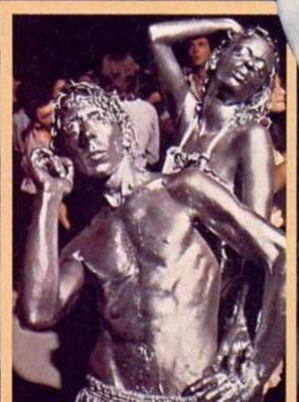


Proving they can be as far out as 54's B.P.s, partygoers cavort at Hurrah, a two-year-old Manhattan disco now devoted to rock 'n' roll (above).

Guests at La Valbonne, a private disco in London, sometimes choose a novel way of cooling it: joining the bikinied miss in the pool (above). In Miami, the action is at Le Dome in the Cricket Club (below).

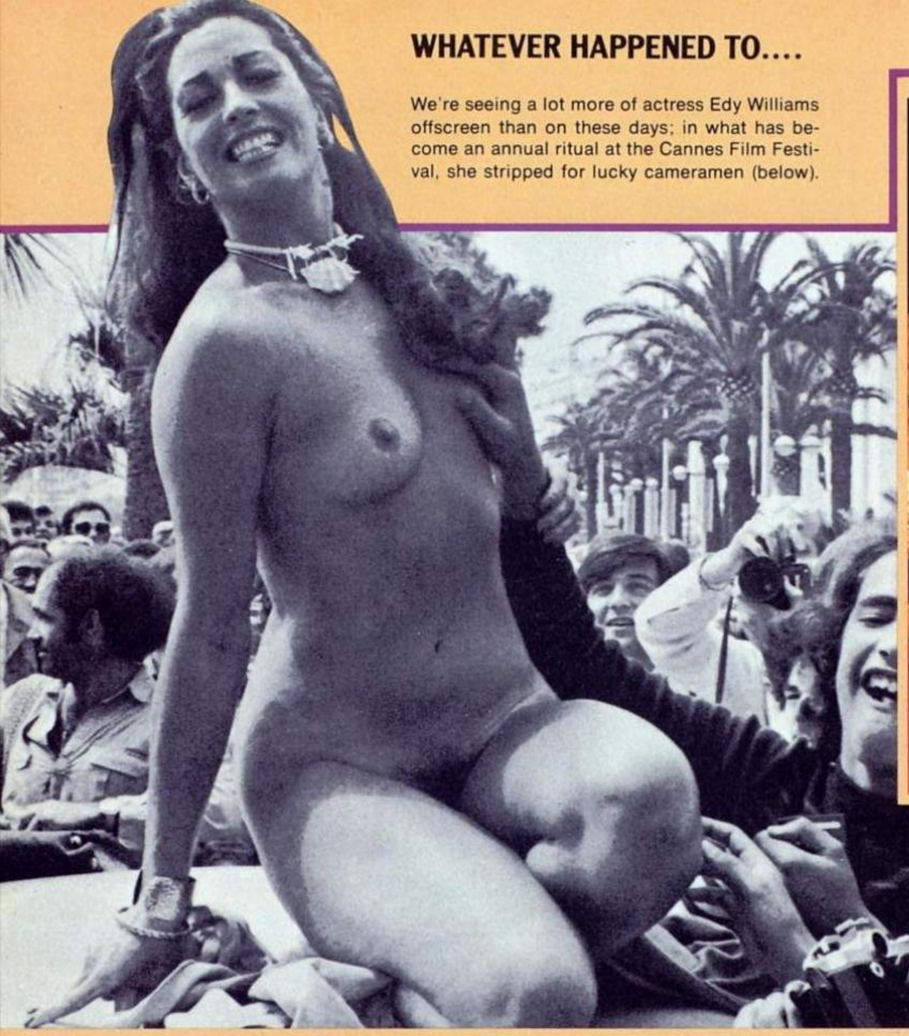


Making its bid to rival Studio 54, Xenon has neon decor, colorful clientele. Below, left to right, dancer/model Danger of Le Clique; silver-plated porn star Marc Stevens; an unencumbered dancer.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO....

We're seeing a lot more of actress Edy Williams offscreen than on these days; in what has become an annual ritual at the Cannes Film Festival, she stripped for lucky cameramen (below).



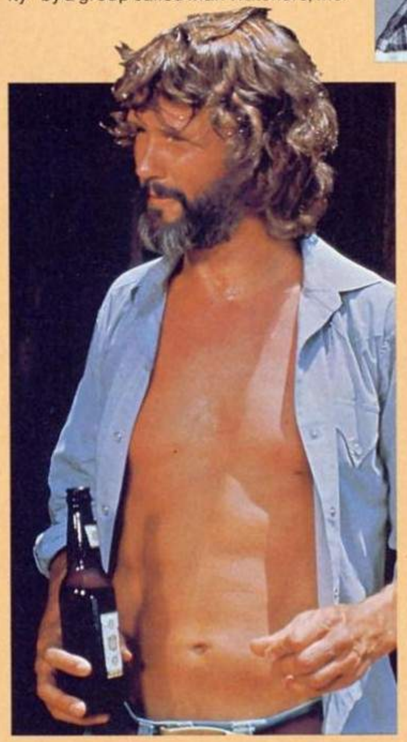
As for Marilyn (*Behind the Green Door*) Chambers (above left), she went straight, both onstage in a Vegas production of *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* and onscreen in the R-rated motion picture *Rabid*.

Carol Connors, *Deep Throat*'s nurse, returned to hard-core with *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*—and worked out (above) religiously enough to set a California state women's weight-lifting record.

WINNERS AND LOSERS

Anita Bryant's supporters repealed a batch of gay-rights ordinances, but a student poll paired her with Hitler as the persons having most damaged the world.

Kris Kristofferson, every woman's favorite Rhodes scholar, was named Most Watchable Male and cited for "sensitivity" by a group called Man Watchers, Inc.



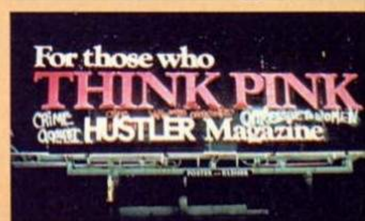
San Diego Chargette Elizabeth Caleca (above) already held two nudist titles, but when she posed for PLAYBOY's December issue, the Chargers sacked their rally squad.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

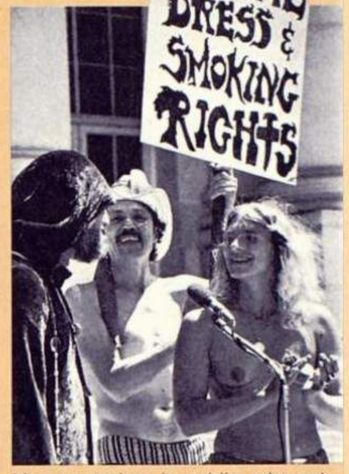
Uncle Sam got into the go-go biz (left, top and bottom) when an owner of the Lone Star Beef House, Washington, went to prison: He'd bought the topless bar with embezzled Federal funds. Presidential aide Hamilton Jordan (below left) had nothing but troubles in '78: He was accused of spitting a gooey drink at a woman in a singles bar and of making racy remarks to a diplomat's wife, and his own wife filed for divorce. And the revelation that Jennifer Lee Wesner had been a topless model (below right) may possibly have helped her place last in Pennsylvania's Democratic gubernatorial primary.

A House subcommittee released files tracing the Unification Church, headed by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon (above) to a Korean sex cult that baptized via intercourse; curvy Kellie Everts (right) became a Stripper for Christ.

The President's sister, evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton (below), helped Larry (*Hustler*) Flynt (right) be born again; he needed all the help he could get after being busted for pornography, paralyzed by a would-be assassin's bullet and even having his billboards defaced (bottom).

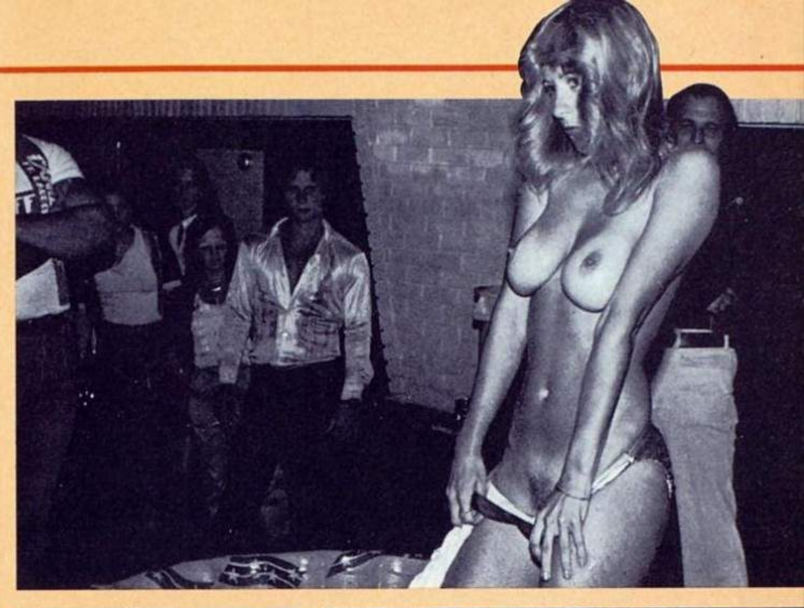


Skirmishing with local politicians have been the partisans of Black's Beach, San Diego (left), no longer officially nude, and members of a rock group, The Stranglers, who finally got permission from the Greater London Council to perform in Battersea Park—where they let it all hang out (above).

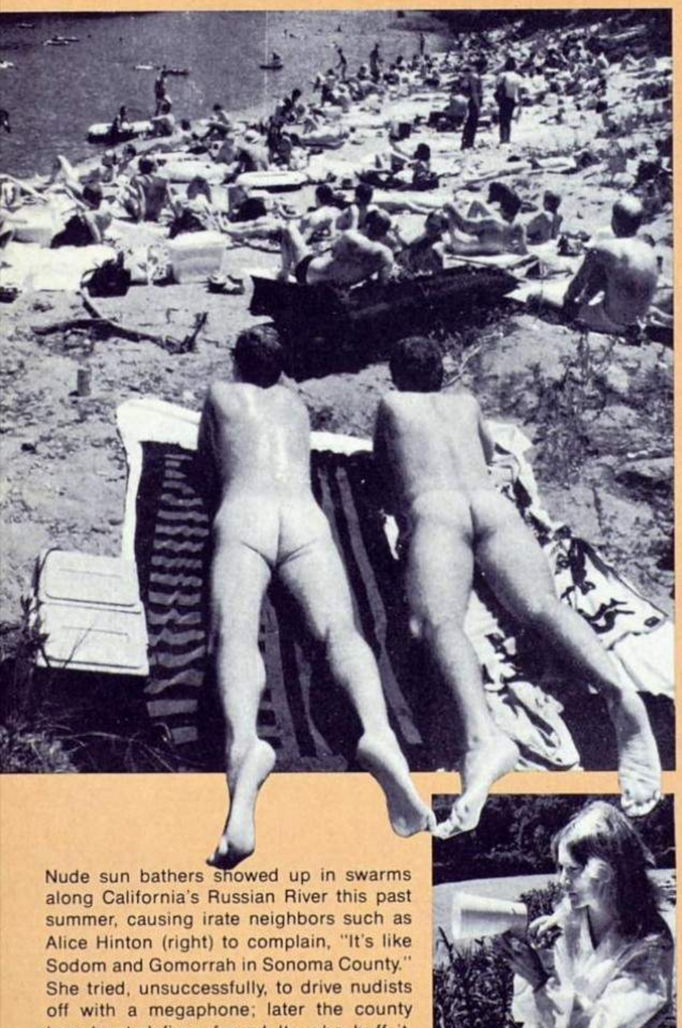


Men go topless in public, why not women? That rationale got some Berkeley girls' bare-bosomed float yanked from a civic parade. Above, they protest poisoned pot, too.

Impromptu strips took place at the Third Seal Beach Bikini Contest (below) and a wet-T-shirt competition at Ft. Lauderdale's Candy Store disco (right).



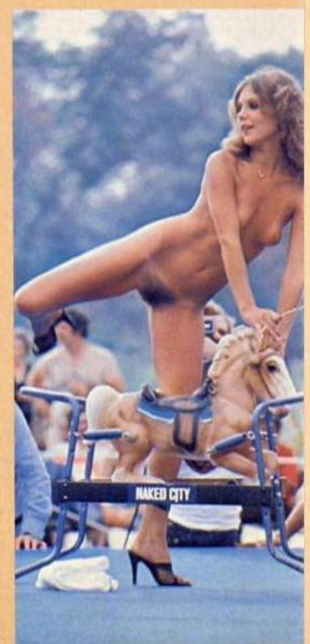
Celebrating a $5,000,000 inheritance, a blonde streaked National Airlines Flight 51, nonstop Miami-L.A., inspiring cartoonist Jack Jordan to pen the illustration above for the *Chicago Sun-Times*; Edy Williams (yes, again) enlivened the Ali-Spinks bout.



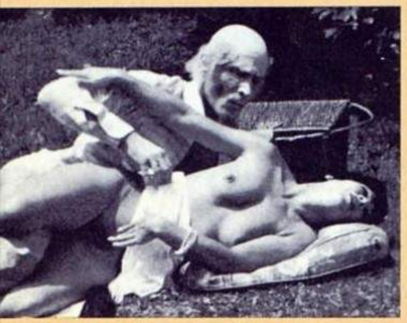
Without incident, campus cops made students observing a Nude Sunbathing Day at the University of California at Riverside (above) get dressed.

As usual, guests arrive at San Francisco's gala annual Hooker's Ball (below) unencumbered by bulky costumes.

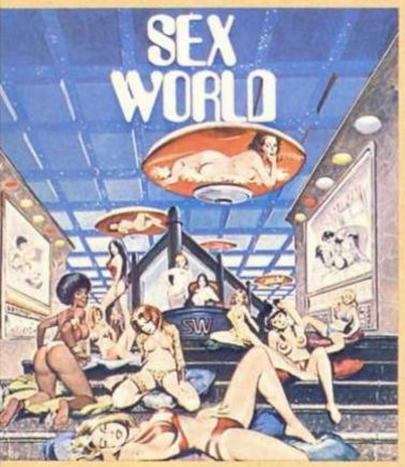
Nude sun bathers showed up in swarms along California's Russian River this past summer, causing irate neighbors such as Alice Hinton (right) to complain, "It's like Sodom and Gomorrah in Sonoma County." She tried, unsuccessfully, to drive nudists off with a megaphone; later the county board voted fines for adults who buff it.



Undeterred by amateur streakers, established nudist complexes keep doing their thing. At left, an entrant in the Lady Godiva contest at Naked City, Indiana; above, a specialty act at Ponderosa Sun Club's Nudes-A-Poppin' festival; at right, Ponderosa winners identifying themselves as Pixie Lou McGillicuddy and Jack Spencer.



Touted sex films include *Take Off* (above), a *Picture of Dorian Gray* rip-off wherein the hero ages only in hard-core home movies, and *Sex World*, the poster for which (below) was deemed too racy for L.A.-area buses.



Gail Palmer (below), one of PLAYBOY's 1977 *Girls of the Big Ten*, now directs porn films starring, among others, Carol Connors (bottom). For more on Connors, see page 149.

Video vagaries: Bette Midler depantses Dustin Hoffman on her Emmy-winning special *Ol' Red Hair Is Back* (left); Johnny Carson delivers his nightly monolog from bed (below).

In a case with far-reaching ramifications, a San Francisco judge dismissed a suit for $11,000,000 claiming that the rape of Linda Blair in NBC-TV's 1974 movie *Born Innocent* (left) had inspired a real rape.

Fionnula Flanagan (above) plays Molly Bloom in the nude onstage in *James Joyce's Women*.

Live and lively: *Rip Off*, a nude spectacle in the form of a musical revue that has packed 'em in in London and Paris (above); *Sweet Eros* (far left), a one-acter from Chicago's *Late Night Erotica* production; and France's "Marilyn Monroe of the Third Sex," the transsexual entertainer who calls him/herself Marie-France (left).

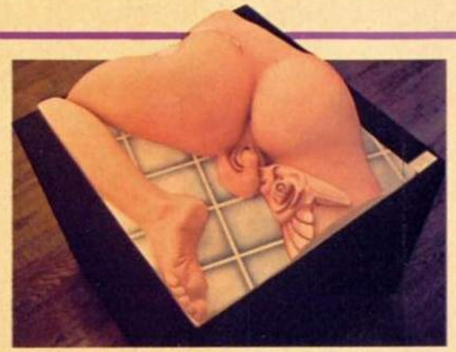
Someone find out what kind of vitamins rock star Rod Stewart takes. Scarcely had his former live-in lover, Britt Ekland, gone to court for a slice of his financial pie when he was linked with a slew of other lovely ladies. From the top, left to right, Rod with Britt, November 1974 Playmate Bebe Buell, October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson, actor George Hamilton's ex-wife Alana (just to make things nice and neat, George has been dating Britt, who used to be *his* girlfriend before Alana came along. Are you still with us?), *Gong Show* hostess Siv Aberg.

Another hot rocker, Mick Jagger, has also been busy with (take it from the top) wife Bianca, from whom he's splitting; Linda Ronstadt, on tour; Jerry Hall, his newest Big Deal; and Marsha Hunt, who claims she has a seven-year-old girl by Mick.

Michelle Phillips really gets around (top to bottom): First she married John Phillips, her Mamas and Papas cofounder; then wed, briefly, actor Dennis Hopper. Next she was main lady to stars Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty before settling down in '78 to marry radio executive Robert Burch.

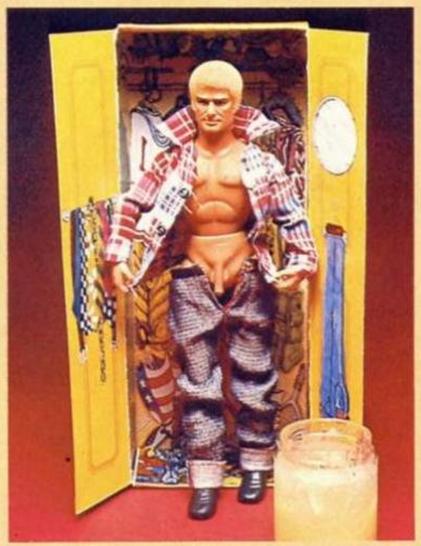
ARTISTS' LICENSE

Yank its chain and the gold-dipped cock pendant at left (made in Italy for Stéfano) erects; below, Salvador Dali works reproduced in Bradley Smith's lavish *Erotic Art of the Masters*.



Above, sculpture by Sally Roberts, one of the entries in The Dirty Dozen exhibit of erotic art by 12 women staged at the David Stuart Galleries in Los Angeles.

Above, three of Andy Warhol's *Torsos*; causing traffic jams on Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills: statuary (below) with added realism, via paint accents, at a mansion redecorated by Saudi Sheik Mohammed S.A. al-Fassi.



Edible erotic art comes from various parts of the country, notably New York's Erotic Baker (above) and Chicago's Prudent Products' "Masturbaker" (inset).

Commercial art triumphs of the year, sexual liberation division, were scored by the creators of Gay Bob, the doll that comes packaged in a closet (above), and of Hot Dice, the craps paraphernalia with such labels as WET CUNT (right).

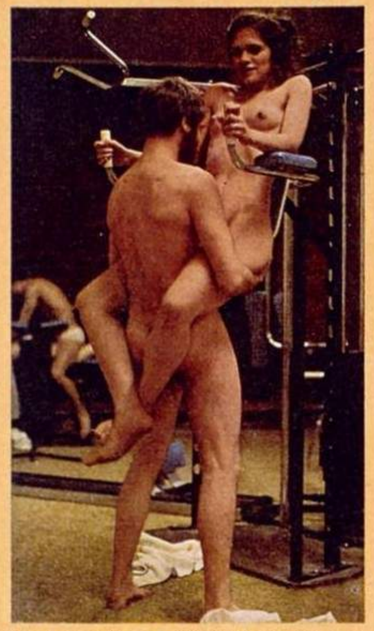
MEDIA MADNESS

In September, TV reporter Anna Bond became the first woman allowed in the New York Yankees' dressing room; center fielder Gary Thomasson takes cover behind some convenient cardboard.

Publishing milestones: *Dallas Nude* bared the Texas metropolis; *Male Chauvinist* made its debut; and Al Goldstein, freed of obscenity charges at last, observed *Screw*'s tenth anniversary and brought out *Death* and, in L.A., *Screw West*.

JOIN THE CLUB

On the frontier of the sexual revolution: New York's Midnight Interlude, with its health-club theme (below), and, for S/M enthusiasts, the live whips-and-chains show at The Empire Room (right).



Most popular of Manhattan's live-sex palaces is Plato's Retreat, scene of all the varied action taking place below. Despite frequent crackdowns for alleged violations of various municipal codes, Plato's continues to flourish as the place to get it on without guilt. (PLAYBOY uncovered Plato's in its May 1978 feature *The Public-Sex Breakthrough*.)

Once, or several times, upon a mattress in San Francisco: group gropes at the Sutro Bath House, labeled by one openmouthed visiting journalist "a smorgasbord of cock."

Left, some of the action at Night Moves, another sex club in New York City, where the evening's activities begin with a sexual *Gong Show* (see PLAYBOY's May 1978 issue).

Rothschild (continued from page 144)

"The Rothschilds financed France's war indemnity to Prussia without severe hardship in 1875."

Yiddish accent, was the most respected banker in London.

Sons James and Salomon had moved to Paris and Vienna, respectively, and the brothers kept in touch. They established a system of couriers and carriage routes and so had the best intelligence network in Europe. Nathan heard about the French defeat at Waterloo before the British government did, calmly *sold* British currency to make it seem the English had lost, then, when the panic he had engineered was at its strongest, bought a bundle and made a fortune.

By 1817, the British, Austrian and French governments had found occasion to borrow from the Rothschild brothers. But with Napoleon swept away, prosperity had returned to Europe and it was time the Jewish upstarts were put back in their place. They were cut out of the financial rebuilding of the Continent. An enormous French bond issue was handled by established bankers and the Rothschilds were snubbed, socially and financially. The bonds were snapped up and rose rapidly in value. Then, suddenly, they plunged. The Rothschilds had done it again: They'd cornered the bond market, then dumped it. In the words of Frederic Morton, biographer of the family: "The great world knew what it meant to cut a Rothschild." From then on, they got Europe's business.

In 1822, the Rothschilds lent Prince Metternich 900,000 gulden. By coincidence, six days later the brothers were made hereditary barons by the Austrian government and were given the coat of arms they had sought: lions, unicorns and eagles, with five arrows clutched in a hand, representing the five brothers then living in five European capitals. They became the world's first multinational company.

Once, Nathan presented a note from one of his brothers to the Bank of England. The bank apologized, saying it cashed only its own notes. The next day, Nathan and nine of his clerks appeared at the bank carrying sacks and 10,000 ten-pound Bank of England notes, demanding that they be redeemed immediately for gold. They carted off £100,00 worth of gold. The next day, Nathan appeared again with his clerks and made the same demand. The panicky bank officials asked him how long he intended to keep that up. "Rothschild will continue to doubt the Bank of England's notes," Nathan thundered, "as long as the Bank of England doubts Rothschild notes." That day, the Bank of England declared that thenceforth it would cash any Rothschild check, any time, anywhere. With Nathan spearheading the family's financial dealings, the Rothschilds were thought to be worth £200,000,000 by the time Nathan died in 1836. There were no taxes then.

In Paris, James, the youngest son, cut the widest swath. A regular at *salons* of the day, a friend of writers and artists, he had a fortune estimated at more than all the other bankers in France combined. He had Louis Philippe wrapped around his finger and was creditor to most of the kings of western Europe.

Salomon had moved to Vienna, where he formed a friendship and an alliance with Metternich, and ended up owning most of the coal and ironworks of Silesia—a situation that displeased Hitler 100 years later. By buying, cajoling and bribing everyone in sight, Salomon systematically stripped away the anti-Semitism built into Austrian and German law.

In Naples, brother Carl also became a banker, bought the king of Naples and financed most of the other Italian states. In 1832, the Pope received him at the Vatican and allowed Carl to kiss his hand rather than his toes, a scandal of the time.

And in Frankfurt, oldest and slowest-witted brother Amschel remained the clan's figurehead, rooted on Jew Street in the ghetto, presiding over the many intra-Rothschild weddings and stroking a young comer named Otto Bismarck. He also took care of the family matriarch, who, two years before her death at 96, complained, "Why should God take me at a hundred when He can have me at ninety-four?" God compromised.

In the 1840s, railways were beginning to spring up across Europe. Before his death, Nathan had made one of his few miscalculations, not believing locomotives would add up to much. It was a conclusion with which his old pal the Duke of Wellington agreed: "Railways will only encourage the lower classes to move about needlessly," the duke remarked. But brothers James and Salomon, in Paris and Vienna, were ready. By the middle of the decade, they were, according to biographer Virginia Cowles, the railway tycoons of Europe.

In 1840, it looked as if war would break out. War wouldn't do the banks any good, so the brothers decided to stop it. As Cowles says, "All branches of the Rothschild family in all five countries went into action. They soothed ministers, cajoled editors, talked pacifism at every social gathering." Peace was assured and the fellows got together in Paris for party.

Meanwhile, in London, a third generation had taken over. Lionel started running the bank bequeathed to him by his father, Nathan, and began, at long last, to *spend*. Palaces, country houses, furniture and artwork from all over Europe. A Japanese garden in the back yard of his city home. The mikado's ambassador paid a visit, strolled through the palms, stone bridges and temples, shook his head and said, "Marvelous. We have nothing like it in Japan."

Uncle James built himself the most magnificent palace in France, with the possible exception of Versailles, and named it Ferrières. Napoleon III stayed there on one notable occasion (servants lined the route from Paris with lit torches; over 1000 head of game were shot in one afternoon's outing) and both Bismarck and Wilhelm I chose it as their headquarters when Prussia occupied France. The Prussian king was impressed: "A king could not afford this. It must belong to a Rothschild." When James died in 1868, most of the crowned heads of Europe were in attendance; the President of the U.S. sent his condolences.

Alphonse took over from his father, James, at Ferrières and continued to build up the fortune. He was well connected. His protégée became Napoleon III's wife, the Empress Eugénie, and he shared a mistress with the emperor, the courtesan La Castiglione. He talked regularly with Bismarck and entertained the Prince of Wales. Meanwhile, his cousin Anselm was running things in Vienna and was still battering away at Jewish restrictions in the Austrian Empire. Once, when Anselm was refused membership at the Casino Club near Vienna, the young man purchased a sewage-disposal unit and placed it within smell of the club. A membership card was dispatched to him forthwith, but he doused it with perfume and sent it back.

The Rothschilds financed France's war indemnity to Prussia without severe hardship in 1875. The family had already branched out into many other areas. Lionel's brother Nathaniel had left London for Paris and decided, in 1853, to buy a plot of land in Bordeaux that produced excellent wines. It was called Mouton. His uncle James followed suit in 1867 and bought a vineyard named Lafite. He bought it, he said, because it reminded him of the street in Paris where his bank was located, Rue Lafitte. The brothers owned scores of mines throughout Europe, in addition to their railway holdings. They financed Cecil

(continued on page 198)

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NOW 30% LESS 'TAR'!
Just the right touch of menthol.
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100'S
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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modern living **By BROCK YATES** Herewith we ponder the diesel engine, and why a lot of people who should know are telling us it is our automotive salvation of the future. You, of course, remember the diesel. It is the source of all the noise and black smoke that spews from the innards of 18-wheel tractor trailers. It is what rumbles in the night when a freight train rolls through town. It is the power plant that the Germans, in a fit of chauvinistic zeal, used to power everything from battle cruisers to transport planes to light reconnaissance vehicles to zeppelins before World War Two. Even today, they remain as their countryman Rudolf Diesel's (1858–1913) most ardent supporters, with two large auto makers, Mercedes-Benz and Volkswagen, as well as dozens of other industrial concerns, firmly committed to the engine that the late, lamented inventor and former refrigeration engineer developed as the Rational Heat Motor in 1897. But their enthusiasm, long latent in the realm of passenger automobiles, is spreading away from Germanic pockets of industry such as Wolfsburg and Stuttgart and settling in such unlikely locales as Detroit. This begs the questions, Why diesels? And why diesels now?

Students of current events and recent history will, of course, recall a troublesome economic curiosity known as

those big engines that went pocketa-pocketa and got together at the local truck stop have joined the smart set

RUDOLF DIESEL, WHAT YOU'RE MISSING!

From mammoth to minuscule, diesel division: Peterbilt heavy-duty rig, Cadillac Seville, Mercedes-Benz 300D, Oldsmobile Delta 88, Peugeot 504, Volkswagen Rabbit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

the energy crisis. This ingenious ploy, in which a claque of supposedly simple Middle Eastern tentfolk brought almost all of Western civilization to its knees by shutting off the oil-well spiggots, transmitted a number of unpleasant political and economic messages to a complacent American citizenry. Most have been repeated to the point of tedium, but the salient aspect of the oil embargo–*cum*–energy crisis to this discourse is that it heightened everybody's awareness of our critical need to reduce consumption of that popular petroleum distillate known as gasoline. The energy crisis sent all available technical hands in the automobile industry thundering off in search of alternate power sources. Everything from propane to hydrogen to peanut oil to methane generated by goat dung was crammed into gas tanks in hopes of kicking the gasoline habit. Electric cars were touted. Steam was trumpeted as the new salvation. Inventors rhapsodized. Patent attorneys profited. Hard-nosed businessmen scowled. Nothing worked. Early optimism that the beloved, gasoline-powered internal-combustion engine would be swept out of the market place like so much household dust faded in the face of hard reality.

In the midst of this technological zephyr, the aged, much-maligned diesel continued to chug along in the gloom of semioblivion. To be sure, Daimler-Benz AG had successfully marketed a diesel passenger car in 1936, and sales of continuing models by its successor, Mercedes-Benz were thriving, but even the updated M-B versions were sluggish, dull and proletarian—somehow better suited to the needs of senior Albanian bureaucrats than to the speed- and convenience-crazed American motoring public. But slowly, as the euphoria surrounding the goat-dung miracles and the steam choo-choo extravaganzas dribbled away, the mundane old diesel came into focus.

Yes, upon hard examination, there are some endearing qualities about diesel automobile engines. To begin with, they are as simple and reliable as anvils. No cockamamie ignition gadgetry, no points to stick, no coils and condensers to fail, no sparkplugs to foul. Thanks to the wondrous mind of Rudolf Diesel, all of this effluvia has been eliminated and instead of the fuel's being ignited by an electric spark, as in conventional engines, the combustion comes after a charge of air has been heated (simply by having its molecules crammed together under great pressure) to a point where it ignites a blast of liquid fuel.

Wonderfully elemental. A splendid system in theory. Moreover, the diesel is, in the arcane context of pure physics and thermodynamics, quite fuel efficient. This means that an engineer can mathematically prove that it will produce more work per gallon of fuel than a gasoline-powered counterpart. This advantage is generally pinpointed in the 20–25 percent range for engines of *equivalent* output. Add to this that a gallon of diesel fuel requires much less raw energy to refine than a gallon of gasoline, and the over-all advantages of this power plant in a resources-conscious time become clearer.

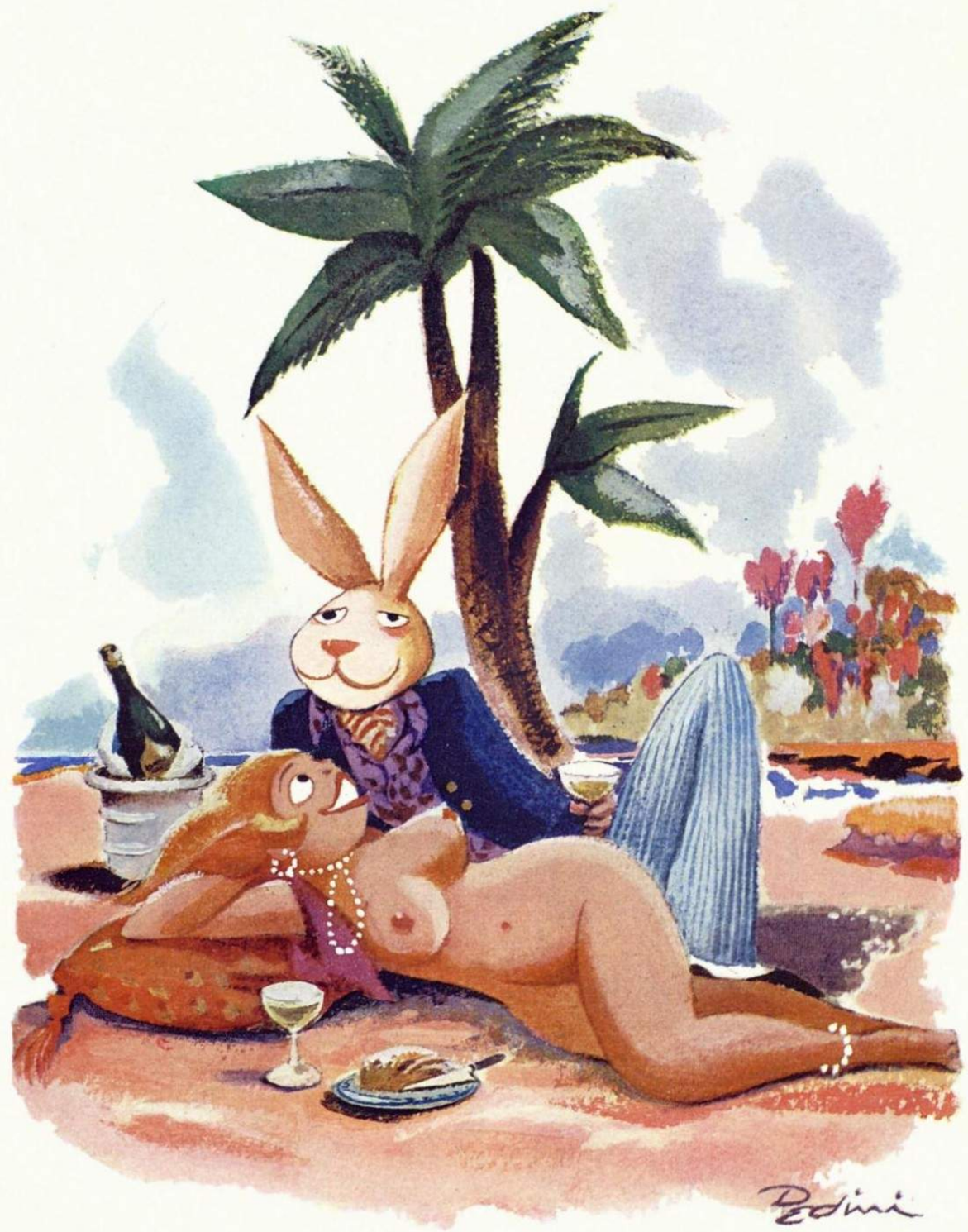
The attraction of the diesel to the average American motorist is simple: It produces more miles per gallon than its gasoline counterpart at a cheaper per-gallon cost. For example, the four-speed manual Volkswagen Rabbit Diesel, rated by the Environmental Protection Agency at 40 mpg in city driving, will consume an average of $225 per year in fuel (again according to the EPA), while its gas-powered sister (25 mpg) will use an average of $420 in unleaded regular. There are mitigating factors in what appears to be an overwhelming advantage for the diesel (lower performance, a $300 higher sticker price, etc.), but the direct, instant gratification of lower expenditures at the gas station appears to blot out these subtle shortcomings. The rush to diesels is on, in all sizes and shapes of automobiles, even in the traditional gas-guzzling ranks of big American cars. In 1977, Oldsmobile introduced a Delta 88 four-door powered by a diesel version of its popular 350-cubic-inch V8. The big car was an instant hit, averaging 21 mpg in city driving, while providing solid performance, and it appears to be the forerunner of a whole phalanx of diesels from Detroit. General Motors, in particular, is enthusiastic about the diesel because it views the engine as a potential salvation for the so-called family-sized car (Oldsmobile has it available on 19 of its 26 models and Cadillac has it as an option for its Seville and Eldorado).

By 1985, all manufacturers selling cars in America must have a line-up of automobiles that *average* 27.5 mpg. That can be accomplished by simply eliminating large cars—the much-denounced gas guzzlers—or by saving them with a massive increase in their efficiency. It appears that the simplest way to achieve this is to convert them to diesel power, which means a major alteration in the make-up of the domestic automotive scene. Whether or not that happens depends on a number of unresolved variables involving Government policies, consumer enthusiasm for diesels, the state of the economy, the development of other power sources, etc., but the fact remains that diesels are on the rise, both here and abroad. That certainly must provide great satisfaction for Mercedes-Benz, considering its tenure as a diesel manufacturer and its continued pioneering efforts in diesel technology. It presently imports four diesel cars into the United States, all of which are distinctive engineering expressions, if not classic examples of inexpensive motoring. The 62-hp, four-cylinder 240D sedan is the lowest-priced Mercedes presently available in America—if a $14,245 tag can in any way be construed as low-priced. In addition to the slow, workaday 240D, the company exports the 300D sedan, which features the world's only *five-cylinder* diesel engine and reasonably adequate performance, for a base price of $19,904. Recently added to this line-up are the sporty 300CD Coupe ($22,481) and a smashing new diesel turbo model, the 300SD. Called the Turbo Diesel, the car is based on the large Mercedes S class sedans from which the 450SEL and the 280SE also come. It carries the 300D's five-cylinder diesel with an exotic turbo-charger added that increases everything—horsepower, fuel mileage, acceleration, reliability, etc.—while reducing emissions. There is no question that the turbo-charger is the perfect adjunct to a diesel engine, simply because it adds to performance without any penalties, but it is tricky to design and expensive to manufacture (the car goes for $25,000). Nevertheless, Mercedes-Benz's pioneering with the first passenger-car turbo-diesel engine is bound to collect a mass of imitators in the near future.

Mercedes-Benz has long been the leader in diesel production, but its German associate Volkswagen is hard on its heels in all departments, and Detroit expects to overtake the Germans this year. After quietly introducing its diesel-powered Rabbit in March 1977, Volkswagen witnessed a sales boom that company officials regard simply as phenomenal. Within a year of introduction, nearly 20,000 diesel Rabbits were sold in the U.S.A. and that number was severely limited by production shortages. This year, the company projects that 25–30 percent of Rabbits sold will be diesels. The appeal of the diesel Rabbit appears to lie solely in its outstanding mileage. Of course, the diesel is slower—nearly five seconds deficient in 0–60 acceleration and with a six-mph-slower top speed—when compared with its gasoline-powered counterpart, but the lure of cheap operation and durability seems to outweigh those shortcomings in the minds of many buyers. Like the Oldsmobile's, the Rabbit diesel is a direct adaptation of the four-cylinder overhead-camshaft power plant that has been so instrumental in making the boxy little German front-drive sedan such a lively yet economical performer. Knowing a good thing when it sees one, Volkswagen is now offering the diesel as a Dasher option.

While the Peugeot 504D, with its 71-hp four-cylinder engine, cannot be ranked as one of the performance superstars of the American highway, this $9432 four-door

(continued on page 164)



" 'A magnum of Dom Pérignon, a little pâté—and thou.' I like your philosophy!"

REMEMBER YOUR RUBBERS

playboy brings back some boon companions of another era

CONDOMS are making a comeback. Nowadays, you can buy contraceptives that glow in the dark or that boast radial-ply treads for increased traction in those slippery curves. But for all the progress, something is missing. What you see here is a collection of condom tins from the Thirties and Forties sent to us by medical student Joel Silidker. Our forefathers took pride in their civic responsibility. No cheap one-shot containers for them. Condom tins were durable (they had to be, since you never knew when you were going to need one). A condom tin was a work of art. The choice of brand was a personal statement. Peacocks (right), in an astute promotional move, presented buyers with the measure of a man.

Crush-proof tins added a touch of class to back-seat romances. For one thing, they did not emboss your wallet with a telltale ring. Family-size containers are shown far left and right.

Condom tins ranged from the informative to the affectionate. Texide (opposite page) used the lid for a lesson in the harvesting of rubber. The 3 Merry Widows tin (right) immortalized Agnes, Mabel and Beckie.

If nothing else, condom tins were a conversation piece. You could show your date the Pyramids of Egypt (opposite page), then invite her to see one of the other wonders of the world. The good old days weren't bad.

DESIGNED BY KERIG POPE

DIESEL

(continued from page 160)

"Diesels are at their best running for long periods of time at relatively constant rpms."

sedan enjoys a hard core of loyal owners, thanks to its practically bullet-proof reliability and its solid fuel economy, which borders on 28 mpg (four-speed manual) under city conditions. Peugeot, like Mercedes-Benz, has been committed to the diesel principle for a number of years and now is beginning to reap the fruits of what for a long time seemed a lonely and rather unpromising technical preoccupation. It is no longer alone, by any means. In the past year, more and more manufacturers have entered the diesel wars and rumors abound that others are on the verge. The industry was shaken in mid-1978 when Cadillac—long known for its silky, large-displacement gas engines—arrived in the market place with its diesel Seville sedan. This model carried the Oldsmobile 350 V8 diesel, as did a pair of other General Motors models, the Chevrolet C-10 light pickups and their G.M.C. C-series counterparts.

Other American manufacturers are testing the waters with light utility vehicles as well. International Harvester is offering a version of its popular four-wheel-drive Scout with an 81-hp in-line six-cylinder diesel manufactured by Nissan, the parent company of Datsun. Dodge has a variety of its two- and four-wheel-drive pickups available with a 103-hp six-cylinder diesel made by Mitsubishi, the Japanese conglomerate that produces Arrows, Sapporos, Colts, Challengers and the new Champs for Chrysler.

Does driving a diesel require any special skills? Does one have to be an over-the-road truck driver, capable of jamming 13-speed Road Ranger gearboxes, in order to operate a diesel Rabbit or Oldsmobile? Hardly. In fact, after a few minor adjustments, the average motorist will have a difficult time telling whether he is behind the wheel of a diesel or of a gasoline-powered car. The biggest difference is evident during the first few moments in the automobile. Because diesels have no sparkplugs, the starting cycle is slightly different. "Glow plugs" must be activated in the cylinder combustion chambers, or precombustion chambers, in order to preheat the initial charge of air and fuel entering the engine. Depending on the ambient temperature, that procedure can take up to a minute, which is timed by a light on the instrument panel. Before starting a diesel, the driver must wait until the dash warning light indicates that the glow plugs have reached operating temperature. In warm climates, that is practically instantaneous. In temperatures below zero, the time can stretch to nearly a minute and generally must be augmented by a 110-volt "plug-in" engine-block heater, which keeps the oil warm and thin enough to permit the engine to turn over. (Because of the high compression ratios, diesels are particularly difficult to start in extremely cold temperatures. Many commercial and military diesel vehicles are kept running constantly in arctic conditions because of this problem.)

Novice diesel drivers will also notice a somewhat unpleasant noise emitting from their hoods during the first few moments of cold running. Because of the unusual combustion characteristics and different bearing tolerances in diesels, they produce an unholy death rattle upon being started. Thumps and clatters roll out of the engines, prompting the uninitiated to believe that his new engine—which has been touted as practically unbreakable—is about to come apart like a cheap wrist watch. However, as soon as the diesel reaches operating temperature, this awesome cacophony disappears. But even then, the diesel fails to attain the satiny behavior of the best gasoline power plants, though rapid leaps in diesel combustion-chamber design, fuel-injection advances, vibration damping and sound insulation in late-model cars are minimizing the difference.

That leaves performance on the highway as the only significant differential that requires adjustment by the new diesel driver. Unless he is behind the wheel of the new Mercedes-Benz Turbo Diesel, which has performance characteristics equal to its gasoline-powered stablemates, blinding speed simply must be eliminated from his highway repertoire. Diesels are slower than comparable gasoline-powered cars in all departments—acceleration, passing power and top speed—and adjustments in driving style must be made. While the rest of the world is leaving him at stop lights or whistling away down the interstate, the diesel driver must content himself with the knowledge that he, like the fabled tortoise, will be the winner in the end.

But will he? Is the diesel clearly cheaper to operate? Acknowledging that it will provide lower operating costs on a per-mile basis, we must still inject other factors into the equation before reaching a conclusion (or, more correctly, *trying* to reach a conclusion, because the evidence is inconclusive). As a limitation to the diesel's over-all economy, we have the higher initial cost, simply because the engine must be more heavily constructed and demands a high-precision fuel-injection system in place of carburetors. For example, an Olds or Seville diesel will cost about $287 more than the gas version, while a diesel Rabbit is $300 more expensive than the conventional model. Coupled to this is the frequently higher incidence of mandatory oil and oil-filter changes—which may run to a difference of 2000 miles or more—which also adds to the operating expense. These shortcomings (combined with the added noise and vibration, lower performance, cold-weather starting problems) are partially offset by the fact that a diesel engine is 10–15 percent cheaper to operate on a per-day basis, discounting purchase price and maintenance. Because of the general reliability of the engine, the more miles one drives, the more feasible a diesel becomes (which is why it has been the favored power plant for the long-distance trucker for so long), meaning that savings might be substantial for a 50,000-mile-a-year salesman but would be essentially meaningless for a suburban housewife puttering around town.

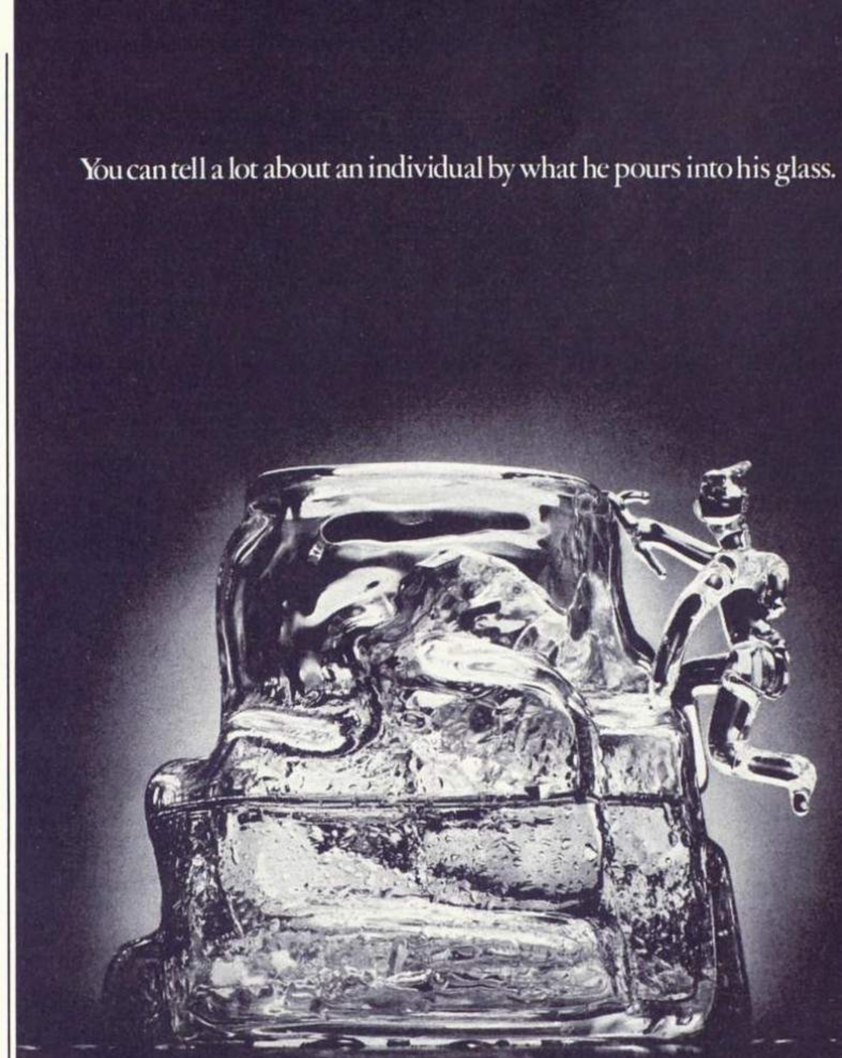
Diesels are what might be called steady-state power plants. They are at their best running for long periods of time at relatively constant rpms, which is why they work so nicely in power-generating plants, locomotives and ships. Because of their bulky reciprocating parts, they are not as adept at quick accelerations and decelerations as gas engines, which places them at a disadvantage in automobiles. Therefore, they work at maximum efficiency in situations where they can run at constant speeds (as on interstate highways) for hours on end, while the stop-start environment of city streets emphasizes their deficiencies. Ironically, the traveling salesmen of America are not embracing the diesel as tightly as are the suburbanites, who invest the engine with a certain cachet that it does not deserve. Much of their fascination centers on a conviction that the diesel is more ecologically responsible than a gas engine. That is only partly true. The Government regulates only three pollutants emitted by internal-combustion engines—hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen. Because of its peculiar combustion process and the great excess of air used in relation to raw fuel burned, the diesel produces very little in the way of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide. However, it is a sinful supplier of NO_x, or oxides of nitrogen. Moreover, it pollutes in terms of particulates (tech-speak for filthy black smoke), noise and putrid odors—all of which are ignored in the Clean Air Act, which controls automotive emissions. Admittedly, the latter three are merely irritants, as opposed to threats to the public good, but the NO_x situation may pose a serious threat to the future of the diesel. It is a complicated situation dealing with Congressional politics and industrial capabilities, but it can be summarized by noting that unless the present law governing NO_x emissions is modified, manufacturers will not be able to meet future Government standards and diesels may cease to be manufactured in the U.S.A. However, compromises are in sight and many car makers are vocally optimistic about the diesel's prospects.

But not everybody. The Ford Motor Company is notably cool toward diesels and then-president Lee Iacocca publicly stated that he saw only limited application in America's automotive milieu. Not so with General Motors, which is producing the aforementioned Oldsmobiles and Sevilles and is unveiling a smaller, 260-cubic-inch V8 diesel in 1979 that will eventually appear in the Seville, as well as in Chevy and G.M.C. pickups. Beyond that, G.M. is said to be working on a number of small diesels, including a 1.8-liter four-cylinder for use in its new generation of front drives due in 1981 and a 2.5-liter four (in turbocharged form) for Pontiac. Moreover, Chrysler is working on a small, 2.2-liter four-cylinder diesel that may be introduced in 1981 or 1982. Add to that the widespread diesel research and development going on in Europe and Japan and it becomes clear that poor old Rudolf Diesel may have acted prematurely when he disappeared from the steamship Dresden in 1913. Tormented by financial problems and the gloomy notion that his engine was a failure, Diesel died 14 years before another German, Robert Bosch, perfected a fuel-injection system that made the diesel a practical power plant for automobiles. Now, as we trundle toward the Eighties, the engine seems to enable us to take the first step in moving away from an almost total automotive dependence on gasoline.

How far will the drive to diesels go? It is impossible to predict, based on the variables of petroleum pricing and availability, Government policies and public acceptance of the new engine. All that can be said is that the potential is promising—potential as evidenced by an experimental version of the Volkswagen diesel Rabbit. Called the IRVW—the Integrated Research Volkswagen—the car is a test platform for both advanced engine and safety concepts. In addition to being able to protect its four occupants in 40-mph crashes, the IRVW's turbocharged engine has 22 more horsepower than the production diesel Rabbit, which gives it comparable performance to the gasoline-powered Rabbit. That means strong low-speed acceleration, good passing power, 100 mph top speed *and* 60 miles per gallon (composite). In fact, at a steady 30 mph, the IRVW has recorded over *80* miles per gallon!

Go ahead, ye of little faith, try *that* on a tankful of unleaded.

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



Bushmills.
The worlds oldest whiskey.
Individuals have poured this smooth mellow whiskey since 1608.

The "Mountain Climber" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem.

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 80 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, NY © 1978

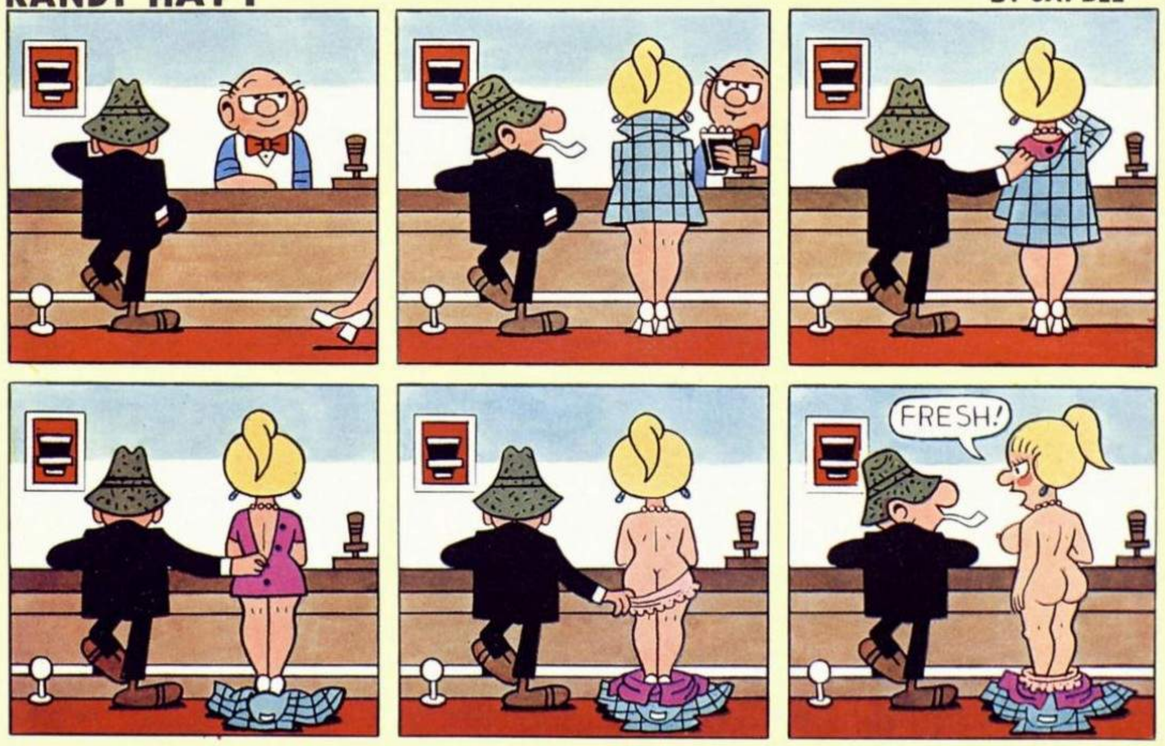
Born Toulous

by Christopher Browne

MOULIN ROUGE IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE A LITHOGRAPH BY ONE OF OUR REGULARS, TOULOUS-LAUTREC, HAS BEEN SELECTED BY THE LOUVRE!
SUCH AN HONOR! STAND UP, HENRI!
I AM STANDING.
Christopher Browne

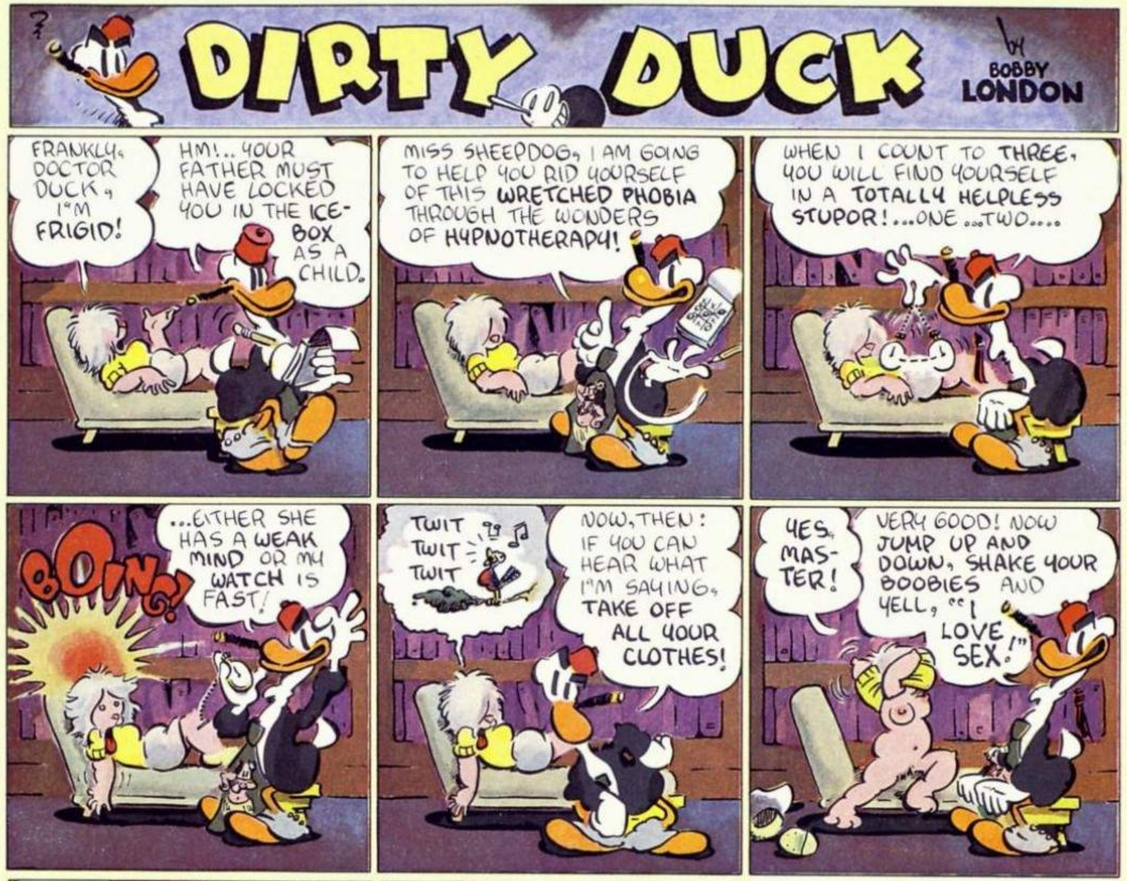
RANDY HATT

BY JAY DEE



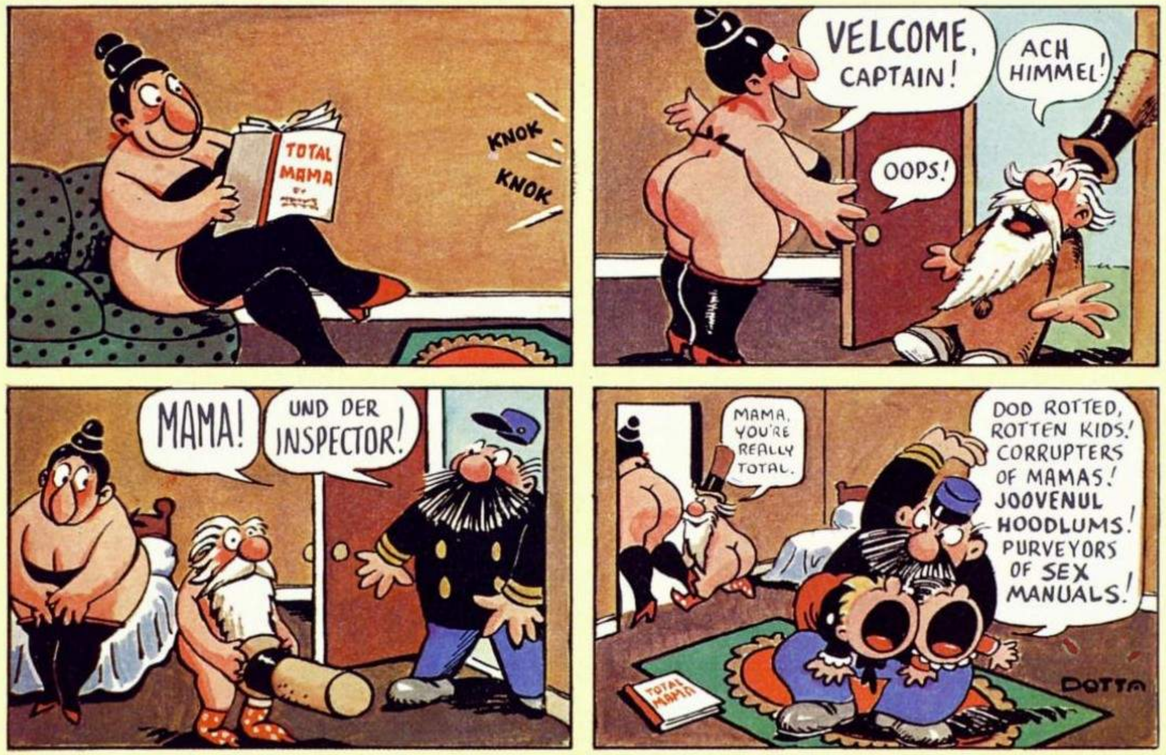
DIRTY DUCK

by BOBBY LONDON


FRANKLY, DOCTOR DUCK, I'M FRIGID!
HM!.. YOUR FATHER MUST HAVE LOCKED YOU IN THE ICE-BOX AS A CHILD.
MISS SHEEPDOG, I AM GOING TO HELP YOU RID YOURSELF OF THIS WRETCHED PHOBIA THROUGH THE WONDERS OF HYPNOTHERAPY!
WHEN I COUNT TO THREE, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN A TOTALLY HELPLESS STUPOR!...ONE...TWO....
BOING!
...EITHER SHE HAS A WEAK MIND OR MY WATCH IS FAST!
TWIT TWIT TWIT
NOW, THEN: IF YOU CAN HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING, TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES!
YES, MASTER!
VERY GOOD! NOW JUMP UP AND DOWN, SHAKE YOUR BOOBIES AND YELL, "I LOVE SEX!"
I LOVE SEX!
EXCELLENT! NOW WE DO IT DOGGIE STYLE!
WOOF! WOOF!
YOU'RE GETTING BETTER ALREADY. HAVE 12 ORGASMS, GET DRESSED...
PANT-PANT-PANT!
...AND WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL BE VERY HORNY AND REMEMBER ZILCH!
SWAP!
WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENED?! ...I...I FEEL SO STRANGE!
POST-HYPNOTIC LET DOWN, PERHAPS.
WHY, I FEEL LIKE GOING RIGHT HOME AND SCREWING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF MY BOYFRIEND! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?!
YOU ALREADY DID!
IF I EVER GET CAUGHT AT THIS, I COULD STAND TRIAL ON CHARGES OF FREUD!

EDHEAD
EXCUSE ME, KIND SIR — COULD YOU SPARE 75 CENTS FOR A CUP OF ESPRESSO?
YOU PARASITE! WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB?
WELL, I ONCE DID SOME DISPLAY WORK IN A HABERDASHER'S WINDOW....
...BUT AS I SEE IT, I'M PROVIDING A VERY VALUABLE PUBLIC SERVICE....
FOR A MERE 75 CENTS, I LEAVE PEOPLE ALONE!
KEEP THE CHANGE, HEAD... KEEP THE CHANGE!

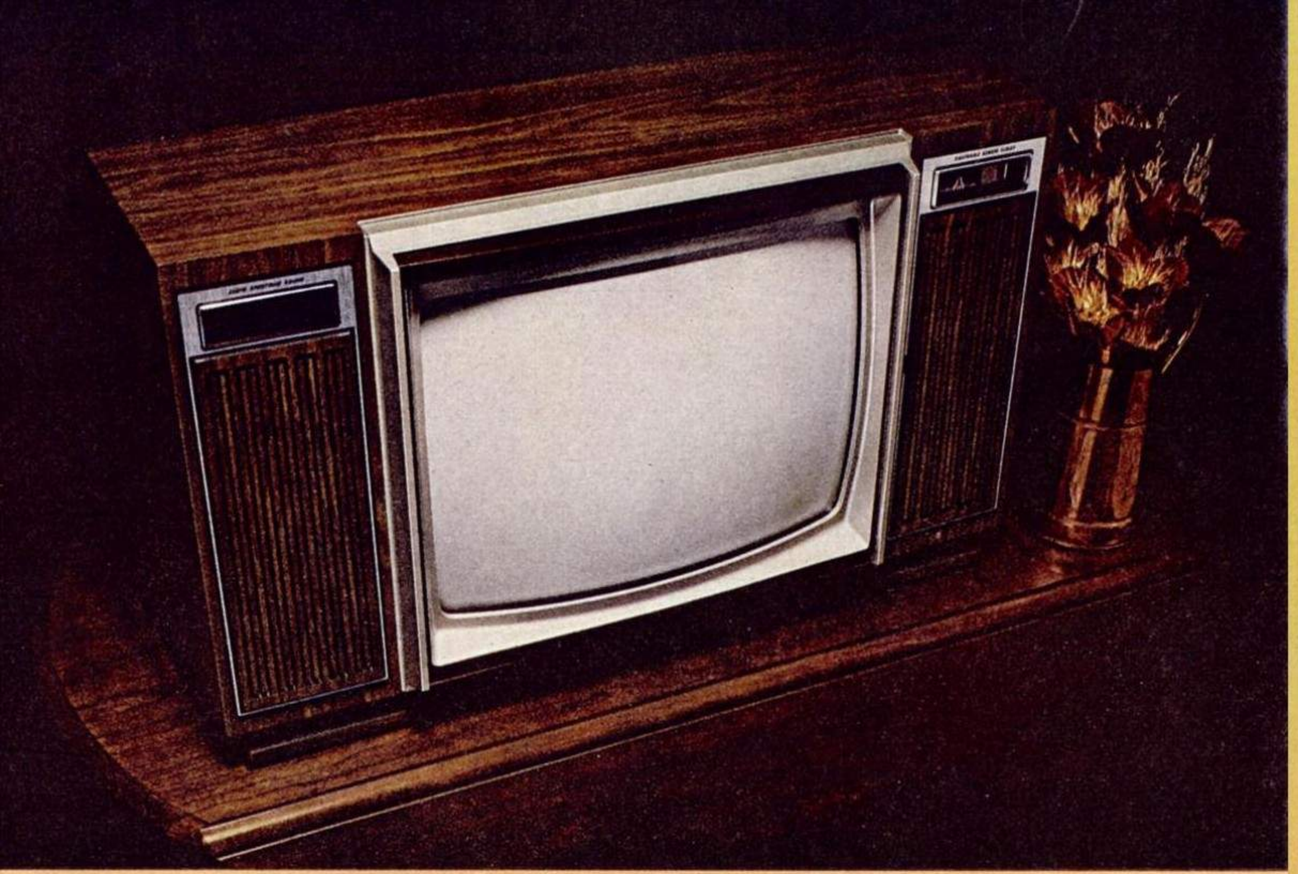
THE KRAUTZENBUMMER KIDS



REG'LAR RABBIT

REG, HOW 'BOUT YOU AN' ME HAVIN' A ROLL IN THE HAY?
DIGGITY DAWG... AH NEVAH THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT, GINGER SUE!
WHUT'S YER PLEASURE, POPPYSEED OR SESAME?
AH WUZ IN MIND OF SOME HOT CROSSED BUNS!
E N D

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES
by Randy Jones & Eugene Allen Schwimmer
THIS MONTH: "THEIR 5-YEAR MISSION...."
I'VE BEEN WONDERING...
WHAT ARE WE DOING OUT HERE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHAT ARE WE DOING OUT HERE?"
I MEAN, WHAT'S OUR MISSION?
YOU MEAN WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE ONE YEAR AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT OUR MISSION IS?
I FORGOT.
LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY. WE'RE OUT HERE TO... ER... AH... JESUS! I FORGOT, TOO!
NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
CALL STAR COMMAND AND ASK 'EM, I GUESS.
HOPE THEY DON'T YELL AT US LIKE LAST TIME.
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT!
THIS IS COMMANDER STANG. STATE YOUR BUSINESS.
WELL, COMMANDER... THIS IS KINDA EMBARRASSING.... WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE AT THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY A WHOLE YEAR... AND NEITHER OF US CAN REMEMBER WHY YOU SENT US HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WELL, IT'S QUITE SIMPLE....
THE REASON WE SENT YOU THERE IS BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE.
OVER AND OUT!
ANY MORE QUESTIONS?



Why don't most 19" diagonal television sets cost as much as this one?

It's because the attractive Quasar® set pictured above offers you some of the most innovative features you can find on any television set. And they're all in the regular price. Including remote control!

This set gives you Quasar's highly advanced 100° deflection Dynabrite® picture tube with its extra focusing lens for an incredibly sharp, clear picture.

And you get our Dynacolor® tuning system that constantly keeps the color picture perfectly balanced—even if the signal from the station varies. (It's so sophisticated it even adjusts picture brightness to changing room light!)

Unlike most television sets which have only one speaker, this set has three speakers. For sound so big it'll make every show richer, fuller and more exciting. (We even included a tone control and a balance control for greater listening enjoyment.)

And only our set offers you Quasar's own Compu-Matic™ Touch Tuning. With a sophisticated built-in microcomputer that lets you switch silently, directly, instantly from channel to channel.

But perhaps the most important thing our set gives you—that no other can—is Quasar's famous reliability. It may not seem important right now, but it could mean everything to you in a few years. So if this Quasar seems a bit costly now, consider how much more you'll get from it in the years to come. And see if you're not willing to pay a bit extra for all those extras.

Quasar

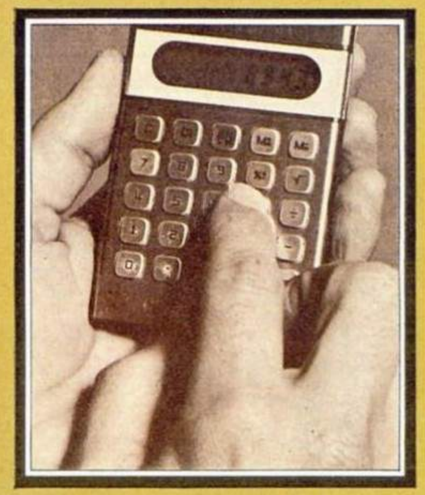
makes television special again.

Quasar Electronics Company, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131

SIMULATED PICTURE

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

MAN & WORK



REFERENCE RICOCHET

To the agony and aggravation of looking for a job—scouring the want ads, tracking down elusive leads, confecting a credible résumé out of a checkered career—comes a new potential pain: Reference Ricochet.

The basic R.R. scenario, as described by writer Don Berliner in his useful book *Want a Job? Get Some Experience. Want Experience? Get a Job.*, goes like this: You've supplied your potential employer with the names of your best references. This is a top-drawer cast of old buddies who ended up with letters after their names and various well-placed lions from whose paws you've removed the occasional thorn over the years. An impressive crowd, guaranteed, in Berliner's phrase, to "give good refs."

But the personnel manager you're dealing with—unless he got *his* job under false pretenses—is hardly likely to believe you've provided him with your private Enemies List. So when he gets on the phone and starts listening to one of your hand-picked superrefs nominating you for the next available papacy, he casually asks if your superref happens to know anyone else who might be able to vouch for those sterling qualities of yours. Superref ever so cheerfully volunteers a name or two from your past.

Now, as Berliner points out, in this age of instant communication, it is fantastically easy to bounce from a first-level reference to a second- and even third-level reference. And somewhere along the path, that personnel fellow is bound to turn over a stone that's got some truly juicy vermin writhing around under it—maybe the ex-boss whose daughter you loved and left (or *didn't* leave). Suddenly, it is revealed that the year of "independent study" on your résumé was mostly devoted to empirical research on the effects of psychoactive substances, or that the only responsibilities involved in your highly touted "operations research associate" position centered on cleaning the john.

How to protect yourself? Berliner recommends increasing your awareness of the *implicit* references in each item on your résumé. The putting-green-smooth surface you cultivate may be sprinkled with land mines. Thus, saying you spent a summer as a lifeguard may sound great, but if three little darlings went under while you were chatting up the beach bunnies, you might be better off chalking up that summer to travel.

The best way to cover yourself against reference ricochet is to be relatively stingy with your references. In fact, there's nothing wrong with simply writing "References supplied on request" on your résumé. That way, if the company you're interested in asks for them, you'll be able to find out how many and what kind (personal, professional, academic) it expects. The fewer you provide, the less the likelihood of ricochet.

THE NAME GAME

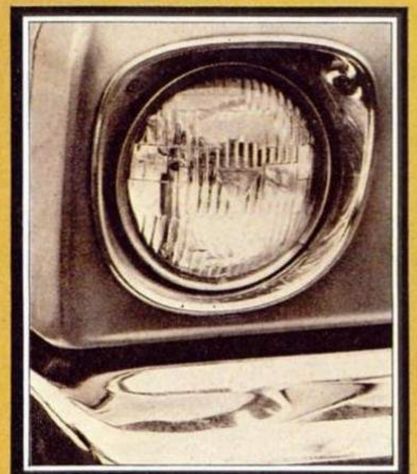
"Now they up and call me Speedoo, but my real name is Mr. Earl." So went the great Fifties rock classic. The business of names, especially in business, can be complicated.

Consider nicknames. Not every Thomas, Richard and Harold wants to be a Tom, Dick and Harry. Some company presidents insist on a first-name basis with everyone from the board room to the mail room. But others take to first-naming with about as much delight as Muhammad Ali takes to being called Cassius Clay. And what about the hornet's nest you can stir up with a misstep in the Miss/Mrs./Ms. dance?

In any business transaction more complicated than purchasing a pack of cigarettes, the exchanging of names is one of the first orders of business. How that transaction goes can color and set the tone for the weightier transactions that follow. Yet there is really no formalized system that can guarantee unruffled feathers. Here, however, are a few general guidelines that can allay some of the awkwardness that often crops up in what should be the simple matter of what to call the people you deal with:

- Whenever there's any doubt about the level of formality expected, it's a good idea to start with a "Mr." The reason is simply that it's always more comfortable to move from the formal to the informal than vice versa.
- When introduced by a third party, follow the third party's lead. "I'd like you to meet Bill Smith" is an invitation to use first names. "This is Mr. Smith" generally means this *is* Mr. Smith.
- Don't jump to nicknames unless invited. "Hello, this is William Smith" shouldn't be taken as a green light to call him Bill. If you're uncomfortable with formal names, you can always ask, "William or Bill?"
- Women, especially, may be sensitive to abrupt attempts to put business relationships on a first- or nickname basis. What seems to you like a simple move to establish an informal shirt-sleeve working atmosphere could be misread as cryptosexism or a play to establish an extracurricular intimacy.
- Unless you're in the military or behind a counter, go easy on the "sirs" and "ma'ams."
- Exceptions to the first guideline of "When in doubt, go formal" are situations that involve eating or drinking, such as business lunches and cocktail commerce.
- By the way, rock singers are always called by their first name: It's Meat, not Mr. Loaf.

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR



ON THE ROAD WITH AUTO CLUBS

Over 260 auto and travel clubs now operate in the U. S., with 25,000,000 cars sporting their decals. And they want you. Their argument goes like this: It's a snowy midnight on Sunday, you're driving through Kernel, Kansas, and your Gazelle 550D has just blown a rotostator. You trudge to the nearest plantation and rouse Farmer Jones, who grumps that your chances of getting towed are about as good as those of becoming Secretary of Agriculture. But you consult your XYZ Auto Club list of garages and dial the nearest one. The truck will arrive in ten minutes, you inform the awe-struck rustic. And you add that it will cost you zilch. Then you exit, whistling *In My Merry Oldsmobile*.

COUNTING THE BLESSINGS

Sound good? Any auto club with air in its tires can cite similar rescues—the classic was a guy who telephoned A.A.A. from a zoo, yelling that his car keys had just been swallowed by an ostrich. And it's a fact: One free tow or emergency call will offset your annual dues. You get other benefits, too, from emergency money to hotel discounts.

Auto clubs began forming in 1902, when roads were mud, maps rare, garages nonexistent and you got three days in the slammer for backfiring near a nervous Percheron. So drivers organized; the earliest clubs were Boston's Automobile Legal Association (A.L.A. now serves all of New England) and the American Automobile Association, granddaddy of today's 20,000,000-member A.A.A.

Actually, the A.A.A. is a confederation of 210 local and state clubs, each setting its own fees and benefits. So how A.A.A. stacks up against competing clubs depends on where you live.

In fact, since God neglected to create all auto clubs equal, it's unwise to join the first outfit that tootles by. Consider dues, for example.

Some clubs charge a flat fee covering you and your spouse: about $22.50 at Allstate Motor Club, $27 at Montgomery Ward Auto Club, $30 at U. S. Auto Club. A.A.A. varies, but a typical fee is $25 per year, plus a one-time seven-dollar entrance fee, with a spouse's membership ten dollars extra. Some clubs offer a choice of fees, depending on benefits.

Benefits also vary with club type—auto or travel. Travel clubs, such as Chevron and Exxon, usually omit road services altogether: Their forte is accidental-death insurance. Exxon pays $20,000. By contrast, the top benefit among the major auto clubs is the $5000 paid by Montgomery Ward and U. S. Auto. Others pay from $1000 to $3000, sometimes only for accidental death or dismemberment related to travel. Some A.A.A. clubs, however, also cover hospitalization.

ON THE ROAD

If your car inconveniently dies, A.A.A. clubs let you summon one of their 22,000 authorized service stations for free. If none of the anointed is available, you call any garage and the club partially reimburses you. A.L.A., National, Allstate and AMOCO operate similarly.

Other clubs have no affiliated garages—you call any mechanic, pay the bill and the club repays you later. Some limit their coverage—up to $25 per tow at Allstate, AMOCO and ARCO, $30 at Montgomery Ward and U. S. Auto.

What if a smack-up leaves your car KO'd? If the debacle is at least 50–100 miles from home, many clubs will cover your resulting lodging, meals, car rental or commercial-transportation costs. Maximums vary from $50 (ARCO) to $100 (U. S. Auto, Montgomery Ward) and $200 (Allstate).

And what if (it could happen, Charley!) you get busted? The club should provide bail bonds (usually $5000) and arrest bonds (usually $200). Most clubs also will pay your legal fees, usually up to $500. On the other hand, if your car is snitched, many clubs will offer a reward of $200 (A.A.A., Montgomery Ward, U. S. Auto) or $500 (Exxon, Gulf, Sun). Allstate and ARCO offer $500 rewards in both theft and hit-and-run cases.

But it's not all legalities and ailing engines. On the sunnier side, in this cheapo decade, when the gratis gas-station map is a goner, virtually all clubs provide maps, guidebooks and routing services showing you the speediest or prettiest routes, whichever you prefer. A.A.A. will even plot the most fuel-efficient route. Some clubs send out spies to rate restaurants and hotels for you. And it's always a plus if the club has a nearby office you can visit—service will be faster than via the mail.

THOSE LITTLE EXTRAS

Cross-check clubs for fringe benefits. Hotel reservations, domestic and overseas? Discounts on merchandise, rent-a-cars, tours and hotels? Check cashing? Credit-card registration? Lost-key returns? Mail forwarding?

If you own a recreational vehicle, consider a specialty club (Good Sam, out of Calabasas, California, is the largest). And check out regionals, such as A.L.A. (New England) or National (California)—some cover emergency expenses nationwide, while offering more personal service.

If you can, before joining a club, talk with members about how they've been treated. Experience is the best separator of plums from lemons. —RICHARD WOLKOMIR

The computer that revolutionized tape decks is now about to revolutionize stereo systems. With Sharp's SC-8000. The world's most complete music center. With computer control of the most dazzling collection of features and functions of any other system on the market.

Sharp's SC-8000 is a computerized receiver/cassette deck that you can actually program to suit your musical preferences.

Take control of your music with Sharp's exclusive computer.

The mastermind of the system is our famous computer, built right into the deck. It controls Sharp's exclusive Auto Program Locate Device.

With it you can program the SC-8000 to skip ahead or back to any song you prefer (up to 19 songs) and play or replay them automatically. You can even set any point on the cassette as the "beginning."

Specs and features that will impress your ears—and your friends.

Electronic Tape and Second Counting tell you how much tape or time you have left. And a built-in digital quartz clock displays timed-programming operations and acts as a timing device. Allowing you to program the SC-8000 for automatic recording from any source at any pre-selected time and then switch itself off.

Sharp's SC-8000 also insures that you won't miss any of the highs, lows or anything in between. The deck touts a low 0.06% wow and flutter, frequency response of 40-14,000Hz (±3dB) for ferrichrome tape and 62dB signal-to-noise ratio (Dolby* on).

Sharp completes the ultimate music center.

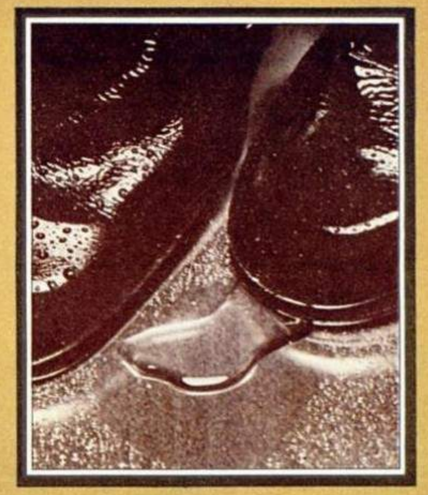
The SC-8000 is available as a total music system with the addition of our highly reliable belt-driven automatic turntable with a low mass "S" shaped tonearm and two Sharp Tri-Bass Accelerator speakers. So you can bring all this wonderful music vibrantly to life.

See your Sharp dealer soon and ask him to show you the stereo system with the mind of a computer and the heart of a musician. Or write Sharp Electronics Corporation, Dept. PP, 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, New Jersey 07652 for more information.

SHARP

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories

THE FIRST STEREO SYSTEM WITH THE MIND OF A COMPUTER AND THE HEART OF A MUSICIAN.



TIPS ON TAKING CARE OF YOUR CLOTHES

Clothes may make the man, but they can also be his undoing. You can buy all the expensive threads you want, but if they're mistreated or neglected, the fellow with an inexpensive but well-cared-for wardrobe has the edge on you every time. In the long run, a few minutes' attention each day to the contents of your closet will pay maximum dividends; your clothes will last longer and you'll look your best. Here's how to keep your duds in shape.

SHIRTS

Contrary to what most shirt launderers tell you, the choice is not of heavy, light or medium starch; it's whether or not you want starch at all. We say you're wise to decline it. It hardens the fibers in the fabric and accelerates their breakdown. Buttondown collars or collars with stays won't suffer in appearance from the lack of starch. Wash the shirt after each wearing; otherwise, body oil and grime will be embedded in the garment. Also, make sure your underarm antiperspirant is dry before you put your shirt on. The chemicals contained in an antiperspirant can stain or cause the fabric to deteriorate.

SUITS

If you're going to invest $300 in a suit, you can spring for another two dollars and buy yourself a wishbone-shaped wooden hanger. The suit's shoulders will be preserved a lot longer on that type of hanger than on a wire one. Given that, marry the proper type of pants clamp with the proper suit pants or slacks. Lightweight pants hung on a wooden hanger's center rod may retain a permanent horizontal crease. Many materials do not take kindly to pants-cuff clamps with large friction teeth, which may leave permanent marks.

If your closet is overcrowded, you've already defeated the purpose of hanging up your suits. There should be enough room between each one to let air circulate freely. Ideally, you should always brush a suit and then let it hang for several hours on a shaped stand-up valet before you put the garment in the closet. That way, body moisture will have a chance to evaporate and the suit itself will be allowed to spring back into shape. In winter, suits can absorb a surprising amount of moisture, due to the high relative humidity of outdoor air.

Don't wear the same suit two days in a row. Normal activity puts a great deal of strain on particular parts of a suit; a lot of movement, especially sitting down, crushes the front part of the trousers while straining and stretching the back. Always air or store a suit with the pockets empty, zippers undone and buttons unbuttoned. And never have a suit pressed without getting it dry-cleaned; you'll simply be sealing in the dirt and making it more difficult to remove.

OUTERWEAR

Always hang a heavy overcoat on a thick wooden hanger, never on a hook. The garment's own weight can pull it out of shape and leave you with a permanent Quasimodo hump. Open the coat if you're sitting in it for any length of time, so as not to put pressure on the buttonholes and buttons. Moisture should be allowed to evaporate from the garment after it has been out in a storm.

SHOES

New leather shoes are usually well shined, but it's always a good idea to add another layer of polish before wearing them. That will help guard against scuffing and cuts. As the shoes get soiled, use saddle soap to keep them supple and clean. (A word to the wise: Test the soap on a small area before you treat the whole shoe, as it may darken some light-colored leathers.) After the soap has dried and is brushed off, apply more polish and give the shoes a good buffing.

If your shoes get wet, place them in a well-ventilated area and stuff newspapers in them to aid their drying out. Change the newspapers several times, if necessary, and never put wet shoes on top of a radiator or near direct heat. Drying leather rapidly makes it brittle. Also, rapid drying will cause a pair of shoes to shrink and eventually seams and innersoles may even pull away from the welts.

After your shoes are dry, put shoe trees in them so that they preserve their shape. Never wear a pair of shoes two days in a row. Allow them to rest, so the moisture can completely evaporate before you put them on again.

To waterproof your shoes, vigorously saddle-soap them and let them dry. Then rub mink oil or one of the many waterproofing products on the market along all seams and where the shoe uppers are joined to the sole. Let the shoes dry in a warm place overnight, and don't let a slightly greasy surface dissuade you from wearing them the next day. You've now protected your footwear from salt, rain and snow—but you'll have to repeat the process a number of times, as the waterproofing wears off.

Remember: To be effective, clothing and shoe care must be ongoing. If you neglect your appearance, you'll be telling the world that you definitely don't have your personal act together—and that may cost you promotions, prestige and pleasure.

—JOHN STEARNS

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KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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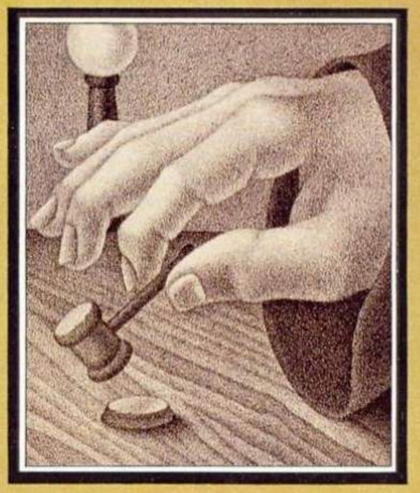
King. 100's.

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

CALLING ON SMALL CLAIMS COURT



Your $400 Yves Saint Laurent suit came back from the cleaners ruined. Or a chain store sold you a faulty Cuisinart. Or a neighbor appropriated your new lawn mower. You've confronted the bastards, but they refuse satisfaction on your complaint. How do you get even?

Before putting undue stress on your circulatory system, consider taking the offending party to Small Claims Court. That will show him! Small Claims Courts are designed to try matters in which you've suffered a harm or an injury that is measurable in money, the dollar amount is small and you've exhausted other means of procuring justice. Think of this court as a legal dueling ground where you can comfortably campaign for your honor and principles, as well as your principal.

A Small Claims lawsuit is often informal, easy to initiate and guaranteed to convince the other party you are serious about your gripe. The maximum limit for which you can sue varies from $150 to $3000, depending on where (what state and often what city) the action takes place. There is no minimum. Usually, you must sue someone where he lives or works, but that also varies. Your court clerk can give you the specifics. Now, don't go galloping down to the courthouse at the drop of a grievance. There are several questions that need answers before you find yourself standing before the judge.

DO YOU HAVE A LEGITIMATE CASE?

Almost everyone has a gut instinct for right and wrong. If you sincerely feel that your sense of justice has been violated, then go ahead with the lawsuit. Just remember the defendant will probably feel equally righteous and has the right to file a countersuit against you.

SHOULD YOU CONSULT AN ATTORNEY?

If you have a family attorney, by all means, call him. Otherwise, have a friend recommend one or call a lawyer-referral service listed in the Yellow Pages. Often a lawyer can judge the legitimacy of your case in a ten-minute call, and if he charges you anything, it shouldn't be much.

DOES THE DEFENDANT HAVE THE ABILITY TO PAY?

If the other party is a corporation, a business or a landlord, you know he can afford to cough up the dough he owes. For the slob who ran his bicycle into your new Ferrari, drive by his place and see if he owns anything of value. Things such as televisions and furniture can sometimes be seized by the sheriff or city marshal if you win the case and he refuses to pay. The local credit bureau may or may not disclose his credit history. Neighbors may or may not help. This is your chance to play Sam Spade.

Filing your Small Claims Court suit is a breeze. A phone call to the city courthouse will get you to the right door when you go downtown. Find out how much cash to take to cover the filing fee and postage for the summons. The clerk will help fill out the simple form that starts the action. Be certain you know the defendant's full legal name, his current street address and the amount of your claim. If you are suing a business, you must give its correct legal name and *exact* business address. This means checking the business license on the wall, or the county clerk's office, to find the real corporate name. If you don't have everything right, you will not effect proper service.

What happens next depends a lot on the defendant. If he doesn't show on the appointed day, you will probably win a default judgment, which is as good as winning your case. Assuming the defendant does show, you should arrive at court as prepared as a boy scout. Have two copies of all documents, receipts, bills, letters and contracts ready, one for the defendant and one for the court. Have your witnesses assembled and polished. Diagrams are helpful if they serve to clarify the grievance. And dress neatly.

Since corporations must be represented by an attorney in most states, you may find yourself facing a lawyer in court. Don't panic. Unless your case rests on some fine point of law, you are actually better off without one of your own. When a judge sees you trying to represent yourself against someone trained at law, he will usually try to act as your protector. It has something to do with American empathy for the little guy. Anyway, the whole purpose of the Small Claims Court is to provide a lawyerless environment for smallish disputes, where the rules of evidence and procedure have been suspended in favor of speedy resolution of conflicts.

If you do win your claim, you may not win the full amount. Unless your case is airtight, the judge will usually try to work out a compromise. You can best hedge your bets by being prepared with evidence and witnesses, controlling your emotions and knowing at least enough law so you don't talk yourself out of a case.

Assuming you win the judgment and the defendant doesn't pay up, the marshal's or sheriff's office can be enlisted for help in collecting. He has the power to attach the property of the person or may be able to garnish his wages. A good city collector will persist until he collects. That's a *good* one. Chances are you'll have to nudge him and the defendant continually until you see your money. Keep this in mind if you are offered a compromise settlement before the trial.

—DAVID BEST

"Slowly, in the depths of the mirror, a faint red glow began to burn, and spread, and consume the stars."

very little resemblance to the clumsy armor of the early astronauts, and, even when pressurized, would scarcely restrict his movements.

Morgan climbed the short flight of steps, stood for a moment on the capsule's tiny metal porch, then cautiously backed inside. As he settled down and fastened the safety belt, he was agreeably surprised at the amount of room. The two oxygen cylinders had been stowed under the seat and the CO_2 masks were in a small box behind the ladder that led up to the overhead air lock. It seemed astonishing that such a small amount of equipment could mean the difference between life and death for so many people.

Morgan had taken one personal item—a memento of that first day long ago at Yakkagala, where in a sense all this had started. The spinnerette took up little room and weighed only a kilo. Over the years, it had become something like a talisman; it was still one of the most effective ways of demonstrating the properties of hyperfilament, and when he left it behind, he almost invariably found that he needed it. And on this, of all trips, it might well prove useful.

He plugged in the quick-release umbilical of his space suit and tested the air flow on both the internal and the external supply. Outside, the power cables were disconnected: Spider was on its own.

The curving door of the capsule—the upper half of it transparent plastic—thudded softly shut against its gaskets. Morgan pressed the CHECK-OUT button and Spider's vital statistics appeared on the screen one by one. All were green; there was no need to note the actual figures. If any of the values had been outside nominal, they would have flashed red twice a second.

The quiet, calm voice of the controller sounded in his ear. "All systems nominal. You have control."

"I have control. I'll wait until the next minute comes up."

It was hard to think of a greater contrast to an old-time rocket launch, with its elaborate countdown, its split-second timing, its sound and fury. Morgan merely waited until the last two digits on the clock became zeros, then switched on power at the lowest setting.

Smoothly—*silently*—the floodlit mountaintop fell away beneath him. Not even a balloon ascent could have been quieter. If he listened carefully, he could just hear the whirring of the twin motors as they drove the big friction drive wheels that gripped the tape, both above and below the capsule.

Rate of ascent, five meters a second, said the velocity indicator; in slow, regular steps, Morgan increased the power until it read 50—exactly 180 kilometers an hour. That gave maximum efficiency at Spider's present loading; when the auxiliary battery was dropped off, speed could be increased to almost 250 klicks.

"Say *something*, Van!" said Warren Kingsley's amused voice from the world below.

"Leave me alone," Morgan replied equably. "I intend to relax and enjoy the view for the next couple of hours. What's the latest from the tower?"

"Temperature's stabilized at twenty—Monsoon Control zaps them with a modest megawattage every ten minutes. But Professor Sessui is furious—complains that it upsets his instrument."

"What about the air?"

"Not so good. The pressure has definitely dropped and, of course, the CO_2's building up. But they should be OK if you arrive on schedule. They're avoiding all unnecessary movement to conserve oxygen."

All except Professor Sessui, I'll bet, thought Morgan. It would be interesting to meet the man whose life he was trying to save. He had read several of the scientist's widely praised popular books and considered them florid and overblown. Morgan suspected that the man matched the style.

"And the status at 10K?"

"Another two hours before the transporter can leave; they're installing some special circuits to make quite sure that nothing catches fire on *this* trip. And they're coming down the north track, just in case the south one was damaged by the explosion. If all goes well, they'll arrive in—oh, twenty-one hours. Plenty of time, even if we don't send Spider up again with a second load."

Despite his only half-jesting remark to Kingsley, Morgan knew that it was far too early to start relaxing.

Soon he was 30 kilometers up in the sky, rising swiftly and silently through the tropical night. There was no moon, but the land beneath was revealed by the twinkling constellations of its towns and villages. When he looked at the stars above and the stars below, Morgan found it easy to imagine that he was far from any world, lost in the depths of space.

Fifty kilometers; he had reached what would, in normal times, have been the lowest level of the ionosphere. He did not, of course, expect to see anything; but he was wrong.

The first intimation was a faint crackling from the capsule speaker; then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a flicker of light. It was immediately below him, glimpsed in the downward-viewing mirror just outside Spider's little bay window.

He twisted the mirror around as far as it would adjust, until it was aimed at a point a couple of meters below the capsule. For a moment, he stared with astonishment and more than a twinge of fear; then he called the mountain.

"I've got company," he said. "I think this is in Professor Sessui's department. There's a ball of light—oh, about twenty centimeters across—running along the tape just below me. It's keeping a constant distance and I hope it stays there. But I must say it's quite beautiful—a lovely bluish glow, flickering every few seconds. And I can hear it on the radio link."

It was a full minute before Kingsley answered in a reassuring tone of voice.

"Don't worry—it's only Saint Elmo's fire. We've had similar displays along the tape during thunderstorms. You won't feel anything—you're too well shielded."

"Oh—it's fading out—getting bigger and fainter—now it's gone—I suppose the air's too thin for it—I'm sorry to see it go——"

"*That's* only a curtain raiser," said Kingsley. "Look what's happening directly above you."

A rectangular section of the star field flashed by as Morgan tilted the mirror toward the zenith. At first he could see nothing unusual, so he switched off all the indicators on his control panel and waited in total darkness.

Slowly, his eyes adapted, and in the depths of the mirror, a faint red glow began to burn, and spread, and consume the stars. It grew brighter and brighter and flowed beyond the limits of the mirror; Morgan could see it directly, for it extended halfway down the sky. A cage of light, with flickering, moving bars, was descending upon the Earth. On one of its rare visits to the equator, the auroral veil had come marching down from the poles.

BEYOND THE AURORA

Morgan doubted if even Professor Sessui, 500 kilometers above, had so spectacular a view. The storm was developing rapidly; short-wave radio—still used for many nonessential services—would by now have been disrupted all over the world. Morgan was not sure if he heard or felt a faint rustling, like the whisper of falling sand or the crackle of dry twigs. Unlike the static of the fireball, it certainly did not come from the speaker system, because it was still there when he switched off the circuit.

Curtains of dark-red fire, edged with crimson, were being drawn across the sky, then shaken slowly back and forth,

"Well . . . he should have thought of that before it set."

as if by an invisible hand. They were trembling with the gusts of the solar wind, the 2,520,000-kilometer-an-hour ionic gale blowing from sun to Earth—and far beyond. Even above Mars, a feeble auroral ghost was flickering now; and sunward, the poisonous skies of Venus were ablaze.

Above the pleated curtains, long rays like the ribs of a half-opened fan were sweeping around the horizon; sometimes they shone straight into Morgan's eyes like the beams of a giant searchlight, leaving him dazzled for minutes. There was no need, any longer, to turn off the capsule illumination to prevent it from blinding him; the celestial fireworks outside were brilliant enough to read by.

One hundred seventy kilometers; Spider was still climbing silently, effortlessly. It was hard to believe that he had left Earth exactly an hour ago. Hard, indeed, to believe that Earth still existed; for he was rising between the walls of a canyon of fire.

And now, like an airplane breaking through a ceiling of low-lying clouds, Spider was climbing above the display. Morgan was emerging from a fiery mist, twisting and turning beneath him. Many years ago, he had been aboard a tourist liner cruising through the tropical night, and he remembered how he had joined the other passengers on the stern, entranced by the beauty and wonder of the bioluminescent wake.

He had almost forgotten his mission and it was a distinct shock when he was recalled to duty.

"How's power holding up?" Kingsley asked. "You've only another twenty minutes on that battery."

Morgan glanced at his instrument panel. "It's dropped to ninety-five percent—but my rate of climb has *increased* by sixteen percent. I'm doing two hundred and ten klicks."

"That's about right. Spider's feeling the lower gravity—it's already down by ten percent at your altitude."

That was not enough to be noticeable, particularly if one was strapped into a seat and wearing several kilos of space suit. Yet Morgan felt positively buoyant and he wondered if he were getting too much oxygen.

No, the flow rate was normal. It must be the sheer exhilaration produced by that marvelous spectacle beneath him—though it was diminishing now, drawing back to north and south, as if retreating to its polar strongholds.

The stars were coming back into their own, no longer challenged by the eerie intruder from the poles. Morgan began to search the zenith, not with any high expectations, wondering if the tower were yet in sight. But he could make out only the first few meters, still lit by the faint auroral glow, of the narrow ribbon up which Spider was swiftly and smoothly climbing.

"Coming up to three-eighty," said Kingsley. "How is the power level?"

"Beginning to drop—down to eighty-five percent—the battery's starting to fade."

"Well, if it holds out for another twenty kilometers, it will have done its job. How do you feel?"

"I'm fine," Morgan answered. "If we could guarantee a display like this for all our passengers, we wouldn't be able to handle the crowds."

"Perhaps it could be arranged," laughed Kingsley. "We could ask Monsoon Control to dump a few barrels of electrons in the right places. Not their usual line of business, but they're good at improvising . . . aren't they?"

Morgan chuckled but did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the instrument panel, where both power and rate of climb were now visibly dropping. But that was no cause for alarm; Spider had reached 385 kilometers out of the expected 400 and the booster battery still had some life in it.

At 390 kilometers, Morgan started to cut back the rate of climb, until Spider crept more and more slowly upward. Eventually, the capsule was barely moving, and it finally came to rest just short of 405 kilometers.

"I'm dropping the battery," Morgan reported. "Mind your heads."

A good deal of thought had been given to recovering that heavy and expensive battery, but there had been no time to improvise a braking system that would let it slide safely back. Fortunately, the impact area, just ten kilometers east of the Earth terminus, lay in dense jungle.

Morgan turned the safety key and then pressed the red button that fired the explosive charges; Spider shook briefly as they detonated. Then he switched to the internal battery, slowly released the friction brakes and again fed power into the drive motors.

The capsule started to climb on the last lap of its journey. But one glance at the instrument panel told Morgan that something was seriously wrong. Spider should have been rising at over 200 klicks; it was doing less than 100, even at full power.

"We're in trouble," Morgan reported back to Earth. "The charges blew—but the battery never dropped. Something's still holding it on."

It was unnecessary, of course, to add that the mission must now be aborted. Everyone knew perfectly well that Spider could not possibly reach the base of the tower, carrying over 200 kilos of dead weight.

A BUMPY RIDE

Warren Kingsley's voice had regained its control; now it was merely dull and despairing.

"We're trying to stop the mechanic from shooting himself," he said. "But it's hard to blame him. He was interrupted by *another* rush job on the capsule and simply forgot to remove the safety strap."

So, as usual, it was human error. While the explosive links were being attached, the battery had been held in place by two metal bands. And only *one* of them had been removed. Recrimination was pointless. The only thing that mattered now was what to do next.

Morgan adjusted the external viewing mirror to its maximum downward tilt, but it was impossible to see the cause of the trouble. Now that the auroral display had faded, the lower part of the capsule was in total darkness and he had no means of illuminating it. But that problem, at least, could be readily solved. If Monsoon Control could dump kilowatts of infrared into the basement of the tower, it could easily spare him a few visible photons.

"We can use our own searchlights," said Kingsley, when Morgan passed on his request.

"No good—they'll shine straight into my eyes and I won't be able to see a thing. I want a light behind and *above* me—there must be somebody in the right position."

"I'll check," Kingsley answered, obviously glad to make some useful gesture. It seemed a long time before he called again; looking at his timer, Morgan was surprised to see that only three minutes had elapsed.

"Monsoon Control *could* manage it, but they'd have to retune and defocus—I think they're scared of frying you. But Kinte can light up immediately; they have a pseudo-white laser—*and* they're in the right position. Shall I tell them to go ahead?"

Morgan checked his bearings—let's see, Kinte would be very high in the west; that would be fine.

"I'm ready," he answered, and closed his eyes. Almost instantly, the capsule exploded with light.

Very cautiously, Morgan opened his eyes again. The beam was coming from high in the west, still dazzlingly brilliant despite its journey of almost 40,000 kilometers. It appeared to be pure white, but he knew that it was actually a blend of three sharply tuned lines in the red, green and blue parts of the spectrum.

After a few seconds' adjustment of the mirror, he managed to get a clear view of the offending strap, half a meter beneath his feet. The end that he could see was secured to the base of Spider by a large butterfly nut; all that he had to do was to unscrew *that* and the battery would drop off. . . .

Morgan sat silently analyzing the situation for so many minutes that Kingsley called him again. For the first time, there was a trace of hope in his deputy's voice. "We've been doing some calculations, Van. . . . What do you think of this idea?"

Morgan heard him out, then whistled softly. "You're certain of the safety margin?" he asked.

"Of course," answered Kingsley, sounding somewhat aggrieved; Morgan hardly blamed him, but *he* was not the one who would be risking his neck.

"Well—I'll give it a try. But only for one second the first time."

"That won't be enough. Still, it's a good idea—you'll get the feel of it."

Gently, Morgan released the friction brakes that were holding Spider motionless on the tape. Instantly, he seemed to rise out of the seat, as weight vanished. He counted, "One, *two*!" and engaged the brakes again.

Spider gave a jerk and for a fraction of a second, Morgan was pressed uncomfortably down into the seat. There was an ominous squeal from the braking mechanism, then the capsule was at rest again, apart from a slight torsional vibration that quickly died away.

"That was a bumpy ride," said Morgan. "But I'm still here—and so is that infernal battery."

"So I warned you. You'll have to try harder. Two seconds at least."

Morgan knew that he could not outguess Kingsley, with all the figures and computing power at his command, but he still felt the need for some reassuring mental arithmetic. Two seconds of free fall—say half a second to put on the brakes—allowing one ton for the mass of Spider. . . .

The question was: Which would go first—the strap retaining the battery or the tape that was holding him there 400 kilometers up in the sky? In the usual way, it would be no contest in a trial between hyperfilament and ordinary steel. But if he applied the brakes too suddenly—or they seized owing to this maltreatment—*both* might snap. And then he and the battery would reach the earth at very nearly the same time.

"Two seconds it is," he told Kingsley. "Here we go."

This time, the jerk was nerve-racking in its violence and the torsional oscillations took much longer to die out. Morgan was certain that he would have felt—or heard—the breaking of the strap. He was not surprised when a glance in the mirror confirmed that the battery was still there.

Kingsley did not seem too worried. "It may take three or four tries," he said.

After the third fall—Morgan felt he had dropped kilometers, but it was only about 50 meters—even Kingsley's optimism started to fade. It was obvious that the trick was not going to work.

"I'd like to send my compliments to the people who made that safety strap," said Morgan wryly. "Now what do you suggest? A *three*-second drop before I slam on the brakes?"

He could almost see Warren shake his head.

"Too big a risk. I'm not so much worried about the tape as the braking mechanism. It wasn't designed for this sort of thing."

"Well, it was a good try," Morgan answered. "But I'm not giving up yet. I'm damned if I'll be beaten by a simple butterfly nut, fifty centimeters in front of my nose. I'm going outside to get at it."

With the old-style space suits, reaching that butterfly nut would have been completely out of the question. Even with the Flexisuit that Morgan was now wearing, it might still be difficult—but at least he would make the attempt.

Very carefully, because more lives than his own now depended upon it, he rehearsed the sequence of events. He must check the suit, depressurize the capsule and open the hatch—which, luckily, was almost full length. Then he must release the safety belt, get down on his knees—if he could!—and reach for that butterfly nut. Everything depended upon its tightness. There were no tools of any kind aboard Spider, but Morgan was prepared to match his fingers—even in space gloves—against the average small wrench.

ON THE PORCH

For the past five minutes, the only sound that had come from the capsule was a series of "Checks" as Morgan went through the suit routine with an expert up in Midway. That was now complete; everyone was waiting tensely for the crucial next step.

"Valving the air," said Morgan, his voice overlaid with a slight echo now that he had closed the visor of his helmet. "Capsule pressure zero. No problem with breathing."

A 30-second pause, then: "Opening the front door—there it goes. Now releasing the seat belt."

There was an unconscious stirring and murmuring among the watchers. In imagination, every one of them was up there in the capsule, aware of the void that had suddenly opened before him.

"Quick-release buckle operated. I'm stretching my legs. Not much headroom. . . .

"Just getting the feel of the suit—quite flexible—now I'm going out onto the porch—don't worry!—I've got the seat belt wrapped around my left arm. . . .

"Phew! Hard work, bending as much as this. But I can see that butterfly nut, underneath the porch grille. I'm working out how to reach it. . . .

"On my knees now—not very comfortable——

"I've got it! Now to see if it will turn. . . ."

The listeners became rigid, silent—then, in unison, relaxed with virtually simultaneous sighs of relief.

"No problem! I can turn it easily. Two revs already—any moment now—just a bit more—I can feel it coming off—*look out down below!*"

There was a burst of clapping and cheering; some people put their hands over their heads and cowered in mock terror. One or two, not fully understanding that the falling nut would not arrive

for nearly five minutes and would descend ten kilometers to the east, looked genuinely alarmed.

Only Warren Kingsley failed to share the rejoicing.

The seconds dragged by . . . one minute . . . two minutes. . . .

"It's no use," said Morgan at last, his voice thick with rage and frustration. "I can't budge the strap. The battery weight is holding it jammed in the threads. Those jolts we gave must have welded it to the bolt."

"Come back as quickly as you can," said Kingsley. "There's a new power cell on the way and we can manage a turnaround in less than an hour. So we can still get up to the tower in—oh, say, six hours. Barring any further accidents, of course."

Precisely, thought Morgan; and he would not care to take Spider up again without a thorough check of the much-abused braking mechanism. Nor would he trust himself to make a second trip; he was already feeling the strain of the past few hours and fatigue would soon be slowing down his mind and body, just when he needed maximum efficiency from both.

He was back in the seat now, but the capsule was still open to space and he had not yet refastened the safety belt. To do so would be to admit defeat; and that had never been easy for Morgan.

The unwinking glare of the Kinte laser, coming from almost immediately above, still transfixed him with its pitiless light. He tried to focus his mind upon the problem, as sharply as that beam was focused upon him.

All that he needed was a metal cutter—a hacksaw or a pair of shears—that could sever the retaining strap. Once again, he cursed the fact that there was no tool kit aboard Spider; even so, it would hardly have contained what he needed.

There were hundreds of kilowatt-hours of energy stored in Spider's own battery; could he use that in any way? He had a brief fantasy of establishing an arc and burning through the strap; but even if suitable heavy conductors were available—and, of course, they weren't—the main power supply was inaccessible from the control cab.

Warren and all the skilled brains gathered around him had failed to find any solution. He was on his own, physically and intellectually. It was, after all, the situation he had always preferred.

And then, just as he was about to reach out and close the capsule door, Morgan knew what he had to do. All the time, the answer had been right by his finger tips.

THE OTHER PASSENGER

To Morgan, it seemed that a huge weight had lifted from his shoulders. He felt completely, irrationally confident. This time, surely, it *had* to work.

Nevertheless, he did not move from his seat until he had planned his actions in minute detail. And when Kingsley, sounding a little anxious, once again urged him to hurry back, he gave an evasive answer. He did not wish to raise any false hopes—on Earth or in the tower.

"I'm trying an experiment," he said. "Leave me alone for a few minutes."

He picked up the fiber dispenser that he had used for so many demonstrations—the little spinnerette that, years ago, had allowed him to descend the face of Yakkagala. One change had been made for reasons of safety; the first meter of filament had been coated with a layer of plastic, so that it was no longer quite invisible and could be handled cautiously, even with bare fingers.

As Morgan looked at the little box in his hand, he realized how much he had come to regard it as a talisman—almost a good-luck charm.

Once more, he clambered out of the seat and knelt down on the metal grille of Spider's tiny porch to examine the cause of all the trouble. The offending bolt was only ten centimeters on the other side of the grid, and although its bars were too close together for him to put his hand through them, he had already proved that he could reach around it without too much difficulty.

He released the first meter of coated fiber and, using the ring at the end as a plumb bob, lowered it down through the grille. Tucking the dispenser itself firmly in a corner of the capsule, so that he could not accidentally knock it overboard, he then reached around the grille until he could grab the swinging weight. This was not as easy as he had expected, because even this remarkable space suit would not allow his arm to bend quite freely, and the ring eluded his grasp as it pendulumed back and forth.

After half a dozen attempts—tiring rather than annoying, because he knew that he would succeed sooner or later—he had looped the fiber around the shank of the bolt, just behind the strap it was still holding in place.

He released just enough filament from the spinnerette for the naked fiber to reach the bolt and to pass around it; then he drew both ends tight—until he felt the loop catch in the thread.

Morgan had never attempted this trick with a rod of tough alloy more than a centimeter thick and had no idea how long it would take. Bracing himself against the porch, he began to operate his invisible saw.

After five minutes, he was sweating heavily and could not tell if he had made any progress at all. He was afraid to slacken the tension, lest the fiber escape from the equally invisible slot it was—he hoped—slicing through the bolt. Several times Warren had called him, sounding more and more alarmed, and he had given a brief reassurance. Soon he would rest for a while, recover his breath—and explain what he was trying to do. This was the least that he owed to his anxious friends.

The calm but authoritative woman's voice that interrupted Morgan gave him such a shock that he almost let go of the precious fiber. The words were muffled by his suit, but that did not matter. He knew them all too well, though it had been months since he had last heard them.

"Dr. Morgan," said CORA. "Please lie down and relax for the next ten minutes."

"Would you settle for five?" he pleaded. "I'm rather busy at the moment."

CORA did not deign to reply; although there were units that could conduct simple conversations, this model was not among them.

Morgan kept his promise, breathing deeply and steadily for a full five minutes. Then he started sawing again.

"Dr. Morgan," said CORA. "You really must lie down for half an hour."

Morgan swore softly to himself.

"You're making a mistake, young lady," he retorted. "I'm feeling fine." But he was lying; CORA knew about the ache in his chest. . . .

"Who the hell are you talking to, Van?" asked Kingsley.

"Just a passing angel," answered Morgan. "Sorry I forgot to switch off the mike. I'm going to take another rest."

"What progress are you making?"

"Can't say. But I'm sure the cut's pretty deep by this time. It *must* be. . . ."

He wished that he could switch off CORA, but that, of course, was impossible, even if she had not been out of reach between his breastbone and the fabric of his space suit. A heart monitor that could be silenced was worse than useless—it was dangerous.

"Dr. Morgan," said CORA, now distinctly annoyed. "I really *must* insist. At least half an hour's *complete* rest."

This time, Morgan did not feel, like answering. He knew that CORA was right; but she could not be expected to understand that his was not the only life involved.

The pain in his chest certainly seemed to be getting no worse; he decided to ignore both it and CORA and started to saw away, slowly but steadily, with the loop of fiber. He would keep going, he told himself grimly, just as long as was necessary.

Suddenly, Spider lurched violently as a quarter ton of dead weight ripped away, and Morgan was almost pitched out into the abyss. He dropped the spinnerette and grabbed for the safety belt.

Everything seemed to happen in dreamlike slow motion. He had no sense of fear, only an utter determination not to surrender to gravity without a fight. But he could not find the safety belt; it must have swung back into the cabin. . . .

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He was not even conscious of using his left hand, but suddenly he realized that it was clamped around the hinges of the open door. Yet still he did not pull himself back into the cabin; he was hypnotized by the sight of the falling battery, slowly rotating like some strange celestial body as it dwindled from sight. It took a long time to vanish completely; and not until then did Morgan drag himself to safety and collapse into his seat.

For a long time, he sat there, his heart hammering, awaiting CORA's next indignant protest. To his surprise, she was silent, almost as if she, too, had been equally startled. Well, he would give her no further cause for complaint; from now on, he would sit quietly at the controls, trying to relax his jangled nerves.

When he was himself again, he called the mountain.

"I've gotten rid of the battery," he said, and heard the cheers float up from Earth. "As soon as I've closed the hatch, I'll be on my way again. Tell Sessui and Company to expect me in just over an hour. And thank Kinte for the light—I don't need it now."

He repressurized the cabin, opened the helmet of his suit and treated himself to a long, cold sip of fortified orange juice. Then he engaged drive and released the brakes and lay back with a sense of overwhelming relief as Spider came up to full speed.

He had been climbing for several minutes before he realized what was missing. In anxious hope, he peered out at the metal grille of the porch. No, it was not there.

Well, he could always get another spinnerette to replace the one now following the discarded battery back to Earth; it was a small sacrifice for such an achievement. Strange, therefore, that he was so upset and unable fully to enjoy his triumph.

He felt that he had lost an old and faithful friend.

FADE OUT

The fact that he was still only 30 minutes behind schedule seemed too good to be true; Morgan would have been prepared to swear that the capsule had halted for at least an hour.

When he passed the 500-kilometer mark, still going strong, there was a message of congratulation from the ground. "By the way," added Kingsley, "the game warden in the Ruhana Sanctuary's reported an aircraft crashing. We were able to reassure him—if we can find the hole, we may have a souvenir for you." Morgan had no difficulty in restraining his enthusiasm: he was glad to see the last of that battery. Now, if they could find the spinnerette—but *that* would be a hopeless task. . . .

The first sign of trouble came at 550 kilometers. By now, the rate of ascent should have been almost 250 klicks; it was only 220. Slight though the discrepancy was—and it would make no appreciable difference to his arrival time—it worried Morgan.

When he was only 30 kilometers from the tower, he had diagnosed the problem and knew that this time there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. Although there should have been ample reserve, the battery was beginning to fade.

Perhaps those sudden jolts and restarts had brought on the malaise; possibly there was even some physical damage to the delicate components. Whatever the explanation, the current was slowly dropping and, with it, the capsule's speed.

There was consternation when Morgan reported the indicator readings back to the ground.

"I'm afraid you're right," Kingsley lamented, sounding almost in tears. "We suggest you cut speed back to one hundred klicks. We'll try to calculate battery life—though it can only be an educated guess."

Twenty-five kilometers to go—a mere 15 minutes, even at this reduced speed! If Morgan had been able to pray, he would have done so.

"We estimate you have between ten and twenty minutes, judging by the rate the current is dropping. It will be a close thing, I'm afraid."

"Shall I reduce speed again?"

"Not for the moment; we're trying to optimize your discharge rate, and this seems about right."

"Well, you can switch on your beam now. If I can't get to the tower, at least I want to see it."

Neither Kinte nor the other orbiting stations could help him, now that he wished to look up at the underside of the tower. This was a task for the searchlight on Sri Kanda itself, pointing vertically toward the zenith.

A moment later, the capsule was impaled by a dazzling beam from the heart of Taprobane. Only a few meters away—indeed, so close that he felt he could touch them—the three other guiding tapes were ribbons of light, converging toward the tower. He followed their dwindling perspective—and there it was. . . .

Just 20 kilometers away! He should be there in a dozen minutes, coming up through the floor of that tiny square building he could see glittering in the sky.

At ten kilometers, there was a distinct change of pitch from the drive motors; Morgan had been expecting this and reacted to it at once. Without waiting for advice from the ground, he cut speed back to 50 klicks.

At five kilometers, he could see the constructional details of the tower—the catwalk and protective rails, the futile safety net provided as a sop to public opinion. Although he strained his eyes,

"Oh, yeah? Well, my assertiveness seminar can lick your assertiveness seminar any day!"

he could not yet make out the air lock toward which he was now crawling with such agonizing slowness.

And then it no longer mattered. Two kilometers short of the goal, Spider's motors stalled completely. The capsule even slid downward a few meters before Morgan was able to apply the brakes.

Yet this time, to Morgan's surprise, Kingsley did not seem utterly downcast.

"You can still make it," he said. "Give the battery ten minutes to recuperate. There's still enough energy there for that last couple of kilometers."

Morgan gave the battery an extra minute for luck. To his relief, the motors responded strongly, with an encouraging surge of power. Spider got within half a kilometer of the tower before stalling again.

"Next time does it," said Kingsley, though it seemed to Morgan that his friend's confidence now sounded somewhat forced. "Sorry for all these delays. . . ."

"Another ten minutes?" Morgan asked with resignation.

"I'm afraid so. And this time, use thirty-second bursts, with a minute between them. That way, you'll get the last erg out of the battery."

And out of me, thought Morgan. Strange that CORA had been quiet for so long. Still, this time he had not exerted himself physically; it only *felt* that way.

In his preoccupation with Spider, he had been neglecting himself. For the past hour, he had quite forgotten his zero-residue glucose-based energy tablets and the little plastic bulb of fruit juice. After he had sampled both, he felt much better and only wished that he could transfer some of the surplus calories to the dying battery.

Now for the moment of truth—the final exertion. Failure was unthinkable, when he was so close to the goal. The fates could not possibly be so malevolent, now that he had only a few hundred meters to go.

The capsule heaved itself upward in fits and starts, like a dying animal seeking its last haven. When the battery finally expired, the base of the tower seemed to fill half the sky.

But it was still 20 meters above him.

THEORY OF RELATIVITY

It was to Morgan's credit that he felt his own fate was sealed in the desolating moment when the last dregs of power were exhausted and the lights on Spider's display panel finally faded out. Not for several seconds did he remember that he had only to release the brakes and he would slide back to Earth. In three hours, he could be safely back in bed. No one would blame him for the failure of his mission; he had done all that was humanly possible.

For a brief while, he stared in a kind of dull fury at that inaccessible square, with the shadow of Spider projected upon it. His mind revolved a host of crazy schemes and rejected them all. If he still had his faithful little spinnerette—but there would have been no way of getting it to the tower. *If* the refugees possessed a space suit, someone could lower a rope to him—but there had been no time to collect a suit from the burning transporter.

Of course, if this were a video drama, and not a real-life problem, some heroic volunteer could sacrifice himself—better yet, herself—by going into the lock and tossing down a rope, using the 15 seconds of vacuum consciousness to save the others. It was some measure of Morgan's desperation that, for a fleeting moment, he even considered this idea before common sense reasserted itself.

From the time that Spider had given up the battle with gravity until Morgan finally accepted that there was nothing more that he could do, probably less than a minute elapsed. Then Warren Kingsley asked a question that, at such a moment, seemed an annoying irrelevance.

"Give us your distance again, Van—exactly *how* far are you from the tower?"

"What the hell does it matter? It could be a light-year."

There was a brief silence from the ground; then Kingsley spoke again: "It makes all the difference in the world. Did you say *twenty* meters?"

"Yes—that's about it."

Incredibly — unmistakably — Warren gave a clearly audible sigh of relief. There was even joy in his voice when he answered: "And all these years, Van, I thought that *you* were the chief engineer on this project. Suppose it *is* twenty meters exactly——"

Morgan's explosive shout prevented him from finishing the sentence. "What an idiot! Tell Sessui I'll dock in—oh, fifteen minutes."

"Fourteen point five, if you've guessed the distance right. And nothing on Earth can stop you now."

That was still a risky statement and Morgan wished that Kingsley hadn't made it. Docking adapters sometimes failed to latch together properly, because of minute errors in manufacturing tolerances. And, of course, there had never been a chance to test this particular system.

He felt only a slight embarrassment at his mental blackout. After all, under extreme stress, a man could forget his own telephone number, even his own date of birth.

It was all a matter of relativity. He could not reach the basement; but the basement would reach him—at its inexorable two kilometers a day.

HARD DOCK

The record for one day's construction had been 30 kilometers, when the slimmest and lightest section of the tower was being assembled. Now that the most massive portion—the very root of the structure—was nearing completion in orbit, the rate was down to two kilometers. The approximately 15 minutes that it would take the tower to reach Spider would give Morgan time to check the adapter line-up and to mentally rehearse the rather tricky few seconds between confirming hard dock and releasing Spider's brakes. If he left them on for too long, there would be a very unequal trial of strength between the capsule and the moving megatons of the tower.

It was a long but relaxed 15 minutes—time enough, Morgan hoped, to pacify CORA. Toward the end, everything seemed to happen very quickly and, at the last moment, he felt like an ant about to be crushed in a stamping press, as the solid roof in the sky descended upon him. One second, the base of the tower was still meters away; an instant later, it appeared, he felt and heard the impact of the docking mechanism.

Many lives depended now upon the skill and care with which the engineers and mechanics, years ago, had done their work. *If* the couplings did not line up within the allowed tolerances; *if* the latching mechanism did not operate correctly; *if* the seal were not airtight; *if* the stand-by instrument battery were inoperative. . . .

Then, like a signal of victory, the DOCKING COMPLETED sign flashed on the indicator board. Tower and capsule were firmly mated together. Morgan had only to climb a few rungs of ladder and he would have reached his goal.

Already, he could hear a faint tattoo of welcoming raps from the far side of the air lock. He undid his safety belt, climbed awkwardly onto the seat and started to ascend the ladder.

The bare, bleak cell was lit only by the solar-fluorescent panels that had been patiently trapping and releasing sunlight for more than a decade, against the emergency that had arrived at last. Their illumination revealed a scene that might have come from some old war: here were homeless and disheveled refugees from a devastated city, huddling in a bomb shelter with the few possessions they had been able to save.

Not many such refugees, however, would have carried bags labeled PROJECTION, LUNAR HOTEL CORPORATION, PROPERTY OF THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF MARS, or the ubiquitous MAY/NOT/BE STOWED IN VACUUM. Nor would they have been so cheerful; even those who were lying down to conserve oxygen managed a smile and a languid wave. Morgan had just returned the salute when his legs buckled beneath him and everything blacked out.

Never before in his life had he fainted, and when the blast of cold oxygen revived him, his first emotion was one of acute embarrassment. His eyes came slowly into focus and he saw masked shapes hovering over him. For a moment, he wondered if he were in hospital; then brain and vision returned to normal. While he was still unconscious, his precious cargo must have been unloaded.

Those masks were the molecular sieves he had carried up to the tower; worn over nose and mouth, they would block the CO_2 but allow oxygen to pass. Simple yet technologically sophisticated, they would enable men to survive in an atmosphere that would otherwise cause rapid death. It required a little extra effort to breathe through them, but nature never gave something for nothing—and this was a very small price to pay.

Rather groggily, but refusing any help, Morgan got to his feet and was belatedly introduced to the men and women he had saved. One matter still worried him: while he was unconscious, had CORA delivered any of her set speeches?

"On behalf of all of us," said Professor Sessui, with sincerity yet with the obvious awkwardness of a man who was seldom polite to anyone, "I want to thank you for what you've done. We owe our lives to you."

Any logical or coherent reply to this would have smacked of false modesty, so Morgan used the excuse of adjusting his mask to mumble something unintelligible. He was about to start checking that all the equipment had been unloaded when Professor Sessui added, rather anxiously: "I'm sorry we can't offer you a chair—this is the best we can do." He pointed to a couple of instrument boxes, one on top of the other. "You really should take it easy."

The phrase was familiar; so CORA *had* spoken. There was a slightly embarrassed pause while Morgan registered this fact, and the others admitted that they knew, and he showed that he knew *they* knew—all without a word being uttered.

"That can of sealant," Morgan said, pointing to the smallest of the containers he had brought, "should take care of your leak. Spray it round the gasket of the air lock; it sets hard in a few seconds.

"Use the oxygen only when you have to; you may need it to sleep. There's a CO_2 mask for everyone and a couple of spares.

"And here's food and water for three days—that should be plenty. The transporter from 10K should be here tomorrow. As for the Medikit—I hope you won't need *that* at all. . . ."

He paused for breath; it was not easy to talk while wearing a CO_2 filter and he felt an increasing need to conserve his strength. But he still had one further job to do—and the sooner the better.

Morgan turned to driver-pilot Chang and said quietly, "Please help me suit up

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again. I want to inspect the tracks."

"That's only a thirty-minute suit you're wearing!"

"I'll need ten minutes—fifteen at the most."

"Dr. Morgan, *I'm* a space-qualified operator, *you're* not. No one's allowed to go out in a thirty-minute suit without a spare pack or an umbilical. Except in an emergency, of course."

"I want to look at the damage," he answered, "and examine the tracks. It would be a pity if the people from 10K couldn't reach you because they weren't warned of some obstacle."

Chang was clearly not too happy about the situation (what *had* that gossiping CORA jabbered while he was unconscious?) but raised no further arguments as he followed Morgan into the north lock.

"I'm going to take a quick walk around the tower," said Morgan, "and I'll describe any damage so you can report to Midway. It won't take more than ten minutes. And if it does—well, don't try to get me back."

Driver-pilot Chang's reply, as he closed the inner door of the air lock, was very practical and very brief.

"How the hell *could* I?" he asked.

VIEW FROM THE BALCONY

The outer door of the north air lock opened without difficulty, framing a rectangle of complete darkness. Running horizontally across that darkness was a line of fire—the protective handrail of the catwalk, blazing in the beam of the searchlight pointed straight up from the mountain so far below.

Morgan took a deep breath and flexed the suit. He felt perfectly comfortable and waved to Chang, peering at him through the window of the inner door. Then he stepped out of the tower.

The catwalk that surrounded the basement was a metal grille about two meters wide; beyond it, the safety net had been stretched out for another 30 meters. The portion that Morgan could see had caught nothing whatsoever during its years of patient waiting.

He started his circumnavigation of the tower, shielding his eyes against the glare blasting up from underfoot. The oblique lighting showed up every least bump and imperfection in the surface, which stretched above him like a roadway to the stars—and, in a sense, it was.

As he had hoped and expected, the explosion on the far side of the tower had caused no damage here; *that* would have required an atomic bomb, not a mere electrochemical one. The twin grooves of the track, now awaiting their first arrival, stretched endlessly upward in their pristine perfection.

Taking his time, and keeping close to the sheer face of the tower, Morgan walked slowly westward until he came to the first corner. As he turned, he looked back at the open door of the air lock and the—relative, indeed!—safety that it represented. Then he continued boldly along the blank wall of the west face.

The west face was exactly like the north one—there was no sign of damage, even though it was closer to the scene of the explosion.

Checking the impulse to hurry—after all, he had been outside for only three minutes—Morgan strolled on to the next corner. Even before he turned it, he could see that he was not going to complete his planned circuit of the tower. The catwalk had been ripped off and was dangling out in space, a twisted tongue of metal. The safety net had vanished altogether, doubtless torn away by the falling transporter.

I won't press my luck, Morgan told himself. But he could not resist peering round the corner, holding on to the section of the guardrail that remained.

There was a good deal of debris stuck in the track and the face of the tower had been discolored by the explosion. But as far as Morgan could see, even here there was nothing that could not be put right in a couple of hours by a few men with cutting torches. He gave a careful description to Chang, who expressed relief and urged Morgan to get back into the tower as soon as possible.

When he had walked back to the open door of the air lock, he stood for a few final moments beside the guardrail, drenched by the fountain of light leaping up from the summit of Sri Kanda far below. It threw his own immensely elongated shadow directly along the tower, vertically upward toward the stars. That shadow must stretch for thousands of kilometers, and it occurred to Morgan that it might even reach the transporter now dropping swiftly down from the 10K station. If he waved his arms, the rescuers might be able to see his signals; he could talk to them in Morse code. . . .

This amusing fantasy inspired a more serious thought. Would it be best for him to wait here, with the others, and not risk the return to Earth in Spider? But the journey up to Midway, where he could get good medical attention, would take more than a day. That was not a sensible alternative, since he could be back on Sri Kanda in less than three hours.

He patted the smooth, unyielding surface of the tower, more enormous in comparison with him than an elephant with an amoeba. But no amoeba could ever conceive of an elephant—still less create one.

"See you on Earth in ten months," Morgan whispered, and slowly closed the air-lock door behind him.

THE LAST DAWN

Morgan was back in the basement for only five minutes; this was no time for social amenities and he did not wish to consume any of the precious oxygen he had brought here with such difficulty. He shook hands all round and scrambled back into Spider.

It was good to breathe again without a mask—better yet to know that his mission had been a complete success and that in less than three hours he would be safely back on Earth. Yet after all the effort that had gone into reaching the tower, he was reluctant to cast off again and to surrender once more to the pull of gravity—even though it was now taking him home. But presently, he released the docking latches and started to fall downward, becoming weightless for several seconds.

When the speed indicator reached 300 klicks, the automatic mechanical braking system came on and weight returned. The brutally depleted battery would be recharging now, but it must have been damaged beyond repair and would have to be taken out of service.

There was an ominous parallel here; Morgan could not help thinking of his own overstrained body, but a stubborn pride still kept him from asking for a doctor on stand-by. He had made a little bet with himself; he would do so only if CORA spoke again.

She was silent now, as he dropped swiftly through the night. Morgan felt totally relaxed and left Spider to look after itself while he admired the heavens. Few spacecraft provided so panoramic a view, and not many men could ever have seen the stars under such superb conditions. The auroral veil had vanished completely, the searchlight had been extinguished and there was nothing left to challenge the constellations.

Except, of course, the stars that man himself had made. Almost directly overhead was the dazzling beacon of Ashoka, only a few hundred kilometers from the tower complex. Halfway down in the east was Confucius, much lower yet Kamehameha, while high up from the west shone Kinte and Imhotep. These were merely the brightest signposts along the equator; there were literally scores of others, all of them far more brilliant than Sirius. How astonished one of the old astronomers would have been to see this necklace around the sky. And how bewildered he would have become when, after an hour or so's observation, he discovered that they were quite immobile—neither rising nor setting, while the familiar stars drifted past in their ancient courses.

As he stared at the diamond necklace stretched across the sky, Morgan's sleepy mind slowly transformed it into something far more impressive. With only a slight effort of the imagination, those man-made stars became the lights of a titanic bridge. . . .

He drifted into still wilder fantasies. What was the name of the bridge into Valhalla, across which the heroes of the Norse legends passed from this world to the next? He could not remember, but it was a glorious dream.

And had other creatures, long before man, tried in vain to span the skies of their own worlds? He thought of the splendid rings encircling Saturn, the ghostly arches of Uranus and Neptune. Although he knew perfectly well that none of these worlds had ever felt the touch of life, it amused him to think that here were the shattered fragments of bridges that had failed.

He wanted to sleep, but against his will, imagination had seized upon the idea. Like a dog that had just discovered a new bone, it would not let go.

The concept was not absurd; it was not even original. Many of the synchronous stations were already kilometers in extent or linked by cables that stretched along appreciable fractions of their orbit. To join them together, thus forming a ring completely around the world, would be an engineering task much simpler than the building of the tower and involving much less material.

No—not a ring, a *wheel*. This tower was only the first spoke. There would be others (four? six? a score?) spaced along the equator. When they were all connected rigidly up there in orbit, the problems of stability that plagued a single tower would vanish. Africa, South America, the Gilbert Islands, Indonesia—they could *all* provide locations for Earth terminals, if desired.

For someday, as materials improved and knowledge advanced, the towers could be made invulnerable even to the worst hurricanes, and mountain sites would no longer be necessary. If he had waited another 100 years, perhaps he need not have disturbed the Mahanayake Thero. . . .

While he was dreaming, the thin crescent of the waning moon had lifted unobtrusively above the eastern horizon, already aglow with the first hint of dawn. Earthshine lit the entire lunar disk so brilliantly that Morgan could see much of the night-land detail; he strained his eyes in the hope of glimpsing that loveliest of sights, never seen by earlier ages—a star within the arms of the crescent moon. But none of the cities of man's second home was visible tonight.

Only 200 kilometers—less than an hour to go. There was no point in trying to keep awake; Spider had automatic stand-by mechanical terminal programming and would touch gently down without disturbing his sleep. . . .

The pain woke him first; CORA was a fraction of a second later.

"Don't try to move," she said soothingly. "I've radioed for help. The ambulance is on the way."

That was funny. But don't laugh, Morgan ordered himself; she's only doing her best. He felt no fear; though the pain beneath his breastbone was intense, it was not incapacitating. He tried to focus his mind upon it and the very act of concentration relieved the symptoms. Long ago, he had discovered that the best way of handling pain was to study it objectively.

Warren was calling him, but the words were far away and had little meaning. He could recognize the anxiety in his friend's voice and wished that he could do something to alleviate it; but he had no strength left to deal with this problem—or with any other.

Now he could not even hear the words; a faint but steady roar had obliterated all other sounds. Though he knew that it existed only in his mind—or the labyrinthine channels of his ears—it seemed completely real; he could believe that he was standing at the foot of some great waterfall. . . .

It was growing fainter, softer—*more musical*. And suddenly he recognized it. How pleasant to hear once more, on the silent frontier of space, the sound he remembered from his very first visit to Yakkagala!

Gravity was drawing him home again, as through the centuries its invisible hand had shaped the trajectories of the Fountains of Paradise. But he had created something that gravity could never recapture, as long as men possessed the wisdom and the will to preserve it.

How cold his legs were! What had happened to Spider's life-support system? But soon it would be dawn; then there would be warmth enough.

The stars were fading, far more swiftly than they had any right to do. That was strange; though the day was almost here, everything around him was growing dark. And the fountains were sinking back into the Earth, their voices becoming fainter . . . fainter . . . fainter. . . .

And now there was another voice, but Vannevar Morgan did not hear it. Between brief, piercing bleeps, CORA cried to the approaching dawn:

HELP! WILL ANYONE WHO HEARS ME
PLEASE COME AT ONCE!
THIS IS A CORA EMERGENCY!
HELP! WILL ANYONE WHO HEARS ME
PLEASE COME AT ONCE!

•

She was still calling when the sun came up and its first rays caressed the summit of the mountain that had once been sacred. Far below, the shadow of Sri Kanda leaped forth upon the clouds, its truncated cone otherwise unblemished by any act of man.

There were no pilgrims now, to watch that symbol of eternity lie across the face of the awakening land. But millions would see it, in the centuries ahead, as they rode in comfort and safety to the stars.

This is the conclusion of "The Fountains of Paradise."

"She was Miss April when we married twenty-five years ago—now she's April, May, June and July."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

STRAPPED FOR LAUGHS

A true connoisseur of locker-room comedy will go to any lengths to milk a belly laugh from his audience. Wearing a lamp shade is passé and stink powder and rubber vomit are a yawn (though it's rumored that England's Prince Charles has been spotted in a local gag shop stocking up on whoopee cushions). But now comes an item that's so gross it's guaranteed to produce a round of braying from all but the most jaded wag. Just $9.95 sent to the Magical Mystery Tour, Ltd., a store at 6010 W. Dempster, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053, will bring you a personalized (first name only) Super Joc apron that's shaped like a giant jockstrap complete with the legend THE HOST WITH THE MOST across the crotch. Just step into it and wait for the laughs. Fun . . . huh . . . huh . . . huh. . . .

WE LOVE A MYSTERY

The expression the dead of winter takes on new meaning when you subscribe to a handsome 100-plus-page magazine called *The Armchair Detective* that's published quarterly by The Mysterious Press, 129 West 56th Street, New York,.New York 10019, for $16 annually. Recent articles include "The English Detective Novel Between the Wars: 1919–1939," a piece on detective dramas and a roundup of current whodunit titles. It's bloody good fun.

MY FUNKY VALENTINE

For this February 14th—and all year round, if you're really a romantic—you can find everything your heart desires on the shelves of a curious Manhattan shop called Only Hearts at 281 Columbus Avenue. Co-owners Jonathan and Helena Stuart stock—as you may have guessed—only objects that are heart-shaped; potholders, jewelry, planters, etc., plus a variety of contemporary and antique valentines that would melt the heart of Lucrezia Borgia. Love conquers all.

MAN TO MANHOLE

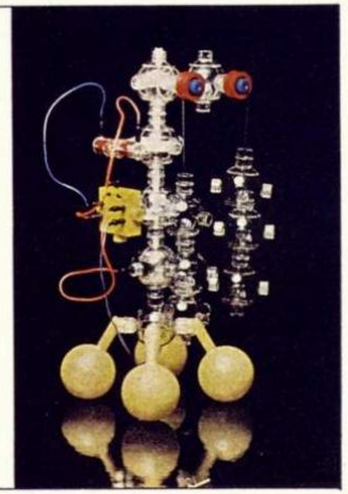
If you walk with your head down, you've probably noticed the unusual patterns that anonymous designers have chosen to emblazon upon manhole covers. If you don't, then you can still stay one step ahead of the art crowd by sending $22.50 to Black Chip Graphics, P.O. Box 17511, Denver, Colorado 80217, for a 27″ x 27″ rubbing of an unusual design that's been silk-screened on canvas. If someone asks, tell him Manhole Ray did it.

GUYS AND DOLLS

At left are Jim Devereux and his four-foot-high cloth clone. Devereux, who's co-owner of The Grand Gesture, a gift shop at 21793 Ventura Boulevard, Woodland Hills, California 91364, creates these look-alike dolls for $125 each, postpaid, provided you send him at least two color photos, one fullface, the other a profile. (For $125, your doll will be wearing a loincloth or a bikini; fancy threads will cost you more.) Or you can pay $800 and get a life-sized replica. We hear friends of Paul Williams' bought him a full-sized doll for the price of a four-footer.

TOYING WITH TOMORROW

Capsela land and water motorized models consist of snap-together parts and clear-plastic capsules in which you can actually see the battery-powered gears going round. Although kids will love them, an imaginative adult can construct some really incredible moving objects, such as the elevator pictured here. Order Capsela's 700-series kit from Play-Jour, Inc., 1271 Avenue of the Americas, Suite 3530, New York, New York 10020, for $35, postpaid, and start snapping.



NEEDLEPORN

With everyone from Rosey Grier to your Aunt Sadie stitching needlepoint, it was only a matter of time until somebody came up with a naughty pattern that you might find too hot to hang in your living room but just the right touch for the boudoir. The complete kit that Chaise Lounge Needlepoint, P.O. Box 7203, Louisville, Kentucky 40207, will send you for $37, postpaid, is copied from an Oriental pillow book. Start working, and when someone asks how you're coming along on it, just tell him you're in the pink.

BLUES IN THE ROUND

Those old piano blues from the Twenties originally played by such artists as Little Brother and Stump Johnson are available on three separate Magpie LPs that were produced in England and are now available from Rounder Records, P.O. Box 474, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144, for $6 each, postpaid. Volume One is a reissue of Paramount label recordings, Volume Two showcases Brunswick and Volume Three features Vocalion. The cover designs are by PLAYBOY cartoonist Smilby, who's a real blues buff.

SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT

Remember the photo of Linda Kellum and the other ex–Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders we ran in our December 1978 feature *Pro Football's Main Attractions*? This same picture, shot by crack L.A. photographer Arny Freytag, is now available as a 22″ x 28″ color poster from Scoreboard Posters, 517 A Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90401, for just $5.70, postpaid. Pin it up and eat your heart out.

SEX HANG-UPS *(continued from page 128)*

"The Devil's penis was said to be made of ivory, shod with iron or covered with fish scales."

his clothing, since the sight of his own parts might tempt him; many followed his example. Those who needed outside help were given it by their confessors: By the Seventh Century, masturbation cost 40 days of penance, and Aquinas later reckoned it a worse sin than fornication. Since this did little more than make millions feel terrible—without eliminating the practice—physicians in the 18th and 19th centuries took another tack: They claimed that over 100 diseases, ranging from poor eyesight and epilepsy to heart murmurs and mental disorder, were caused by masturbation. This was effective, at least in spoiling the pleasure of masturbators. And who can say that the physicians were wrong? For, undoubtedly, some of those who were authoritatively told that they would develop physical and mental ailments if they masturbated did, indeed, develop such ailments out of fear and guilt.

9. *Intercourse with spirits:* In various eras, men and women who denied themselves even the mediocre solace of masturbation often dreamed, willy-nilly, of sexual delights. But since, consciously, they desired not to enjoy such pleasures, they transformed their yearnings in sleep into visitations by supernatural creatures—incubi and succubi, the Devil himself, and Christ.

Christ? Yes, even he. The cult of virginity, in which every nun or pious virgin is "the bride of Christ," dates back to the Fifth Century; in earlier days, it had distinctly erotic overtones. Saint Jerome himself, persuading one virgin to remain celibate, used curiously sexual imagery:

"Let the seclusion of your own chamber ever guard you; ever let the Bridegroom sport with you within. If you pray, you are speaking to your Spouse; if you read, He is speaking to you. When sleep falls on you, He will come behind the wall and will put His hand through the hole in the door and will touch your belly. And you will awake and rise up and cry: 'I am sick with love.' "

No one knows how many virgins sublimated their desires in this fashion, but some of those who achieved fame, and who left their memoirs, tell of such dreams or visions. Sometimes, though, they thinly concealed the truth from themselves behind transparent symbolism. Saint Theresa of Avila, the 16th Century Carmelite mystic, described her many transports and raptures, in some of which she saw a beautiful angel holding a long golden spear with a fiery tip; he would thrust this several times into her heart and a feeling of burning, divine love would descend into her bowels and fill her being.

Others weren't as fortunate. For many centuries, from the Middle Ages on, uncounted thousands of women (and some men) had the impression that at night they were sexually possessed by demons or by the Devil himself, which qualified them to become witches. They gave the most vivid details (when tortured by inquisitors) of their sexual union with the evil one: His penis was variously said to be made of ivory, shod with iron or covered with fish scales and, in any case, ice-cold. (Maybe the Devil just had an assortment of French ticklers and novelty condoms.) Some claimed that intercourse with him was excruciating but others said that it was marvelous. (As one Scottish witch said, "He is abler for us than any man can be.") Of special importance to them, or perhaps to him, was his anus: At Black Masses, those who reverently kissed this orifice received special powers. All of which might seem amusing, except that those who confessed were burned at the stake. In 1554, one inquisitor reported that at least 30,000 witches had been destroyed in a century and a half, and by the time the witchcraft frenzy died out, the number must have been far greater than that.

10. *The need for pain in sexual pleasure:* Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the novelist who liked his wife to beat him with a whip that had nails in it, was not so rare a bird. Although many experts have described women as often being masochistic in the sex act, and wanting to be forced or hurt a little, it is men who have more often required severe whippings, without which they could not achieve erection and orgasm. This condition was especially common in the sexually constipated 19th Century, most notably in England. Indeed, flagellation by a prostitute, at the man's own wish, was widely called *le vice anglais.* Many of London's Victorian brothels specialized in this service, and their clientele included men of distinction.

Some writers have linked *le vice anglais* to the English custom of birching pubescent schoolboys on their bare bottoms for their misdeeds. Perhaps—but that doesn't explain the phenomenon, mentioned by Havelock Ellis, of those men who went to Victorian brothels where they could be hanged from a padded cord. Hanged but not killed; the scholarly Ellis adds in a footnote that though hanged criminals sometimes have emissions, there "is no sexual pleasure in death by hanging, and persons who have been rescued at the last moment have experienced no voluptuous sensation."

Too bad. That would surely have been the ultimate hang-up.

STRIKE TEAMS *(continued from page 91)*

"After a while, the terrorists need a psychiatrist. And they get one—from the opposing side."

today's terrorists spend a brief sojourn in their version of paradise. Sex and terrorism are intimately intertwined. Information acquired from Israeli sources who have interrogated captured terrorists and debriefed informers is that the main amusement before embarking on a mission is a grand orgy. The teams are often composed of an equal number of men and women, and they make the most of it. For a few glorious days, the terrorists have almost limitless funds, total leisure and nonstop sex. Before leaving Haddad's training camp in Yemen on her first mission, a Dutch girl, who was arrested on a scouting mission in a plot to blow up the Tel Aviv Hilton, told my Israeli sources that her going-away party turned into a gang bang. Almost invariably, the women are passed around, and a few who have been captured and interrogated have complained of brutal and insatiable appetites of their male comrades.

But suddenly, the ecstasy of intercourse changes to the nerve-racking tension of the operation. As a rule, the terrorists are too keyed up to sleep the night before an operation and, of course, they must stay awake through its progress. After a couple of days, they begin to suffer from the combined effect of sleeplessness and the Benzedrine they take to stay awake. Personalities become unstable. Moods oscillate madly, imaginations go wild, mental concentration deteriorates. In short, these people need a psychiatrist. And they get one. Unfortunately, he is on the opposing side.

Because of his special insight into the mindscape of a terrorist, the European psychiatrist mentioned can, at least to a degree, manipulate the skyjackers. Generally, he does not speak to them but monitors the conversation between the plane and the tower and advises the negotiator on the approaches he should take. When the leader is feeling insecure, the psychiatrist seeks to extract concessions, such as the extension of a soon-to-expire deadline or the release of a sick hostage. When the leader is behaving aggressively or irrationally, he tries to calm and reassure him. As a general rule, he encourages the leader's illusion that the skyjacking will end in success and he pretends that he is trying to persuade his own side to cooperate. Above all, he seeks to convince the terrorists that they have nothing to gain and lots to lose, including the world's esteem, if they harm the hostages. The psychiatrist hopes to promote a bond of interdependence that sometimes—but by no means always—develops between captor and hostage. During the skyjacking of the Lufthansa 737, which was finally freed in Mogadiscio, the terrorists not only executed the pilot but also went through the cabin hitting passengers on the head with live grenades.

While the diplomat talks, British S.A.S. experts work on the plane itself. The British possess by far the most sophisticated systems for finding out what is going on inside the aircraft. The listening and recording devices that will pick up the conversation and movements of the terrorists inside the plane are attached to the underbelly of the craft. The terrorists, by the way, have no way of preventing this surveillance—and do not even know when it is taking place.

The S.A.S. men discover two vital facts: the number of skyjackers—let's assume there are four—and the pattern of their movements. They also learn about the terrorists' frame of mind, whether or not they are bickering among themselves, what plans they are discussing and how serious they are about carrying out the threat to blow up the hostages and themselves if their demands are not met.

By that time, the terrorists would be at their most dangerous; they would be on the verge of mental collapse. Despite reassurance, they would certainly suspect they were being deceived.

At Sharm-el-Sheikh, the Black Berets would have switched to an Israeli C-130, because that aircraft, unlike the giant C-5A, is capable of putting down quietly on a short, rough strip. Since it is imperative that their arrival not be observed by the terrorists, the Israeli pilot also would fly without lights and would maintain radio silence. On the final approach, he would peer at the runway through special "night-sight" binoculars similar to the Starlight scopes used in Vietnam. He would also be helped by radar reflectors (strips of thin metal) that the advance

"Just because you've painted it red, white and blue doesn't give you the right to show it to everybody, fella."

team would have placed on the runway. Bouncing impulses off these reflectors, the C-130's radar would give the pilot a fix on altitude and direction.

With the engines feathered, their huge windmill-like propellers turning slowly, the C-130 could touch down almost silently and roll to a stop well out of sight of the terrorists.

On a Boeing 707, the assault force would storm the plane through a total of five entry points, the two regular doors forward and aft on the left side of the aircraft, the forward galley service door on the right side and two over-wing emergency exits. Their faces blackened with combat cosmetics, the Black Berets would silently make their way to within 50 or 60 meters of the aircraft and then halt, taking cover any way they could, behind sand dunes or parked service vehicles. The supporting force, deployed in a circle about 100 yards from the plane, would be armed with M-16s and M-60 machine guns (a weapon capable of killing a man from shock alone—a hit on a toe can be fatal). The assault teams would carry the Beretta .22-caliber automatics provided by the Israelis.

S.A.S. experts underneath the Boeing would be monitoring the eavesdropping equipment through headsets. An expert in hostage negotiations would also listen in on the exchanges between the terrorist leader in the cockpit and our diplomat in the control tower.

Unlike the usual military operations, there is no preset zero hour for the type of assault we are about to witness. Instead, the Black Berets' officers and the S.A.S. men crouching beneath the aircraft must make the decision themselves. They weigh a complex set of factors: the frame of mind of the terrorists (are they alert or lulled?), their whereabouts (are they clustered in one place or scattered throughout the aircraft?), the condition of the passengers (do they seem calm and seated so they won't be caught in the fire fight?) and the strain of waiting on inexperienced troops (will they get too nervous?).

Moving in squads of five, the Black Berets run from their hiding places and take positions under the various doors. In each squad, one man carries a stubby lightweight stepladder and a second holds a metal cylinder that looks about like an aluminum beer can without a label. Actually, it is a stun grenade.

When the commandos conclude that the right moment is approaching, they give a signal that activates some extremely ingenious dirty tricks meant to confound and confuse the terrorists. For example, by cutting and splicing tapes of the terrorist leader's voice, completely new commands can be piped directly into the plane to confuse them. Ladders are placed against the fuselage and the wings. In five seconds or less, two men are at each entrance. Within another few seconds, they have opened the doors and hatches.

Many press reports have implied that the doors are blasted open, but that is not how it's done. All passenger aircraft are constructed so that in the event of a crash, rescue crews can open the doors, using levers on the plane's exterior. These emergency devices are built in a fail-safe manner, so that no malfunction within the aircraft can affect them. In addition to the outside levers, there are other means by which to open an aircraft from the outside, but the terrorists do not seem to be aware of them. Therefore, they must remain confidential.

As the doors and hatches pop free, Black Berets wrestle them open. A partner tosses a stun grenade into the cabin. A total of five grenades explode almost simultaneously in the 707, filling the plane with shock waves, a deafening roar and a blinding light. The grenade is in reality a giant firecracker composed of high explosives for the concussion and magnesium for the flash. The thin metal casing (some models use plastic or cardboard to contain the charge) disintegrates, reducing it to harmless particles. The blast is so great that its shock waves render the terrorists and passengers totally helpless for at least six seconds. But the troopers, wearing special helmets and goggles, are unaffected by it. As soon as the stun grenades go off, the two assault troopers at each entry leap in.

"Down! Down!" they cry. And any passenger with a grain of sense will hit the floor and hug it. The first troopers are followed by two more. The fifth man of each squad remains outside as coordinator and observer. As they spring into the plane, the Black Berets know exactly the positions the other troopers will take and do not fire in those directions. From S.A.S. guidance, they also know the locations of the terrorists, and the troopers begin firing into those areas, aiming at anyone who is standing.

Blinded and stunned, the terrorists might attempt to return the fire, but in the dark interior of the plane, the muzzle flash from their pistols would only give away their positions, and immediate counterfire from the rapid-shooting Berettas would cut them down. As the terrorists fall, the Black Berets rush them.

Meanwhile, other troopers help the passengers from the plane. They leave behind demolition experts, who enter the aircraft as soon as the shooting ends and defuse any explosives the terrorists have rigged aboard the plane. From the go signal to the emergence of the first hostage from the freed plane, the entire assault might take 60 seconds. This operation has been an unqualified success. But then, this operation exists only in the minds of Washington planners. What if a real operation were only a partial success, or even a failure? There is certainly no guarantee of success at present. Even if an assault unit managed to reach a skyjacked jet in time, the number of things that could go wrong is pretty formidable. Getting inside the aircraft would be the easy part. But at that point, anything could happen. The Americans, unaccustomed to close combat within an aircraft, might wound or kill some of the passengers with inaccurate fire. Passengers might stand up in fright and be cut down in the fire fight. If the terrorists were not killed or severely wounded immediately (remember, the stun grenade's effect lasts only a few seconds), one of them might toss a grenade that would kill or wound dozens of hostages. Worse, the leader might go ahead and blow up the plane. So far, terrorists have shown a marked reluctance to blow themselves up. At this writing, they have never, in all their scores of skyjackings, blown up a plane with anyone inside it. But, faced with certain death or capture by an assault squad, the terrorists might, indeed, decide to take everyone with them.

In addition, because it is so lightly armed, thin in manpower and lacking in reinforcements, an antiterrorist assault team is very vulnerable to unexpected developments on the ground. Exhibit A is the Egyptian army's antiterrorist team, known as El Saiqa (Lightning), which suffered terrible casualties on Cyprus in early 1978. The team, drawn from Egypt's 20 elite commando brigades, is given top marks by Israeli antiterrorist experts for training and *esprit*. The Lightning troopers proved their effectiveness in 1976 when they recaptured an Egyptair 737 from Palestinian guerrillas at the Nile Valley city of Luxor, near the Aswân High Dam. Lightning's catastrophic failure illustrates that even an experienced unit can run into disaster unless its intelligence is accurate, timely and encompasses *all aspects of the situation*.

A Western electronics specialist gave me the most thorough and up-to-date account of this operation yet disclosed. The background of the raid was political high drama. The Palestine Liberation Organization (P.L.O.) wanted to warn Egyptian president Anwar Sadat against making a separate peace with Israel. That warning was delivered in the form of automatic-weapons fire that cut down one of Sadat's closest friends, Yousef el-Sebai, in the lobby of the Nicosia Hilton. El-Sebai, editor in chief of Egypt's leading newspaper, *Al Ahram*, had been attending a conference of Middle East editors. As a means of escape, the killers commandeered a Cyprus Airways DC-8, hustled 11 editors aboard as hostages and took off toward the Persian Gulf. But no country would allow them to land. Remember, that was only five months after Mogadiscio, and even the more rabid Arab countries were cautious about befriending skyjackers. So the plane returned to Cyprus' Larnaca airport.

According to sources actually involved in the operation, Sadat, outraged over the death of his friend, secretly decided to send his antiterrorist unit to Cyprus to capture the terrorists and bring them back for some quick Egyptian justice. But he failed to tell the Cypriot government of his plans. Instead, he sent only this cryptic communication: "Help is on its way." The Cypriots interpreted the message to mean that a high Egyptian official would come to participate in the negotiations with the terrorists. Meanwhile, to achieve the element of surprise, the Egyptian commando chiefs asked their Israeli counterparts to help trick Larnaca radar into believing their plane was not a military C-130 but a civilian Boeing. The Israelis, masters of electronic deception, masked the C-130's identity by "encasing" it in a microwave envelope that prevented Cypriot radar from determining the type of craft approaching. Consequently, the Israeli crew was able to claim it was piloting an Egyptair 707 and get permission to land. It rolled to a halt only 500 meters from the skyjacked DC-8.

But Egypt was caught off guard, too. Sadat and his antiterrorist advisors lacked a crucial piece of intelligence: A deal had already been struck between the P.L.O. and the Cypriot government—negotiated, according to the Mossad, by a Cypriot doctor who, besides serving the K.G.B. as a contact with the Greek Cypriots, is also a bagman for terrorist funds. The terms: freedom for the hostages in return for safe conduct of two terrorists to Lebanon. As a guarantee, the doctor sent a plane to Beirut, which fetched 14 heavily armed P.L.O. commandos who would be present at the exchange.

As the El Saiqa troopers began racing toward the DC-8, the P.L.O. contingent, evidently sensing a betrayal, opened fire on them from behind. Then all hell broke loose. The Egyptians began shooting. So, too, did the Cypriot National Guard, firing with Browning .50-caliber heavy machine guns from three directions. The lightly armed El Saiqa was chewed up by withering cross fire and the attack failed completely. Such a disaster could befall our own strike force if, for lack of accurate intelligence, it blundered into an ambush. No wonder an American veteran airborne colonel, who sometimes observes Black Beret training, is concerned. "I just hope they don't put those fellows in over their heads," he says.

So how do you create strike forces that will succeed rather than fail? To date, Blue Light is a tightly held secret and little is known of its training, but allied antiterrorist forces say it is weak on antiskyjacking tactics. We know a bit more about the Black Berets. They have taken some lessons from our foreign counterparts. Selection plays a major role. They call themselves "the three-time volunteers"—for the Army, for the paratroopers and, finally, for the Rangers. But volunteering is not even half of it. Newcomers are put through extremely arduous testing. First comes a battery of psychological tests and a psychiatric examination to eliminate candidates with unstable personalities and/or possibly homicidal tendencies. At that stage, the number disqualified is small, two or three percent at most. Then starts a period of intense physical and mental exertion that is designed to break all but the exceptional few. The Black Berets, for example, have what they call their RIP (for Ranger Indoctrination Program). And it lives up to its name. RIP lasts for ten days, includes five parachute jumps and specializes in nonstop field exercises of the most trying sort, such as moving about for several days in swamp with water at times up to one's neck. A Black Beret must also be able to run five miles in 40 minutes, wearing combat boots.

The dropout rate at that stage jumps to about 90 percent. Seldom is a candidate actually told by his superiors he is unqualified. More often, the man realizes he cannot take the pressure and asks out. But if he does not ask out, his fellow trainees will tell him to get out. "I'd rather have only four men with me I can count on," a Black Beret sergeant told me, "than ten I am unsure of."

With their immaculately pressed camouflage uniforms and supershort hair ("one inch on top and white sidewalls"), the Black Berets seem somewhat anachronistic. Pleasant, polite, serious-minded, they strike an observer as a throwback to a less complex and more self-confident America of the Forties and Fifties. On the other hand, at this writing, the Black Berets have not yet been on a single actual operation.

By contrast, at this writing, the last reported raid by Israel's 269 commandos was against a P.L.O. small-boat base in Lebanon on March 2, 1978. Acting on an informer's tip that an attack was being planned, Israeli commandos destroyed two collapsible boats and shot dead two P.L.O. terrorists. The 269's action, however, did not prevent the P.L.O. raid from taking place; it only delayed it. Exactly eight days later, a team of 13 P.L.O. commandos landed undetected in Israel, but due to a navigational error, they went ashore near Haifa, about 50 miles north of Tel Aviv. Seizing a bus and hostages, they began a murderous ride south along the coast highway, firing at passing autos. Intercepted and defeated in a shoot-out near the Tel Aviv Country Club, one of the two surviving terrorists confessed that their target was once again the Hilton in Tel Aviv. The Tel Aviv Hilton is an impressive tower standing directly on the beach. It is also a symbol to the P.L.O. of American support for Israel.

Since then, the 269 most likely has been in action a dozen or more times, for it is the chief trouble shooter of the Israeli Defense Force. One day, the 269

"Multiple? Are you kidding? It wasn't even fractional!"

may be conducting a long-range reconnaissance mission behind Syrian lines, the next day, fighting terrorists in Israel and the next, raiding a terrorist stronghold in Lebanon or Iraq. Among its exploits: the astonishingly bold helicopter snatch of a brand-new Soviet radar station from Egypt (Israeli and American experts wanted to study it). A revenge mission that blew up 14 Middle East Airline planes in Beirut. Major participation in the daring Mossad raid in Beirut that assassinated three Black September leaders, destroyed the P.L.O. bomb shop and damaged two terrorist headquarters. Troopers of the 269 staged the first successful recapture of a hijacked jetliner when they stormed a Sabena jet at Lod Airport in 1972. Still, the 269's most brilliant victory came at Entebbe, when it killed seven terrorists and 20 Ugandan soldiers and rescued 102 Jewish hostages. Since Entebbe was the turning point in the war against skyjacking, the 269 deserves special credit for having fought—and won—that crucial battle.

Of all the strike forces, the 269 is the most discreet. Its 1000 or so members wear no unit designation on the uniforms and, in fact, are forbidden to admit they serve in the unit or even that 269 exists. The location of its control base is a well-kept secret, but now members of the unit are being placed throughout the country so the 269 can react more quickly.

The intensity of the 269's training should be a model for our strike force: It never ceases. Israeli operations are choreographed as if they were a ballet. There are no wasted movements and each phase is rehearsed and timed with a stop watch until the trooper can perform it to perfection.

In addition to becoming an accomplished paratrooper, each man must master the 269's special arts: sniping, sabotage, silent killing, evasive driving, electronics and communication, to mention a few. The trainee also learns to function as a lone operator, living for days under severe conditions. "They are trained to survive and achieve their missions at all costs, even if they have to carry on alone," a former 269 commander told me.

West Germany's Group Nine was created as a direct result of the disaster at the 1972 Olympics, when Black September began an attack on the Israeli Olympic team, killing two men and taking nine hostages. In a totally misconceived and stupid operation, six Munich police sharpshooters attempted to ambush the eight terrorists at Fürstenfeldbruck air base, as the Israelis sat bound hand and foot in two helicopters. First, the police were not even aware of the number of terrorists they had to deal with (six snipers against eight terrorists isn't

TERRORIST WARFARE: TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Terrorist wars are fought with the world's most sophisticated weapons, from common plastic explosives (composition C4) to Claymore mines that fire 700 steel ball bearings and can kill at ranges up to 250 meters. Mostly, though, the weapons are more "personal" than that. The arsenal on these pages constitutes but a sampling of the weapons used on both sides of this ongoing war—by terrorists and antiterrorists alike. Though not a comprehensive list, by any means, it is—in the opinion of firearms and terrorist experts—a good look at the most common light arms used in terrorist encounters.

THE BAD GUYS

WALTHER P38

The Walther name was made famous by James Bond, who carried a Model PPK. Like everything else Bond carried, it was a quality piece of equipment. This 9mm P38, a German army pistol, is considered a general, reliable combat weapon. Although it doesn't have the "stopping power" of something like the big American .45, the Walther is in wide use and is considered by some to have better safety features than the .45.

SOVIET MAKAROV

Since Russia supports a great number of the world's terrorist activities, it's not surprising to find the Soviet Makarov in the hands of many hijackers and kidnapers. The Makarov was designed to be a personal-defense sidearm and isn't a very good choice as an offensive weapon. It fires a 9 x 18mm cartridge and is not very powerful—though at close range it can be quite effective.

FN BROWNING HIGH POWER

Called "one of the most extensively used military pistols in the world today" in *Small Arms of the World*, this Canadian-made weapon was introduced in 1935 and remains a standard item for both sides. Also, one version of this pistol came with a detachable wooden shoulder stock/holster combination to turn it into a reliable firearm for long-distance shooting.

M61 SKORPION

This tiny weapon—one of the earliest fully automatic pistols—is considered inferior by some firearms experts, but it is deadly at close range. It was designed by Miroslav Rybář for Czechoslovakia. The Skorpion fires the small, relatively low-velocity 7.65mm cartridge (muzzle velocity, about 1000 feet per second), but since it fires at a rate of more than 850 rounds per minute, it is extremely effective.

MP40 SUBMACHINE GUN

One of the reasons for the recent popularity of this German weapon is mere accessibility: More than 1,000,000 of them were made between 1940 and 1944. The MP40 was a refinement of the MP38, more popular because it was cheaper to manufacture and safer to handle. The cartridge is 9mm, which travels at 1300 feet per second. The weapon operates at about 500 rounds per minute.

STEN MARK 11

"Although the early Stens had many shortcomings," according to *Small Arms of the World*, "they were just as effective in killing people." Apparently, the terrorists agree, since they've been known to use this British-made submachine gun, which has been manufactured in enormous quantities. It fires a 9mm cartridge at about 540 rounds per minute and is, consequently, a good close-range weapon.

AKM RIFLE

This rifle was made by M. T. Kalashnikov, the same Soviet designer who created the infamous AK47 used by Viet Cong against American soldiers during the Vietnam war. The AKM was introduced in 1959 and, at 6.9 pounds, it is lighter than the AK47 (9.5 pounds). AK-series weapons are the most readily available small arms in the world: Some 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 have been produced and terrorists find them extremely easy to acquire.

BERETTA MODEL 38/42

Although Italy was the first country to put a pistol-caliber machine gun into regular use (the Villar Perosa in 1915), it's not particularly famous for its weapons. The rifle that killed John Kennedy was Italian, and some experts thought it wasn't capable of making those shots. On the other hand, the 9mm 38/42 was considered one of the best submachine guns in World War Two. It has a respectable rate of fire (550 rounds per minute) and is light and easy to use.

THE GOOD GUYS

INGRAM M10

This scaled-down submachine gun is a deadly, sophisticated American-made firearm designed by Gordon B. Ingram to take the .45-caliber ACP and 9mm Parabellum cartridges. It is also capable of accepting the Sionics noise suppressor (remember the mailman's silencer in *Three Days of the Condor*?). Due to the light weight of the bolt, the M10 has a firing rate of 1200 rounds per minute.

M21 SNIPER RIFLE

Because the enemy can't detect them until it's too late, snipers play a key role in antiterrorist raids. With the equipment pictured here—an American-made M21 fitted with a Sionics noise suppressor and a large scope—the sniper can lie in wait hundreds of yards away and kill a terrorist, often without endangering the hostages.

STERLING MARK 5

This British-made weapon is a 9mm submachine gun, and it is truly silenced. The thick casing at its front conceals 72 small holes drilled in the barrel to dissipate gases slowly. In a normal rifle, the gases would escape with explosive speed, causing a "blast" sound. Furthermore, the Sterling fires a subsonic round (1000 feet per second) to eliminate the sonic crack.

HECKLER & KOCH MP5SD2

This German-built weapon made world history when it was used against the Black September terrorists during the 1972 Olympic kidnaping. It works on the same basic principle as the Sterling (see above). The West German antiterrorists have probably developed the widest range of weapons and techniques outside Israel, primarily due to an enormous budget and excellent craftsmen. The machinists of Heckler & Koch came from the Mauser factory.

COLT XM177E2

This American-made weapon, carried by "special troops" during the Vietnam war, has a variety of uses—for sniping, assault and even grenade launching (it has an 11.5-inch barrel for that very purpose). Although no longer being manufactured, the XM177 submachine gun series (with three collapsible-stock variants) is still in wide use among antiterrorist troops.

HECKLER & KOCH G3SG/1

When a sniper fires his rifle, one of the key factors in success is the steadiness of his hand. This sniping rifle, which is extremely popular among German antiterrorists, has a very precise trigger adjustment. It is a modified version of a standard German rifle called the G3 and is considered one of the finest sniper rifles available.

MARK I HAND-FIRING DEVICE

There's much confusion about silenced weapons. Some have true silencers, which tend to require low-velocity small-caliber ammunition, whereas others have suppressors that merely reduce the muzzle blast and confuse the enemy about the location of the sound. The American-made weapon pictured here is a truly silenced pistol—one that reportedly has found covert use on both sides of the terrorist wars.

GALIL ASSAULT RIFLE

Like most Israeli weapons, the 5.56mm Galil is ingenious in design: Built into the rifle, for example, are a bottle opener (just forward of the magazine) and a barbed-wire cutter (part of the bipod mechanism). The rifle has a grenade launcher and an illuminated front sight for night shooting. This weapon fires 650 rounds per minute at 3000 feet per second and was used to free the hostages at Entebbe.

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exactly good tactics). Then, when they opened fire, they could not even shoot straight (half of them missed) and, as a result, the nine Israeli hostages were shot dead by the terrorists, who then blew up and burned the choppers.

The failure was unnecessary. Only 50 miles away were two superbly trained elite German army units, the Alpinists, who had the proper equipment and expertise to perform a successful rescue. But due to jurisdictional rivalries between West Germany's semiautonomous *Länder* (states) and the constitutionally weak central government, Bavarian and Munich authorities insisted upon using their own ill-suited police. The Alpinists were passed over again when Bonn decided to establish an antiterrorist force. Rather than use the Alpinist battalions, the West German government chose to create a new unit within the framework of its *Bundesgrenzschutz*, or Federal Border Guard. Since there were already eight *Grenzschutzgruppen*, the unit was simply designated Group Nine.

Unlike the other strike forces, which are army units, Group Nine is essentially a police outfit, and it lacks the *esprit* and the tradition of the military. The green, slightly baggy Border Guard uniforms are reminiscent of forest rangers rather than commandos, and the officers and men mingle easily with a minimum of military-style formality. But what Group Nine may lack in military gung ho, it more than makes up in equipment and expertise. Provided with a liberal annual budget of $1,000,000, it is outfitted with a wealth of weapons, vehicles and electronic gadgets that makes Group Nine the envy of the other strike forces. Rather than having only one basic handgun and attack rifle (as do the other units), Group Nine has at least two or three weapons in each category, so that the very best can be chosen for any given situation. The same applies to transportation; Group Nine owns everything from luxurious Mercedes 280SE sedans especially modified for stability at high speeds to a squadron of U. S. and French helicopters custom-made to Group Nine's high standards.

Alone among the strike forces, Group Nine places great emphasis on academic training. A typical day lasts 14 hours or more, with several hours spent studying law, criminology, psychology and political science, as well as keeping up to date on the developments within the terrorist movements throughout the world. One Israeli antiterrorist expert who visited Group Nine told me, "They eat and sleep terrorism."

Even so, regional and constitutional jurisdictions, as well as old rivalries, have kept Group Nine out of most of the real action. The unit has been forced to stand by helplessly while local cops and the federal criminal police attempt to cope with West Germany's urban terrorists. In fact, in the five years since its creation, Group Nine has been in action only once—at Mogadiscio. Only 27 of its 180 members were involved and the entire assault and rescue operation, from the tossing of stun grenades to the complete evacuation of the passengers, took a grand total of six minutes. The crucial shoot-out lasted less than a minute. Understandably, the lack of action has frustrated the troopers. When a grateful woman passenger complimented a Group Nine member on the smoothness of the rescue, he shrugged off the praise. "It should be," he growled. "We trained long enough!"

Visiting the Black Berets while they were on a full exercise among the scrub pines and swamps of Georgia, I gained the impression that they would rank among the finest antiterrorist troopers in the world if only they had the proper equipment and training. Sadly, they have neither. But they do have outstanding commando skills. The Black Berets are almost constantly on maneuvers, and once they enter the exercise area, they behave as if they were under actual combat conditions: Cigarette butts are field-stripped and buried, footprints along a trail are obliterated with the sweep of a tree branch, face and hands are smeared with black-and-green nightfighter cream, perimeter guards are posted. As an added bit of realism, they are also usually hunted by an "enemy" force, as I learned on my visit.

To reach the remote area of Georgia's Fort Stewart, where the Black Berets were training, I was given the use of the commanding general's helicopter. Coming in low, the chopper put me down in a clearing at the precise coordinates on the map, where I was to be met by a Black Beret officer. But the helicopter, whose highly polished olive-drab exterior indicated it was no ordinary chopper, immediately caught the attention of a squad of regular enemy infantry searching the woods for the Black Berets. I had hardly met the officer before a strange white object fell about five or ten meters away. It was a practice hand grenade—practice or not, it exploded with a huge bang. We quickly took cover. The Black Beret officer tossed one back toward a line of bushes from which came the sounds of men moving about. In reply, a second grenade whistled down on our position, detonating a few meters from us. Then a voice called out, "You're dead!"

Defiantly, we did not reply. More sounds of men rushing about reached us from the tree line. Then clicks and assorted metallic noises. Next came the loud chatter of two machine guns accompanied by the sharp twang of M-16s. We were caught in an intersecting field of fire, and if our opponents had been firing live ammunition instead of blanks, we would, indeed, have been very dead.

Since the two of us were faced with impossible odds, the Black Beret officer stepped from our hiding place into the open and the troopers positioned along the tree line came eagerly forward to see what they had captured.

To their disappointment, they discovered they had not taken the general or even a Black Beret officer but just a visiting journalist who was immune from the war games, as was his escort officer.

"Oh, shit!" said one of the men. "I reckoned I had me a Black Beret, and I would've gotten me a day off."

Under an informal cease-fire, I went with the Black Beret officer down a clay trail that led alongside a dense pine woods. We jumped over a ditch and though my untrained eyes still could not detect anything unusual, we quickly encountered perimeter guards who were lying under bushes, M-16s at the ready. Most of the other men were stretched out under small nets that they had tied between the pines and festooned with pine needles and fern leaves to disguise their positions from the air.

Six Black Berets were sitting in a cluster of pine trees. While the high-ranking Army officers are reluctant even to discuss the topic of terrorism, the corporals and sergeants were eager to talk about the threat and their conversations indicated they had read on the subject and followed the news closely. They were acquainted with my book *The Hit Team*, the story of the Israeli revenge for the massacre in Munich, which was excerpted in the August 1976 issue of PLAYBOY. They were curious about the foreign antiterrorist teams and asked me about them. It was unfortunately evident that at the fighting man's level, they received little or no official information about our allies' efforts. I was pained to say how much better equipped and trained the other units were than our own Rangers.

The men chatted quietly about an exercise they had carried out the day before. It had been a raid on a small compound, built for training purposes in the huge expanses of Fort Stewart. The object had been to rescue two pilots captured by the enemy. "We got in and out before the guards knew what hit them," said a corporal, smiling. But the men were disappointed that helicopters had not been available for the operation; instead, they had had to use trucks. "That detracted from the realism," commented a sergeant. It really seemed an outrageous blunder that dedicated men like those would not be provided with the very best weapons and instruction.

Even so, when I asked the Black Berets if they felt they could handle a terrorist incident or a skyjacking, they seemed confident. "If we have the right leadership and planning," said a sergeant.

As we talked, I could not help but contrast in my mind the quiet confidence of the Black Berets with the ambiguity and confusion that still mars the Carter Administration's antiterrorist reports. After announcing the start of Project Blue Light, the White House seems to have lost interest. Meanwhile, the Pentagon continues to oscillate between a mindless optimism about American antiterrorist capabilities and a refusal to be more specific about the *true* American capabilities. As far as combating terrorism goes, that is the worst possible position. And none of the ranking generals in charge of antiterrorism has had actual experience with the subject.

In reality, antiterrorist doctrine bears a strong similarity to nuclear strategy. Nuclear weapons are valueless as a deterrent unless the other side knows you have them and are willing to use them. The same applies to a successful antiterrorist policy. Obviously, the terrorists should never be told the innermost secrets of an American strike force. But they should have no doubt whatsoever that one exists and that the White House would have the guts to use it.

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Rothschild (continued from page 156)

"In 1911, the Rothschild insurance company in England declined to insure the Titanic."

Rhodes's diamond empire in South Africa; they bought a Russian petroleum concession (which they later sold for shares in the Royal Dutch Shell combine) that made them the chief competitors to Rockefeller's Standard Oil. In 1885, Baron Nathaniel became Britain's first Jewish peer. The new Lord Rothschild gave the best parties of his time.

Charity had become a major activity of the family in all the capitals. Hospitals, schools and museums with the Rothschild name were built throughout Europe. In London, the police always knew they could get a hot meal at Lord Rothschild's near Piccadilly; and for years, the Rothschild carriages were given right of way on London streets. The family pet goat was allowed to roam freely through Piccadilly Circus.

Nathaniel's brother Leo was the first Rothschild to develop a passion for automobiles, and he founded the Royal Automobile Club and pushed for a new 20-mph speed limit. Another brother, Alfred, threw himself into the arts and entertainment on a lavish scale. Evenings at Alfred's included zoos, circuses and symphony orchestras hired especially for the occasion. Liszt tinkled the Rothschild piano for the guests' amusement. Alfred also drove around London in a carriage pulled by four zebras and left his fortune to Almina, Countess of Carnarvon, who looked around for something to invest her cash in and decided to back an expedition by Lord Carnarvon, who promptly unearthed King Tut's tomb.

"But can't you see how dangerous it is? The price of wheat will be forced down, and then a lot of people will be able to buy bread and—and then—well, all the economists think it's very dangerous."

Back in France, Alphonse and Gustave ran the bank, while Edmond plunged into his own interest: a Jewish homeland. He invested over £6,000,000 in helping Jewish settlers migrate to Palestine (thus paving the way for the eventual state of Israel). He made three trips to Palestine between 1887 and 1899 aboard his palatial yacht. He would dock it in the port of Jaffa and invite the farmers and immigrants aboard to sample the yacht's kosher kitchen.

The Rothschilds were ahead of their times with respect to social welfare. In London, Lord Rothschild provided all his estate workers with free medical benefits, free housing and old-age pensions. Later, during the Depression, it was said that few, if any, Rothschild employees lost their jobs.

In 1911, the Rothschild insurance company in England declined to insure the newest and biggest passenger ship, the Titanic. "It seemed too big to float," Lord Rothschild explained later.

Lionel Walter, Lord Rothschild's first son, was elected to Parliament and made one speech his first year on the subject of undersized fish.

Baron Henri, a grandson of the Nathaniel who had bought Mouton, became a doctor and invented the modern ambulance, which he put into service for France during World War One. He was also a playwright under the pen name André Pascal and steered a yacht named the Eros around the Mediterranean. He stocked it with playwrights and pretty girls. His second son was named Philippe, and he was born in Paris in 1902.

Biographer Morton says that during the 19th Century, the Rothschild family amassed an aggregate of six billion dollars.

•

"What links do you feel toward the rest of your family, toward your ancestors?" I asked Baron Philippe the afternoon of our second day. We were walking through the Mouton vineyards alone. The grapes had been harvested and occasionally Philippe would swing his polished walking cane at a dead grape leaf.

"I like to think I'm a self-made Rothschild," he began slowly. "I hardly ever saw my mother or father. I was an adolescent during World War One and my father was spending all his time with his ambulances. My mother, too, was away from home, helping to set up the ambulance service. I was seventeen by the time they returned. My father was not very interested in young people: They frightened him, in fact. And I never became close to my mother, either. So I didn't know very much about the Rothschild traditions.

"But as I've grown older, I've acquired

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a tremendous respect for my ancestors. What they achieved through the Nineteenth Century is beyond words, really. There have been few families in history to compare with us. The only one I can think of is the Medicis—and they didn't last as long as the Rothschilds. No other. I know of no other, unless you look to the royal families . . . perhaps the Bourbons."

"Do you ever find yourself wondering if you've inherited certain family traits—the kind that have been written about in books and plays?"

Philippe threw back his head and laughed. Rajah, the baron's pet hound, looked back at us curiously.

"That's too romantic, much too romantic. I'd love to be able to say I recognize myself in Lionel and his zebra-drawn carriage. Charming. I would love to say it, but I'd be pulling my own leg. Here, Rajah!"

Rajah is a dog with utterly no respect for his master. In the week we spent at Mouton, with servants and businessmen virtually bowing their way out of the baron's presence, never did we see Rajah obey a command. Now the dog scurried off between the rows of vines.

"What about your feelings toward the rest of the family today? Do any of the old traditions prevail?"

"No, not really," he answered, swiping again at a vine. "Except for weddings, and so forth, we don't see much of one another. My cousins, don't forget, are bankers, businessmen. I don't like the word businessman. My brain isn't angled that way."

We had walked to the edge of his property. Several feet beyond a narrow ditch was the beginning of the Lafite vineyards. There was no separation, no fence. The vines looked identical. About three quarters of a mile in the distance, partly obscured by trees, was Château Lafite, looking like a traditional French castle. It was shuttered.

"Of course," the baron said pensively, staring at Lafite, "you might say we are still linked by the notion that we should behave in a certain way and that whatever one does reflects on the others. That is unusual today, because prominent families—even in politics—don't have those kinds of checks on their behavior; someone isn't necessarily judged by what other members of his family may do.

"We are distant cousins now, we Rothschilds, so we can have our own personal feelings toward one another. We have been an entity for nearly two hundred years, and that no doubt has an influence on us, even if we don't think about it. No doubt it influences our behavior. We still keep alive the notion that we have responsibilities to one another."

We turned back toward Château Mouton. Philippe pointed to the tallest structure on the landscape, about three miles away. It was an oil-refinery tower.

"Look at that!" he said disgustedly. "A Shell refinery next to the best vines in the world! I started to fight it after 1945—alone. No one else would help me, not the merchants, not the other growers, not my cousins. The local politicians did nothing. I *deeply* criticize them! If there were a court-martial for vandalism, I would take them before it! Shell employs three hundred people, they said. Well, I alone employ just as many. We won't know for fifty years what the effect of the refinery is, but what shortsightedness! Mouton means everything to me, but Lafite means little financially to the banking Rothschilds."

"Still, why didn't they come to your aid when you asked?"

"Ah, who knows?" Philippe said bitterly. "Well, perhaps one does. After all, they did inherit a large portfolio of stock in Royal Dutch Shell. But so did I!"

It was a beautiful sunset. As we approached the château, Philippe's mood brightened.

"Do you want to know how I first heard stories about my family? I spent some time with my aunt Jane, my father's sister. She was considered something of a pariah by the family. She had married an Italian Jew everybody disapproved of. The marriage lasted a week, though she never gave up on her faithless husband. It was she who told me endless stories about the family, and it was through her that I began to get some notion of the Rothschilds. I remember that she gave up his bedroom for me—the very room where she had what was probably the single act of love in her entire life. How is that for romance?"

"Do you remember when you first felt like a Rothschild?"

Philippe frowned for a moment and thought, rubbing at his fringe of hair.

"Possibly, possibly. I recall one instance that may be difficult for others to understand. I entered grammar school early in the century. Motorcars had just begun to replace horse-drawn carriages, and for hundreds of years, wealthy people had ridden in carriages with liveried coachmen, footmen and sometimes riders for the horses as well. So when I was driven to school in an open car, there were two people all dressed up in livery and braids to accompany me. It felt terribly odd and made me seem different from children who arrived by horse, bus or on foot."

It was getting to be time for high tea, so we headed for the château gates. Philippe paused.

"But to return to your first question," he said. "Family links? They have been a problem since Cain and Abel. My cousins' *raison d'être* is banking. On my tombstone, I should like to have engraved the word poet."

He turned to call his dog.

"Here, Rajah! Here, Rajah!"

Rajah trotted off in the opposite direction.

•

Before dinner, as we gathered for champagne, Thia and I presented the baron with our house gift. It had been a topic of concern before we left the States. At long last, someone who literally *does* have everything. We decided something silly was the solution. A friend suggested a bottle of Ripple. But on the basis of the baron's prior interest in PLAYBOY, we decided on a sweat shirt with a Rabbit head on it.

The baron and the Rabbit head hit it off. He unwrapped the package and laughed and pulled the sweat shirt over his silk jellaba. Joan looked so pleased at the proceedings that we gave her the extra Rabbit shirt we had brought. She swore she would do something special with it. Later, as was the custom, the house gifts were placed for viewing on a couch in the living room. I strongly doubt two sweat shirts with giant Rabbit heads have ever been laid so carefully upon a priceless Queen Anne sofa.

Another cheerful and improbable dinner. Roast duck and a procession of wines that included a Cheval Blanc '59, a Lafite '44 and, incredibly, a Mouton-Rothschild '11. The wine lived and, with it, the extraordinary feeling that we were connecting with a time 66 years ago, when William Howard Taft was President of the United States and Europe dozed before World War One. . . . In the present, Joan was in fine form. She was recalling a night at the theater with hard-drinking Irish playwright Brendan Behan.

"Brendan was in his cups, roaring with laughter at his own lines from the front row. One of those very British queers came up to our seats. He had two tiny, yipping dogs with him. The queer said, 'I see you laugh at your own jokes, Brendan.' Brendan looked at him out of blood-red eyes and said, 'Yes. But at least I don' suck me own dogs.' Then he turned to me and said, 'I must be a fookin' genius.' He *was*, y' know."

When the 1911 Mouton-Rothschild arrived with the third course, I drank it very slowly, inhaling the aroma and swishing it around in my mouth. Thia and I looked at each other with wide eyes. Philippe merely drank it. I began trying to explain to him how delicious it was. Philippe laughed.

"My winemaster used to have a list of two hundred and fifty adjectives that experts and writers and others use to describe their experience with wine," he said. "You've used one of them. Try a few more. There's no wine without words."

The baron did have a couple of rules. For one thing, he said, he never offers guests hard liquor. It's available if they request it, but he feels that nothing dulls a palate like a shot of whiskey or gin. He

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was particularly appalled that Americans invariably ordered cocktails at good restaurants before their wine but thinks the custom is dying among the younger generation. And he absolutely refuses to be drawn into comparisons of California wines and Bordeaux (though he does compare them when he gets excited enough).

"Wines from different areas should not be compared," he said, "any more than Burgundies and clarets can be compared, or apples and oranges. One can only express preferences."

What about those blind taste tests in which certain California wines were declared superior to some of the best French Bordeaux?

Philippe looked at me pityingly. "For one thing, California wines are made with a fourteen percent alcoholic content, which is two percent higher than French wines. How can you compare the two? On a bottle of California wine, you may get drunk. On a bottle of Bordeaux, never! In the second place"—his voice went up an octave—"what are we talking about? Red wine, white wine, fine individual wines or plonk? Of *course*, there are some fine wines in California. But I'm a Bordeaux man, and that's that—until the day I taste something better."

Some other wine lore, via the Baron of Rothschild: Carrying a wine less than ten years old flat in a basket before uncorking is simply pretension. At that age, a wine has no sediment. Young wines also should be allowed to breathe longer than very old wines, which should be drunk almost immediately. White wines should be drunk *very* cold, while red wines should be drunk at room temperature—though this refers to European-style chilly rooms, not American ovens. To Philippe, this means about 60 degrees. A delicate, good red wine shouldn't be drunk with salad that contains vinegar; the vinegar taste may overwhelm the wine. Same goes for highly seasoned food. Finally, the baron, for one, has no patience with the restaurant ritual of tasting a bit of wine before it is poured out to the diners. "It's all an act," he says. "Any wine steward worth his salt will have smelled the cork himself to determine if the wine is acceptable. He has no *business* approaching the table with corked wine! On many occasions, I have sent a bottle back even after the sommelier has given it his sanction."

Dinner broke up about midnight. I went to bed and dreamed of little boys in antique cars with liveried chauffeurs and of the Good Queen Mum looking on in sympathy.

•

The next morning, Raoul Blondin, Philippe's cellarmaster, took us on a tour of the château and its cellars. First, inside a vast whitewashed building: special oak casks, enough for the château's output of 250,000 bottles, lined up in rows like pews in a white cathedral. Then, to one side, the enormous fermenting vats where the wine from the most recent harvest was stored. We climbed up on one of them. Thia asked Raoul, a ruddy-faced, good-humored man, if we could have a sip. He wrestled open a large faucet and let some purple liquid trickle into a couple of glasses.

"What an honor," Thia said. "We're drinking the newest Mouton-Rothschild!"

"*Ah, non, non, madame,*" Raoul said vehemently. "You are not expressing yourself correctly. What you are drinking *now* is grape juice. In five years, it will be wine. In *twenty-five* years, it will be Mouton-Rothschild!"

I searched his face to see if this were a standard little joke Raoul had for tourists, but he seemed serious. He added that we were the only ones besides the baron and himself to have tasted this vintage. He hadn't yet formed an opinion of the 1976 or 1977 wine, but he was predicting that 1975 would be the best vintage since World War Two.

"My son will know if I am right by the turn of the century," he remarked. No, he definitely wasn't kidding. Raoul's father had been the baron's first cellarmaster.

Then it was on to the *caves* themselves, the cellars.

Along the walls leading to the cellars were hung spidery old vines, dry and brittle and eerily beautiful. Raoul explained, as we walked behind him, that some of the vines hung high on the walls dated back to the days before Phylloxera—the vine disease that wiped out most of the French vineyards at the end of the 19th Century. It was then, he said, that French growers imported hardy roots from California and grafted them onto the French roots. Raoul laughed, as if he knew how California wine was maligned around the dining-room table of Château Mouton, and said, "Imagine—most French Bordeaux today comes from a California root."

The cellars are huge catacombs first excavated in 1854. They are lit by electric candles in holders on the walls and are cold, dank and musty. There are racks upon racks of bottles, with fungus growing everywhere; as Sir Alexander Fleming commented during a visit, there is a fortune in penicillin in the baron's cellars. The cobwebbing and fungus got thicker as we proceeded deeper into the *caves*, for the deeper we went, the farther back we went in time. Raoul, chatty in the daylight, became quieter, almost reverent as we approached the darker recesses. The 1920 bottles. The 1910s. We paused. Raoul patted a fragile, blackened bottle of 1900.

"One wonders how it lived," he said, "what it went through, what history it has seen."

We were in the cellars' private reserves, which are normally off limits to visitors. On racks that stretched to the roof of the *caves* were 24 bottles of each vintage, plus five magnums and two giant jeroboams—for historical reference only. And some 5000 bottles for the family's private use. There were fewer than 40 bottles of the 1929. We had drunk *three* the night before last. . . .

Raoul told us stories about special bottles of wine: The baron had sent De Gaulle an 1859 vintage—one of eight bottles left, over 90 years old at the time. It was still lively, said Raoul, who had tasted it. In the early Sixties, Khrushchev was sent a couple of bottles of 1880. "Probably never even knew what he was getting," Raoul sniffed. I felt even guiltier about the bottle of 1911.

•

The next afternoon, the baron drove Thia, Philippine, Julien, Rajah and me to the beach on the Bay of Biscay. About 30 seconds into the trip, I began to wonder how the baron had lived so long. He was hitting 80 on a narrow country road. He had his goggles on and sat far back from the wheel of the Mercedes, his arms extended in race-driver fashion. (Of course, he *had* been a race-car driver. I'd seen the trophies.)

People along the road scattered as the baron leaned on his horn; one bicycle rider landed in a ditch. But as I looked back, I saw most of them wave. With an unamused shake of her head, Philippine explained that most people in the region knew very well that her father drove like a demon and everyone was only too happy to get out of the way. Julien loved his grandfather's speed, but Rajah howled.

"Quiet, Rajah!" the baron yelled. Rajah howled louder.

At the beach, we disembarked, took off our shoes and began to walk along the sand. Philippe, as always, brandished his cane, adjusted his poncho and set the pace. Thia and Philippine walked together, Julien and Rajah trotted off and Philippe and I talked about his life.

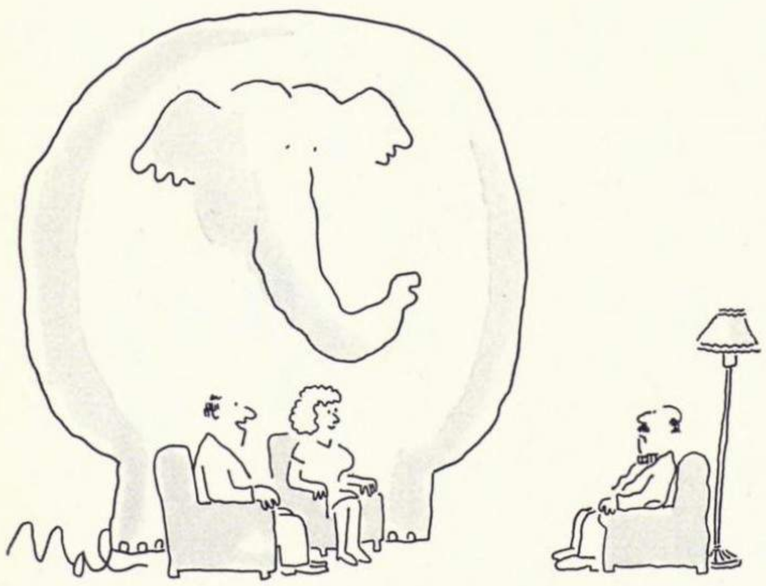
We began by discussing his love for sports, especially cars, since I was still dizzy from the ride. As early as the Twenties, Philippe recalled, he already had a vast number of cars, including a succession of Bugattis. He discovered a "wonderful gift for driving, which I still have," and began entering races. During the Twenties, he won second places at the Grand Prix of Germany and the Grand Prix of Spain and came in fourth at the Grand Prix of Monaco. He had two close encounters with death—a steering wheel from his Bugatti broke off in his hands in Spain and his Stutz Bearcat caught fire at Le Mans—so he decided to give it up.

At the same time, he had taken up sailing, which he did seriously every summer from 1920 to 1939. He entered his boat and crew in the 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam and came in eighth out of 35. "It was gale weather," he said. "The Nordics were better trained for the rough stuff. We had a crack crew for light weather, and I'm sure we would have won if it had remained fair." He added that he has a very good hand at anything that can be steered—the helm of a boat, the wheel of a car, the wheel of a bobsled. A bobsled?

"Yes. We were nearly the world champions in the early Thirties, at St.-Moritz. We broke the record on our first two runs, then turned over at the end of our third and final run."

Hadn't he started out to be a scientist?

"Yes, I got my degree in science, in physics. In college, I had spent most of my time in the labs. I became very interested in the link between electricity and optics. In my opinion, I did nothing of any great interest, but I am told some of the work I did in optics was later used in spectroscopes. I also became a member of the Curie Foundation and sat through a number of meetings with Madame Curie. But still and all, after a while, I realized I did not want



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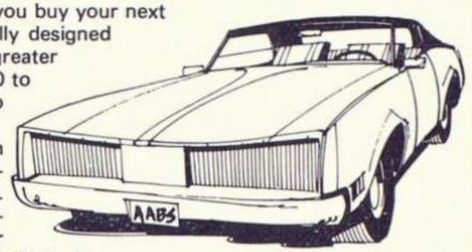

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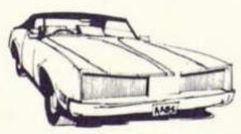

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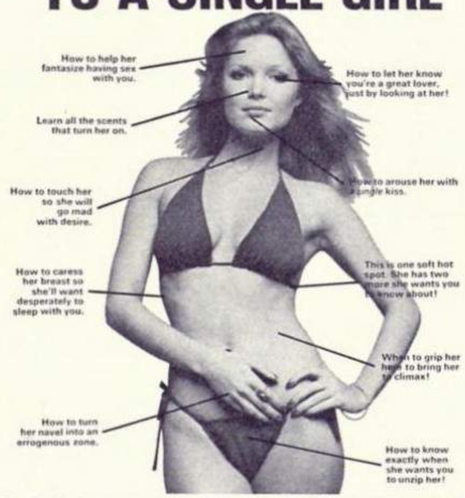
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to make my career in science. I wanted to do other things, have fun."

And so?

"That's when I got involved in show business. I had worked with my father on some plays he wrote, but I had also studied architecture and design, and when my father told me he was planning a large new theater at Place Pigalle, I threw myself into it. I helped design and build the theater—we were the first Paris theater to use electric spotlights—and later became its director. While I was there, we produced plays by Sacha Guitry, Jules Romains and Jean Giraudoux and opened the door to the new wave of playwrights.

"But by 1931, I began to become fascinated by a newer form of dramatic expression: films. Pictures had been talking for only a couple of years and no sound films had yet been made in France. So I produced an early French 'talkie'—and one of the first French films to be shown internationally. It was called *Lac aux Dames—Ladies' Lake*—and was a tremendous success. Colette wrote the dialog, Marc Allégret directed and it starred Jean-Pierre Aumont and Simone Simon—a lady I would have fallen madly in love with except that I was in love with another actress at the time. I worked on all aspects of the film—including butting in on the director."

What came next?

"Well, there really wasn't any 'next,' because throughout that time, I was caught up with the *real* love of my life: Mouton, and its wine. Unless, of course, you consider my poetry and my translations. Or my museum. But they came much later."

Of course.

"Anyway, shortly after I moved permanently to Mouton in 1922, I was horrified to find that wine was being put in casks and the casks were sent to Bordeaux for bottling. I decided instantly that if my wine were to retain its character, the wine should be bottled here at the château under my control and seal. Our family had run the operation for years from a distance, and Mouton-Rothschild had long been recognized as one of the world's leading wines, but converting to a system of bottling in the château proved to be a colossal task. The merchants attacked me and my Lafite cousins hesitated for a year before deciding to back me up. But at last I managed to persuade the owners of the three other *premiers crus* to adopt château bottling. Today, wine authorities are still trying to make the system compulsory throughout France.

"By 1924, I had my first château-bottled label. By the way, that label was in itself revolutionary: It had a cubist design on it. I suspended the artistic designs in 1936, but I picked up the idea again after the war. As you probably know, every label since 1945 has been designed by one of the world's leading artists—Picasso, Braque, Motherwell, and so on." (A Beverly Hills wine store, in a moment of oenological *hubris*, in 1977, offered one bottle of each Mouton since 1945 for the aggregate price of $20,000 for the 32 bottles.)

How do you pay the artists, while we're on the subject?

"I don't. We barter. I get their design, they get cases of my wine—their favorite vintage—plus a supply of the year for which they designed the label, when the wine matures. Anyway, Mouton was always a labor of love. It wasn't even profitable, with very few exceptions, until around 1960.

"My great battle was to have Mouton reclassified to its proper status. In 1855, when the Bordeaux wines were classified for the first and presumably only time, only four were ranked as *premier cru*, while Mouton was classified as first among the *second* growths. My great-grandfather's cousins bought Lafite twelve years later and found they were one up on Mouton. My great-grandfather was so angry that he created the Mouton-Rothschild motto: '*Premier ne puis, second ne daigne, Mouton je suis.*' 'I cannot be first, I disdain to be second, I am Mouton.' But Mouton was selling a fraction below Lafite until I took over in 1922. From then on, it sold as high, sometimes higher. And prices are an exact reflection of the quality of the wine. Yet it still took another five decades of lobbying and pressure to prove what was obvious. At last I won. In the special reclassification of 1973, Mouton—and Mouton alone—was put in its proper category, alphabetically among the first four *premiers crus* of France. An act of justice and a sweet victory."

What about Mouton-Cadet, since that's what many Americans recognize from your advertisements?

"My advertisements, yes. Remember, please, that we advertise only Mouton-Cadet. Mouton-Rothschild, which bears my name, is never advertised. It is beneath its dignity. Well, what happened was that we had some hard years between 1930 and 1932. The wine was thin, too thin to be bottled as Mouton-Rothschild. Someone suggested almost as a joke that we bottle a Mouton Junior. Junior in French is *cadet*. We blended the three harvests with some other good-quality Bordeaux wines and the name stuck. Today, Mouton-Cadet contains very little wine from my own vineyards. It is a blend of several good Bordeaux, a pleasant mélange. I drink it myself."

What happened to Mouton—and to you—during World War Two?

"Well, I was an officer in the air force. When France fell, I had the misfortune to be laid up with a broken leg. But I got away, escaped to Morocco. We all hoped that the colonies would carry on the fight, but the Vichy puppets were already installed and I was arrested. I spent six months in jail, only to be escorted back to Vichy France and imprisoned there. When a Vichy court set me free, I skipped, made my way on foot over the Pyrenees, hitched a ride on a plane to England and joined De Gaulle and the Free French. In 1944, I landed on the Normandy beaches with the Second British Army and, as soon as I could, I set out to look for my wife, Lili, and our daughter, Philippine. I found that Lili had been arrested, betrayed by a domestic. She was not a Jew, but because she was married to me, she was sent to an unknown concentration camp. I traced her from camp to camp, and finally I found out that she had died in Ravensbrück, a month before the war ended. She had been thrown into the oven, alive.

"Mouton itself was occupied by the German army and became the headquarters for its antiaircraft network. The Vichy puppets had nationalized Lafite and Mouton as Jewish properties. The Germans appointed a wine *Führer*, a certain Heinz Bömers, to watch over wine production in the Bordeaux region. The Nazi higher-ups had a respect for Mouton, so the cellars were not looted—they were keeping our wine for their victory. After the liberation, I got back in time for the harvest. It was the famous vintage with the V on the label—1945, a fine year.

"I'll tell you something interesting about that period. I got a letter in 1950 from Bömers, asking me if he might become my wine representative in Germany. I still remembered Lili's death—to say nothing of the holocaust—and said, no, I wanted *no* German representative. I got another letter from him in 1960, repeating his request. I said no again. Well, here it is, 1977. I have an agent in Germany. He is Julius Bömers, son of Heinz, who died in the Sixties."

Philippe was remarried in 1954, to the former Pauline Potter of Baltimore, an American blue blood who had begun a career as a dress designer with Hattie Carnegie. It was she who converted the stables at Mouton into the showcase of art it is today, and together they planned the wine museum on the château

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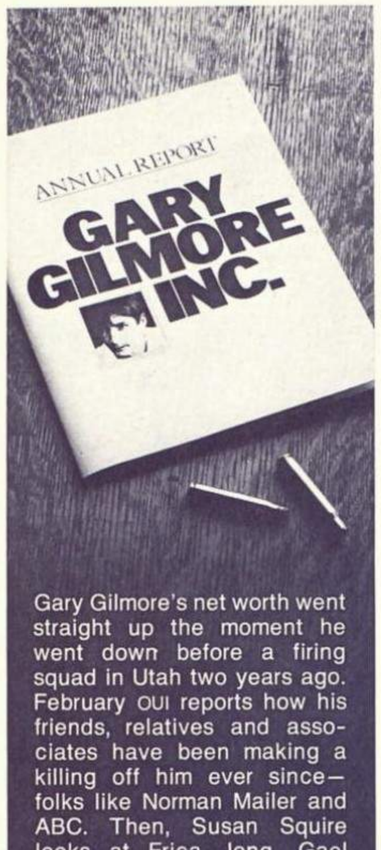

Gary Gilmore's net worth went straight up the moment he went down before a firing squad in Utah two years ago. February OUI reports how his friends, relatives and associates have been making a killing off him ever since—folks like Norman Mailer and ABC. Then, Susan Squire looks at Erica Jong, Gael Greene and other *Women Who Write Dirty* to see if their personal lives are as hot as their books. OUI also takes you back through 25 insanity-filled years of *Mad* magazine, and cross-country through the *Ten Toughest Towns in America*. Plus: some advice on living with a liberated woman, some liberated women to set your sights on, a guide to SLR automatic cameras and much more. All in February OUI.

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property: a collection of frescoes, tapestries, jewel-encrusted cups, mosaics—any piece of artwork that has anything to do with grapes or wine. *Guide Michelin* tells its readers it is worth a detour by itself. It was also Pauline who brought Philippe out of a kind of isolation, initiating the dinners and weekends at Mouton that became a tradition and invitations to which became sought after.

That day, as we continued our walk on the beach, over a year after Pauline's death, Philippe could not keep from weeping as he told me about her. To edge him off the topic, I began talking about women in general and asked him for his thoughts.

"Ah, yes. *Amitiés amoureuses*—loving friendships. I always had them, all my life. Pauline knew how much I was attracted to women." A quick glance down the beach to where his daughter was strolling with my wife. "Things can be done, you know, if they are done with elegance and restraint. But it needs delicate handling. When a couple has shown its strength by surviving many, ah, detours, then you've achieved one of the most important things in life. Because a couple that lives together for decades and decades is entitled to need—now and then—breathing spaces that can renew the couple."

So it goes both ways? The woman has the same rights as the man?

"Women have equal rights—even though they have different physiologies. A woman can fall in love and be claimed by passion, whereas a man can make love with sentimental indifference. I've seen the proof of it—women becoming overly involved with me—and I've handled a *great* many women in my life. But, as in all things involving love, there are no generalizations."

Once again, we had talked until dusk. Time to return to Mouton for tea. Philippe made a few stubborn attempts to get Rajah's attention and was impassive when Julien, with a soft whistle, got the dog to bound up to the boy with slobbering, wet face kisses. We bundled into the car and Philippe took off in a thick cloud of sand and smoke, wheels spinning madly.

•

More dinners, more wine, more terrific conversation. By Friday night, we had progressed to a Mouton-Rothschild 1900 for the third course, which made me want to go to confession the next day. Quail, trout, *filet au poivre*, indescribable desserts. Philippine had promised to send us tickets to her stage production of *Harold and Maude*, in French, when it came to New York. Lars wanted Thia and me to meet him and Ingrid in Paris on our way back to the States. (Me and Ingrid Bergman . . . in Paris? Would Sam be there, too? What had I done to deserve all this?) And Joan, as always, indefatigable: At least one portion of bread she'd been served was fit only "for Viennese rats," she declared, at which Philippe let out another roar of displeasure. Commenting on the domestic eagerness to please: "Thia, child, be sure you don't fall asleep in the tub with your hand outside the water. You're liable to wake up and find your fingernails polished."

During those meals, I was able to fit together some of the last pieces of Philippe's life. In the company of others, he was less forthcoming, but he talked modestly about his poetry—most of it love sonnets—for which he had won several literary awards; his increased interest in early Elizabethan poetry, which led to his translating such poets as Donne, who had thitherto been published only in century-old translations. His books on the Elizabethans were required reading at the Sorbonne, Philippine pointed out. His most recent project, just published, was a full translation of *Tamburlaine the Great*, also destined for the college lists.

And then, during a quiet moment over dessert, when even Joan remained mute, some soft-spoken thoughts on the future of his lovely country life:

"Yes, it may soon be over. I don't think living this way, for however few years I have left, is normal. In any case, I don't think future generations will have the dilemma, simply because they will not have the means. Taxes today are so heavy, death duties so expensive, that it will be impossible to carry on this sort of life. The family fortunes are dwindling, at least here in Europe. What was possible fifty years ago is no longer possible for us."

If you feel it's not normal, don't you see a contradiction in continuing this lovely but lavish way of living?

"I have to admit I live with a certain panache here, but don't forget that Château Mouton is a very special place. We produce something of exceptionally high quality. So it's normal that this product should be supported by a mystique, a background of elegance and luxury living. It is for show. It is part of the handling of the wine, its wrapping. It fits into the mythology of the château and it is felt right down to the lowest workman.

"You notice that my servants call me Monsieur le Baron. Fine. But I have never used the Baron in my other professions: not when I raced, or sailed, or produced motion pictures, or published books. It is strictly for public relations, for the wine. And the people here at the château and in the region surrounding it understand this and support it. But, as I say, it is nearly over."

A silence. Then Joan: "Enough sentimental crap. You men go swig some of the baron's wretched brandy."

•

"Jew, Frenchman, Rothschild. How do you rank them in your own life?" I was sitting by his bed the next morning. He was in pajamas, his back against a couple of large pillows, a portable writing desk over his lap.

"I'm a Frenchman and a Rothschild," he said. "And a Jew well behind the two others." A pause. "Philippine was brought up as a Catholic, as I promised her mother. It was just as well, since it saved her life during the war. She is bringing up *her* children as she pleases. Now, understand, I'm not saying I would be thrilled if Julien grew up to become the archbishop of Bordeaux."

I tell him that I find that interesting because most people would assume a Rothschild would be very aware of his Jewish background, especially because of the family history and because of the Rothschild role in creating Israel.

"It's the same thing I said in regard to my family. We may not be close on a day-to-day basis, but if ever we have to pull together. . . . It's like this: The minute a Jew is attacked *because* he's a Jew, I would rank being Jewish in the first place. For that reason, I support Israel. Israel is the answer to Naziism, the answer to pogroms, the answer to concentration camps and the hideous martyrdom to which Jews have been born. But since I am also French, I must remember that France was a colonial power for a hundred and fifty years and cannot ignore the Arabs. Some accuse France of having become anti-Israel, but I think it is merely a subtle political position taken by the government, which is neither pro-Arab nor pro-Israeli. I do not disapprove, provided there is no harm done to Israel."

I ask him if his cousins are more supportive of Israel than he is.

"In some sense, yes, because my cousins are in a position to give support. I am not."

Why?

"Because they have more means. They are the financiers. You will remember that I referred to myself as self-made. That is relative, of course, but the truth is that, having started as one of the richest of the Rothschilds, my father let his fortune dwindle. He was not well in his later years, was not capable of managing his own affairs. When he died, there were no more yachts or motorcars. Here at Mouton, I built myself up from what was left. I like to think that through creation and innovation I just happen to have come up with a profitable business."

It was the first chip in the fairy tale. The baron's resources were not, and are not, limitless. While his cousins' wealth may yet be large enough to leave fortunes to the younger generations, Philippe's is not—though it is now larger than what was left to him.

There is a sensitivity to the question of wealth—or to the flaunting of it—that emerges when the topic is probed. I asked him about a story on CBS' *60 Minutes*

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that was aired several years ago. There was a brief interview with Philippe and Pauline, some film of the château and its cellars and a scene that produced outrage among viewers: Rajah was shown being served a prepared meal on a silver dish by a butler. I mentioned this to Philippe. He became intensely agitated.

"I am delighted you put the question to me. I was very, very *cross* and am still cross with the CBS people! I loathe that film! It was *very* naughty! They did that behind my back; it was done to show bad, *dirty* misbehavior and I resented it *deeply*! It shocked everyone here. The film crew asked some stupid servant, I don't know which one, to bring Rajah's meal down on a silver tray that particular day. The dog is served like all dogs in the world—his meal is carried down to him in a normal dish wrapped in a towel. We were horrified when we saw that on television! I am happy to set the record straight."

Philippe's ambivalence about the lavish life is a mark of his personality. He is proud not to be a businessman like his cousins yet is equally proud that he built up his wine business. He speaks of himself as a man of the progressive left yet betrays a nostalgia for feudalism and royalty. He claims not to be much affected by his family tradition, but it's hard to spend any amount of time around him without plunging into history. He is above having to prove anything to anyone yet cannot resist a bit of showing off to a visiting journalist.

Philippe had hinted several times that he had something special planned for our last evening at the château. As I left his bedside that morning, I wondered what could be more special than what we'd already experienced. Then it occurred to me that there was something about the way he was talking to me about his life, something about the ascending quality of the meals and the age of the wines that seemed to be building to a climax. It was almost theatrical. With a magazine journalist as his audience, Baron Philippe, at 76, was taking some curtain calls.

•

The last supper was held in Petit Mouton, the small Victorian castle I had looked for the day we arrived. The guests were in their Saturday-night best and even Philippe had brought out his finest jellaba for the occasion. Petit Mouton is very nearly camp: Its red-fabric walls make it a ruby jewel box, festooned with paintings in ornate frames. There are settees embroidered in gold, great Oriental ottomans and thick brocade pillows piled everywhere.

For the first time, Thia and I had to share the guest-of-honor spots with a friend of the family: Jacques Chaban-Delmas, De Gaulle's prime minister and now president of the National Assembly. He arrived with his wife, and waiters ushered us to our seats. I was at one end of the table with Chaban-Delmas, his wife and Thia were at the other end, on either side of Philippe. Joan had not yet arrived, so the first course was served as I attempted small talk with the president.

Outside the dining room, there were whispers from some of the servants. Suddenly, at the doorway, an apparition: Joan Littlewood in a Bunny costume. Bunny Joan had spent the afternoon with the château's seamstress, creating a pair of ears and a tail of wadded cotton that had been stitched to the red sweat shirt we'd given her. Posed in the doorway, with a couple of limp rabbit ears flopping over her brow, Joan's mad version of a Bunny was riveting.

As the entire table turned to look at her, there was a moment of horrified silence—it seemed to me that the former premier of France's jaw was on his collarbone—and then Philippe began to laugh, a loud, long horselaugh that was taken up by everyone else. Joan sat demurely down at her place at the table with only a slight smile on her lips, removed the ears and took a sip of Margaux.

The ministerial ice was broken and Chaban-Delmas and I began to talk. I asked him about his experiences with De Gaulle. After the second glass of Margaux, he launched into an imitation of his mentor:

" 'Chaban,' the general said to me, 'I want you to go to Washington and check out this young Kennedy lad. Does he *think*? Has he a *vision*?' This was in 1961, and after I had been in Washington a few days, President Kennedy asked me about the general. 'I'm supposed to meet him this spring, as you know,' the President said, 'but I'm in awe of him. He is like some sort of monument.' 'Well,' I replied, 'all you have to do is visit him exactly as you would visit a monument: with the utmost respect and a minimum of familiarity.' "

The political gossip and the conversation around the table were so engrossing I hadn't glanced at the menu. When the third course arrived, I looked up to see Raoul approaching the head of the table with a decanter in his hands. I smiled at him, but he only nodded solemnly. He leaned over to the right of the baron and poured into his glass. I finally looked down at the small menu with the familiar arrows at the top. The third wine of the evening was a Mouton-Rothschild 1878.

I took a couple of hesitant, trembling sips. By then, my palate was pretty fair. I would have known if the wine had faded. It had not. It is difficult to separate the atmosphere of the moment from the pure taste of the wine, but to this day, I am certain it was the most delicious liquid ever to enter my body.

The baron's daughter was impressed, as were the other guests. Chaban-Delmas, shaking his head, lifted his glass in a silent toast to Philippe at the other end of the table. Still stunned, I followed suit. Philippe lifted his glass, grinned slightly and said, "I apologize, messieurs. It isn't . . . quite . . . a hundred years old." Then he took a sip himself, licked his lips and remarked, "*C'est un bon vin.*"

The rest of that night, and the morning of our departure, blurred past. After dinner, Chaban-Delmas and his wife left and Joan and Thia decided to organize a bilingual game of charades. I made up a charade for Philippe to act out: the Mouton motto, ending with that grand and arrogant phrase *Mouton je suis*. I have a memory of that night: the guests arranged in two teams, seated on ottomans and sofas inside a jewel box of a Victorian castle, with Joan's Bunny ears back on and the Baron of Rothschild angrily pounding the floor with his walking stick—the only pantomime he felt adequately conveyed the charade *I am Mouton*. His team was stupid not to guess it instantly, and he told them so when his time ran out and he flung aside his cane in frustration.

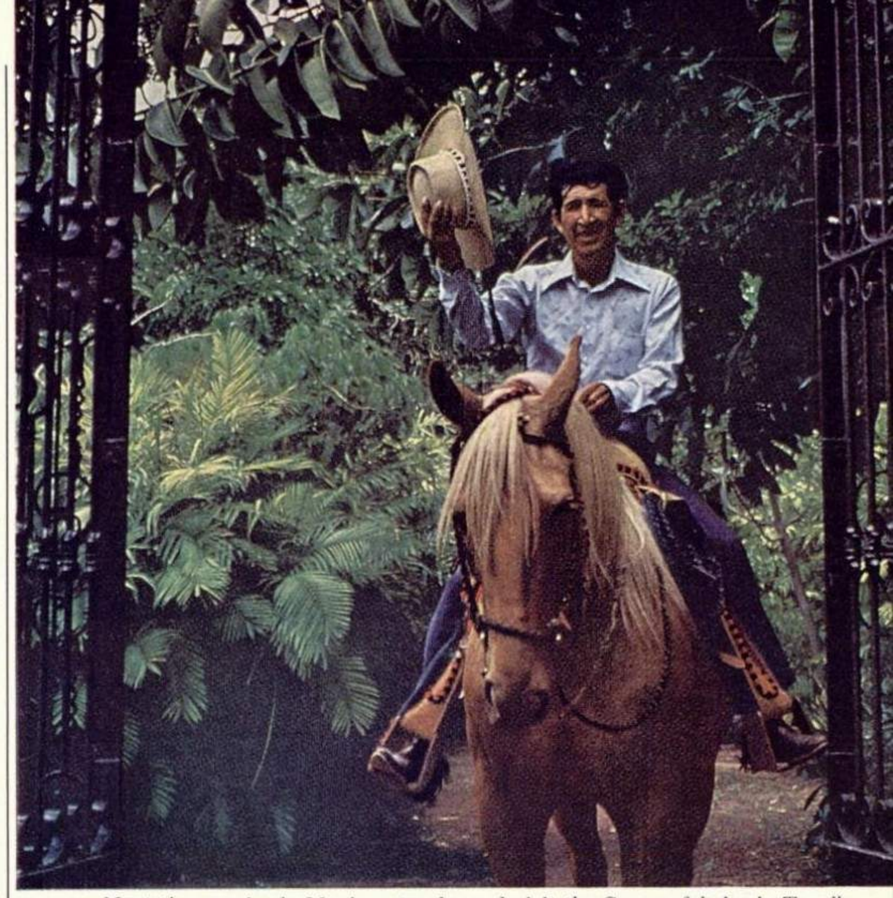
•

The entire staff was again lined up outside the château gates as we prepared to leave on a bright Sunday morning. Thia had all her embossed menus in one hand and a parting gift of Mouton brandy (prepared exclusively for the baron and his guests from Rothschild grapes) in the other. Philippe and I had been chatting about all the years we had covered in our talks and about how impressed I had been to hear of the many careers he had tried. We were standing by the car.

"You know, my young friend," he said quietly, "every man has many strings for his bow. A man should find the best string for his bow as he grows older. I may have gone deeply into different areas throughout my life, but I have only followed through profoundly in my love for poetry and my wine. I do not know about the future. I do not know how this society will change. I am not optimistic about its long-term future. But I believe there is still room for men of eccentricities—whether they be astronauts or poets or winegrowers."

Those were pretty much his parting words. The man *does* have a good sense of theater. We drove down the pebbly road and I turned to wave. The servants were waving at us, still in a line in front of the gates. Off to one side, Baron Philippe was bent over, his poncho billowing in the wind. He was slapping his hands against his thighs, calling energetically to Rajah. The dog, ignoring him, continued to gnaw on a very old vine.

"Now she's on top!"



Next time you're in Mexico, stop by and visit the Cuervo fabrica in Tequila.

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Only 12 mg. tar
1.0 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GADGETS

PEEP, SLEEP, SHOW AND GO

Above left: A portable microscope with light provides up to 30 times magnification and features a thumb-wheel focusing adjustment for ultraclear viewing, by Panasonic, $19.95. Above right: Marsona 1200 sound conditioner electronically re-creates the sound of rain and surf, by Marpac, $130.

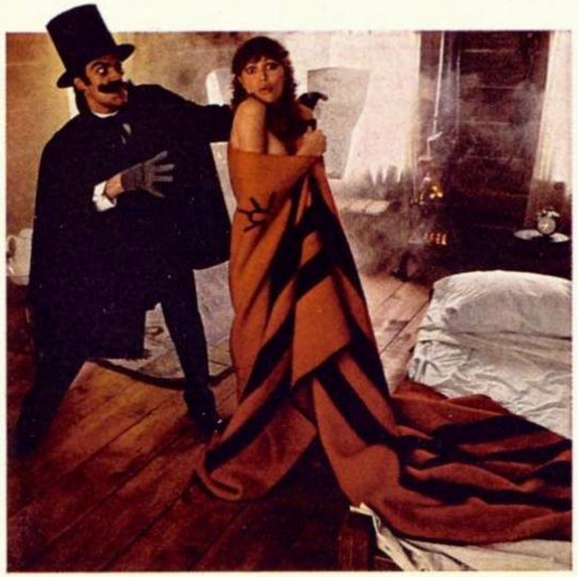
RICHARD IZUI

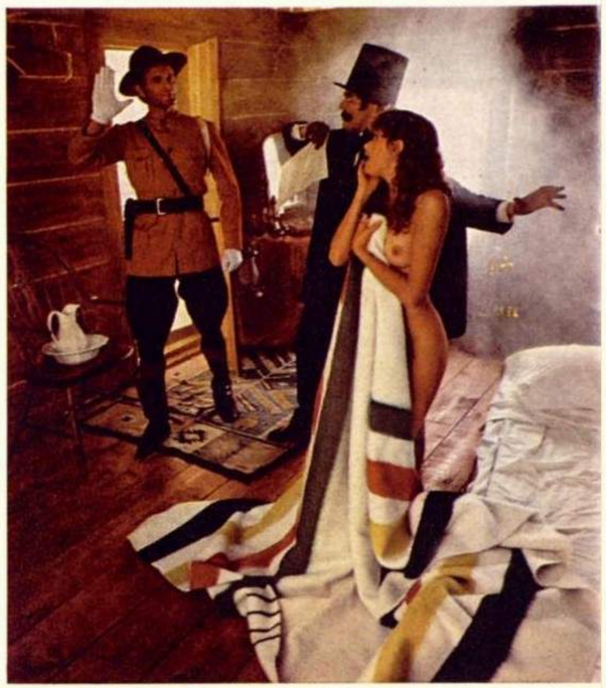
Above: Mykit System 5 is a kit that enables the user to conduct 50 different electronic experiments, by Takahashi International, $34.95. Right: A battery-powered walnut gearshift knob with a push-button readout for hours, minutes, seconds and day of month, by Time-Shift, $47.95.

HABITAT

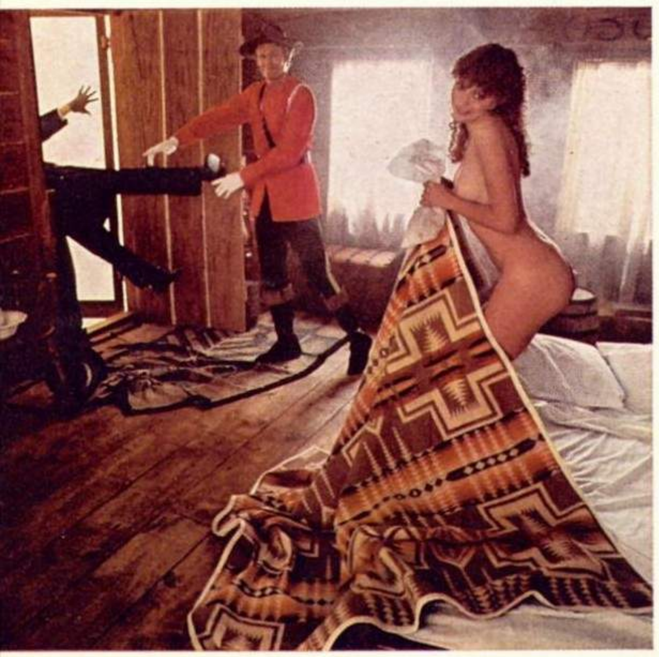
WOOLLY FOR YOU

When it's time for cold-weather cuddling, nothing beats a hefty wool blanket—as our little tale of woe (or is it woo?) demonstrates below. Sure, there are plenty of electric models available that will keep you and your bed partner toasty as two bagels on long, cold winter nights. But they don't have the panache of something soft and fuzzy that, say, the Hudson's Bay Company of Canada imported from England back in 1779 and still does today. Quick, everybody, head for covers!





Above: Who knows what fate awaits our damsel in distress about to be turned out into the cruel world for not coming across with, ah, the rent? It's a good thing she's all wrapped up in a Storm King wool blanket, by Baron Woolen Mills, $36.95. Right: Foiled again, says our villain, for here comes a Mountie to rescue what's inside that English-made four-point (72" x 90") Hudson's Bay woolly blanket, from Woolrich, about $90.



RICHARD FEGLEY

Left: Out goes old simple Simon Legree, and none too soon, what with that wool 64" x 80" Chief Joseph Indian Robe blanket, by Pendleton Woolen Mills, $69, beginning to slip down milady's creamy thighs. Above: The Royal Canadian has latched onto something good beneath that king-sized hand-woven and hem-stitched wool blanket, by The Three Weavers, $115. Who says the Mounties get only their *man*?

GEAR

CUT ABOVE THE AVERAGE

Maybe knife throwing isn't your thing, but if you spend time in the kitchen, you'll have a real edge on your chores if you stock up on a variety of razor-sharp cutlery. Hint: Look for blades, such as the ones pictured here, that contain a mixture of carbon and stainless steel. Carbon steel is easy to sharpen and keep sharp; stainless steel, obviously, helps keep the blades from staining. So don't just stand there being dull, get cutting! —HOLLIS WAYNE

MICHAEL WAINE

By the numbers: 1. Handy 4" chef's knife, by J. A. Henckels, $17. 2. Wüsthof's 8" cook's knife, from The Professional Kitchen, $25.50. 3. Bunmei 6" chopper for vegetables, etc., by Osawa, $25. 4. Wüsthof 6" sandwich knife, from The Professional Kitchen, $16.50. 5. French-made Euroc 11" carving/slicing knife, from Manhattan Ad Hoc, $35. 6. Bunmei rustproof 10" roast slicer, by Osawa, $25. 7. Razor-sharp 8" roast and fowl knife, by W. R. Case & Sons, $9.25. 8. Hand-honed 8" chef's knife, by J. A. Henckels, $36.

On a Clear Day....

Ordinarily, an attractive woman walking her dog would get a modicum of pedestrian reaction, but 1977 Playmate of the Year PATTI MC GUIRE out with bowser stopped traffic in polyurethane pants with nonfogging vents.

KERRY MORRIS

The Last Battalion

Actress GLORIA SWANSON's film career spanned six decades, and while the fans were busy corralling eight-by-ten glossies of her, she was busy rounding up shoes. Swanson currently has 400 pairs in stock. Git along, little doggies.

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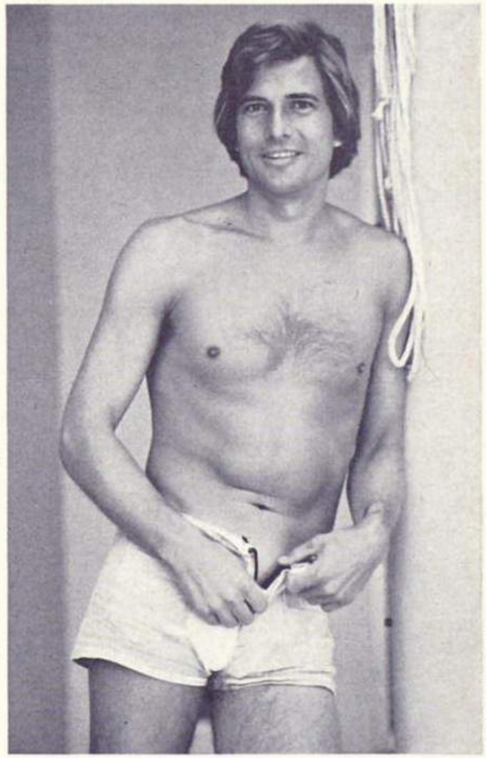
Sisterhood

We don't claim it ranks with kicking open the door to King Tut's tomb, but we've uncovered this decidedly uncharacteristic shot of Oscar-winning sisters JOAN FONTAINE and OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND in cozy togetherness. It was taken three years ago during a brief lull in the ongoing battle of the siblings. The public is now girding itself for a two-pronged literary assault, as both Fontaine and De Havilland will have "authorized" autobiographies in the bookstores this year. You pays your money and you takes your choice.



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Cylons, Please!

Watch out, Farrah and Cheryl. You've got competition from the outer reaches of the galaxy. DIRK BENEDICT, who plays Starbuck on the hit TV show "Battlestar Galactica," is now also starring on a Pro Arts poster, which should provide equal time to the ladies who may not know art but who definitely know what they like. Where does an alien go to register?

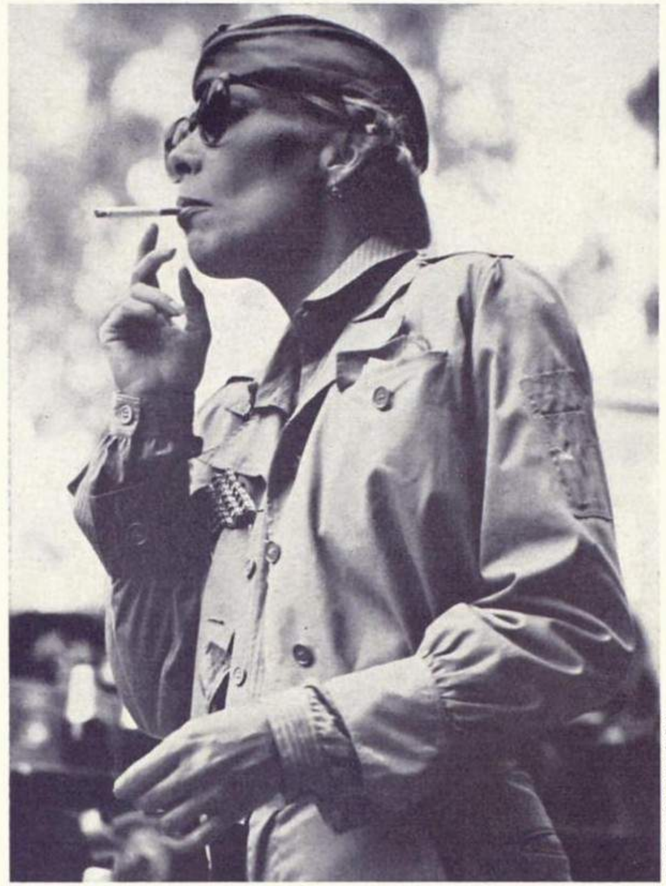
Three Outs

When you've got it, flaunt it. And even if you don't, what the hell, flaunt it anyway. From top to bottom: Charlie's Angel CHERYL LADD, the recently reconstituted CHER, escorted by Steve Rubell of Studio 54 (left) and David Geffen of Warner Records (right), and ALI MAC GRAW dancing with Larry Spangler. If this is a trend, we're for it. If this is liberation, we're for it. Whatever it is that's going on, we're for it.

BOB MICHELSON

SONIA MOSKOWITZ

© 1978 RON GALELLA



ROGER RESSMEYER / SYGMA

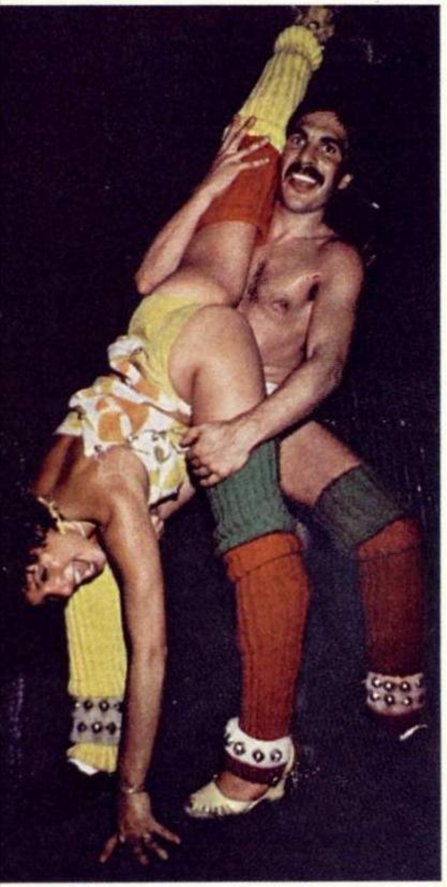
A Rumor of War

Direct from secret paramilitary maneuvers in the Berkshires to the Bread and Roses Festival in Berkeley last fall came JONI MITCHELL fashionable in military drag. Is this the beginning of a major rock offensive against disco? *Quién sabe?* But after a major break from the concert scene, Mitchell looks ready to make the long march.

PHILLIPPE LEDRU / SYGMA

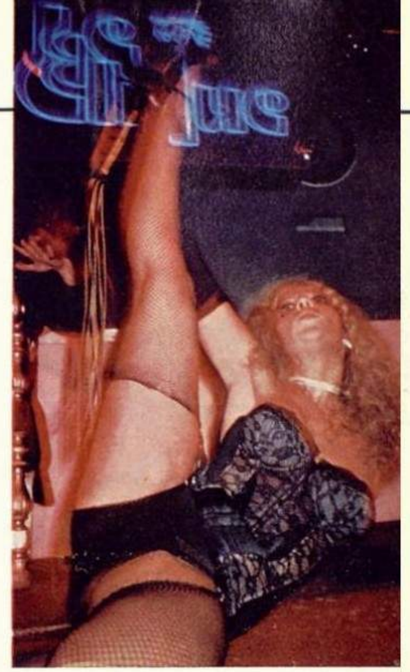
Mercy, Bocuse!

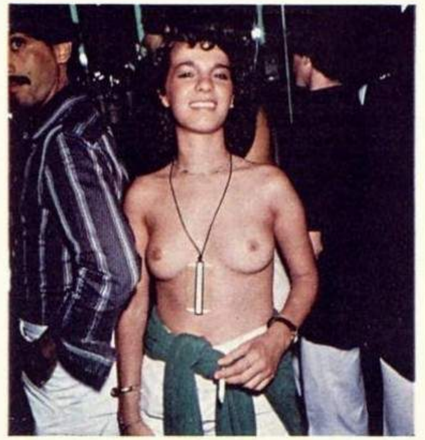
Who's breaking up the great chefs of Europe? It's that irrepressible fresser MEL BROOKS checking out the three-star kitchen of master chef PAUL BOCUSE (left), who's discovered that the only way to turn Brooks off is to stick a spoon in his mouth. Brooks dropped in while he was in Europe for a "High Anxiety" premiere.



More Disco Decadence

Ever since "Roving Eye" showed you the inside of Studio 54 last September, you've probably been thinking that only the rich and famous get to act strange and take off their clothes in public. Wrong. Everybody's doing it, as these pictures show. What you see here is Le Clique—a theatrical traveling disco—and some of its helpless victims. If you're lucky, the wild ones of Le Clique will visit a disco near you or produce a party just for *you*!





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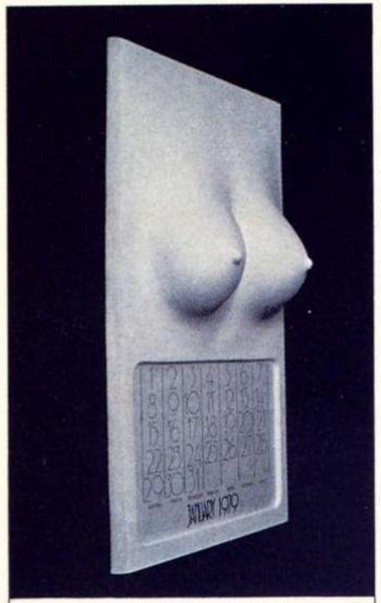
YAKETY-YAK

True or false? Girls talk earlier than boys. In the Thirties and Forties, studies gave girls the edge; but later research indicated no sex differences in speech. Now Columbia University's Barnard College Toddler Center says that female tots excel in "mean length of utterance." That's not rude gossip, it's a measure of word skills. The Barnard researchers explain that the previous studies showing no difference used inferior testing techniques. Their work gives girls the first word, but who gets the last?



This plastic wall-sculpture calendar is the perfect item to keep you abreast of things. It's $9.95 from Paradyme, 55 Lewis Street, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

SEX SNOOZE

Birds do it and bees do it and, judging from our mail, most of our readers do it. How about you? Stories keep surfacing about asexual chic and the new celibacy. So we thought we'd find out what the buzz was. Dr. Shirley Zussman of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists says that more than 50 percent of persons applying for sex counseling today complain of low interest in sexual relations. Eight years ago, she says, the figure was a mere 14 percent. Dr. Zussman suspects that people are humbled by the prospect of competing with media sex symbols. They think they have to be great sex performers and when they're not, they lose interest. Our guess is they've all taken up jogging.

SEND IN THE CLONES

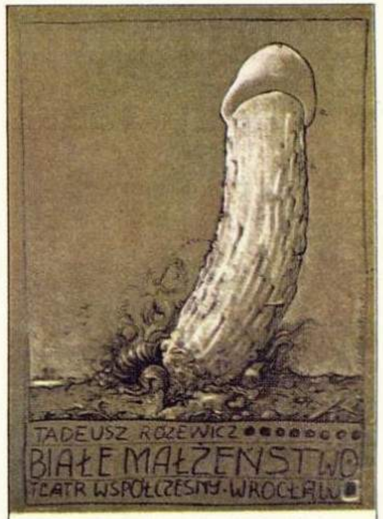
And while we're on the subject, no sex means no procreation. For continuing the species, *Sex News* offers the Clone Yourself kit with complete cloning instructions, clone culture medium, Petri dish and clone birth certificate. Kit costs $4.95 in stores or from Tongue In Cheek, Inc., 6828 N. Lakewood, Chicago, Illinois 60626. If that doesn't work, try 100 pounds of clay.

BLUENOSE OUT OF JOINT

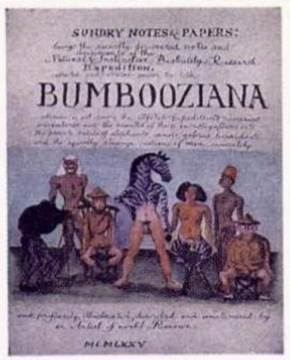
Last May, *Sex News* reported that angry men were likely to become more aggressive if they watched hard-core porno flicks, while soft-core material tended to soothe the savage. Now the same holds true for women, says Purdue University's Robert A. Baron, who tested 45 undergraduate women for a link between aggression and sexual arousal. Baron took two groups of women, angered one group (by having other students criticize them unfairly), then showed varying degrees of erotic pictures to both groups. At the end of the viewing, the researchers let the women electrically shock the critical students. Aggression was measured by the intensity and frequency of the shocks and also by questionnaire. It turned out that the women who were already angry and who also had seen hard-core erotic pictures were most likely to zap the victims. Researchers suggest that it actually may take less sexual arousal to make women angry than men. So the lesson is: If either of you is hot under the collar, better keep your shirt on.

COPPER PENNIES

Like the proverbial copper penny, female cops bring luck to their male beat partners. Michigan State University psychologist Andrew Barclay reports that male police officers who have female partners are less likely to be killed in action than are those with male partners. In a study, lawmen responded with blank gunshots to simulated life-death emergencies. The cops with female partners responded more quickly. Researchers speculated that the cops might feel a heightened emotional arousal with female jobmates. If only Wyatt Earp had known that at the OK Corral.



Nowadays, Polish posters are almost as big as Polish sausages. This one is *not* in the collection that will soon tour the U. S. under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.



These are pages from *Bumbooziana*, a Swiftian send-up by Donald Friend. Its erotic illustrations detail the bizarre, sex-filled customs of creatures great and small in that mythical land. Gryphon Books of Australia has published *Bumbooziana* as a two-volume set for $900—count 'em, $900.

"One, two, three—say, this must be the fourplay I've heard so much about."

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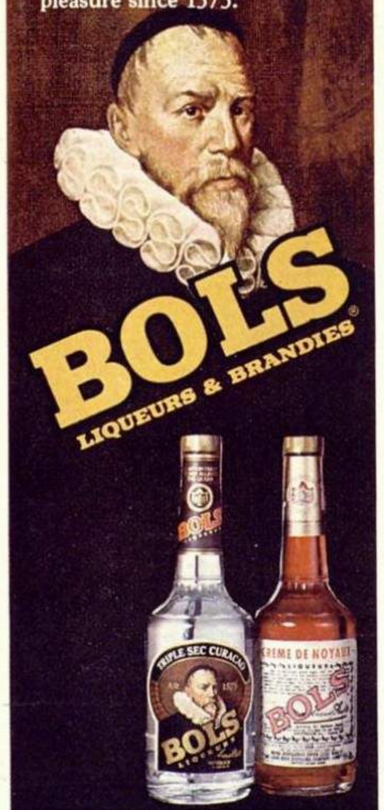

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GOLD MINE

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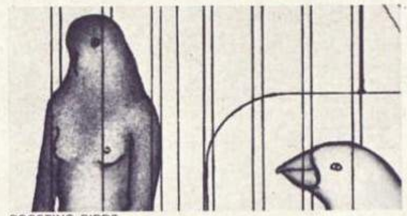
CHEERLEADERS REVISITED


ROOSTING BIRDS

"GOOD AS GOLD"—FIRST OF TWO INSTALLMENTS OF A FUNNY, FUNNY NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *CATCH-22* AND *SOMETHING HAPPENED*—**JOSEPH HELLER**

"THE PLAYBOY REPORT ON AMERICAN MEN"—SO THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY'S THINKING (AND DOING) OUT THERE! RESULTS OF A HARRIS POLL COMMISSIONED BY *PLAYBOY*

"THE PSYCHE AND THE STARTING GRID"—AS YOU MAY HAVE SUSPECTED, PROFESSIONAL RACE DRIVERS ARE NOT EXACTLY EVERYMAN. SOME OF THEM ARE, IN FACT, SINGULAR, TO SAY THE LEAST. HERE'S WHY—BY **KEITH JOHNSGARD** AND **CHARLES FOX**. PLUS: A REVEALING INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE BEST OF THEM, **MARIO ANDRETTI**—BY **PETER MANSO**

"THERE ARE TIMES I WISH IT HADN'T HAPPENED"—A WARMLY PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE HIGH PRICE FAME HAS EXACTED FROM THE AUTHOR OF *ROOTS*—**ALEX HALEY**

"PRO CHEERLEADERS REVISITED"—ONCE WORD GOT OUT THAT THEY'D BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED FOR *PLAYBOY*, THE STRANGEST THINGS STARTED HAPPENING TO N.F.L. CHEERLEADERS—LIKE BEING FIRED. WORDS AND PICTURES ON THOSE LOVELIES

"LIFE INSIDE THE CONGRESSIONAL COOKIE JAR"—BIZARRE EXAMPLES OF HIGH-PRESSURE LOBBYING, INCLUDING THE TALE OF THE NIGHT HE MET THE "AWL COMPANY" PRESIDENT, BY THE CONTROVERSIAL EX-SENATOR FROM SOUTH DAKOTA—**JAMES ABOUREZK**

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"COMEDY CLUBS"—OUR DEATH-DEFYING CONTRIBUTOR SPENT FIVE WEEKS LISTENING TO AMATEUR COMICS AND FIVE MINUTES BEING ONE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

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280-ZX
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At its price, the performance, quality and luxury of the new ZX make it a fuel-injected value. It is...AWESOME!
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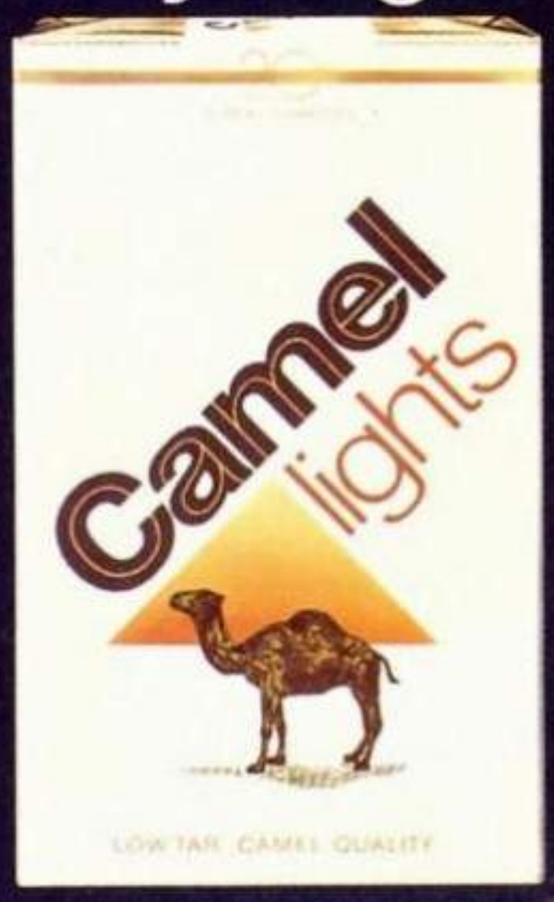

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